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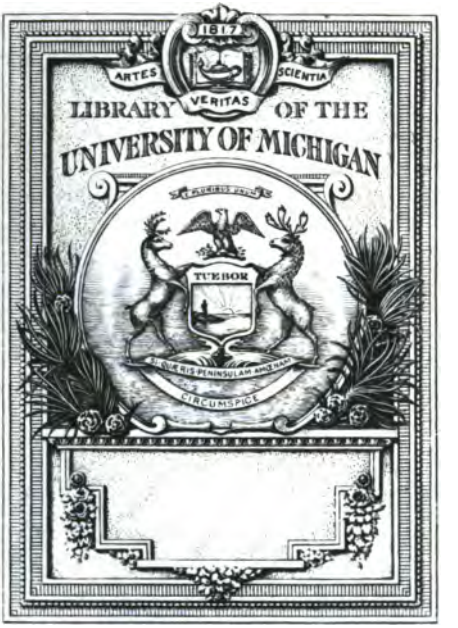
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THE

MINSTREL;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF

DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

IT is, perhaps, as ridiculous in the obſcure writer of an inſignificant novel, to profeſs that in her fictitious diſcuſſions ſhe meditates no injury to the exiſting government of her country, or its rulers, as it would be in a mole, digging her dark manſion under the baſe of a mountain, to proteſt ſhe had not the leaſt intention to overturn it.

Yet, in a moment pregnant with danger, and general alarm, as it is the known property of fear ſo to diſtort and magnify every object, that even the harmleſs mole ſeeking a habitation, may be miſtaken for a treacherous pioneer; and as all men are ſtepping forth to declare their principles, many probably as obſcure and inſignificant as herſelf; on the juſt conſideration that the ocean is but an aggregate of ſingle drops, the authoreſs of the following pages thinks there will be no impropriety in declaring, that, though neceſſarily led, by the perſonages of her drama, curſorily to introduce ſome ſubjects lately much agitated, and oppoſe opinion by opinion, yet, ſo far was ſhe from intending to join her feeble voice to either of thoſe parties

parties which, at preſent, divide a large proportion of Europe, that her novel was written before thoſe parties had diſplayed themſelves.

A friend to freedom, but an enemy to licentiouſneſs, ſhe contemplates in the happy conſtitution of her native iſland, the beſt exiſting form of government, for promoting the one, and checking the other. That other nations, groaning under the yoke of deſpotiſm, ſhould ſeek to relieve themſelves from the intolerable preſſure, ſhe cannot be ſurpriſed to ſee; and if ſuch revolutions are effected upon liberal principles, conducted with honour and humanity, ſhe will not dare to cenſure. But that a native of Britain, whoſe conſtitution might form a

model for the new legiſlators of other nations, deſirous of framing the minds of their ſubjects, at once, to virtue and freedom, that *he* ſhould wiſh to throw off the mild government of its king, free himſelf from the ſalutary reſtraint of its laws, ſubvert all order, annihilate all ſubordination, that he may ſubject himſelf, his deareſt intereſts, his property, and his life, to the caprice of a lawleſs mob, cannot fail of being matter of amazement to every thinking mind—muſt be deemed the moſt glaring inſanity. Far be it from the author of THE MINSTREL, to ſpread ſuch a deteſtable mania, or contribute to its baneful effects.

Jan. 21, 1792.

THE

THE

MINSTREL.

CHAP. I.

"YOUR grace's eloquence," ſaid, with a ſoft ſmile, the artful and inſinuating St. Julian, "which poſſeſſes the power "to make the weaker cauſe appear the "better argument, has ſo faſcinated "my reaſon, that I have little left "me to reply; and did not the "duty which I owe my patron as "a prince, and the affection which "I bear him, as a man, ſtimulate

" me in defence of his injured rights, I
" muſt have been ſilenced by its irreſiſ-
" tible charms: irreſiſtible, becauſe it
" pleads as much to the eyes as to the
" ears; and the captivated ſoul is un-
" willing to diſcover its pleaſing ſophiſ-
" try, though it perceives it exerted in
" the cauſe of tyranny and uſurpation."

The noble Jaqueline ſmiled—what female ear admits not flattery with an emotion of pleaſure? " Your expreſſions
" are too ſtrong, St. Julian," ſhe replied;
" even now you confeſſed him no uſur-
" per, and ſurely the gentle and pious
" ſoul of Henry cannot be accuſed of
" tyranny."

" Gentle and pious!" repeated the boiſterous Philip—" Yes, by the mo-
" ther of God, we will allow him poſſeſſ-
" ed of thoſe monaſtic virtues, by
" which he is much better qualified
" for the cowl than the crown."

" Peace

" Peace, ſon," interrupted the father, ſeeing an angry ſuffuſion on the cheek of the ducheſs. " I confeſs, ma-
" dam, that Henry is in *himſelf* inca-
" pable of tyranny; for his mind is
" naturally too ſoft, too imbecile for
" even the common exertion of that
" authority to which the duties of his
" ſtation lead him: and this natural
" *defect* (I call it a great one in a man
" born to an office of command) which
" ſhould have been remedied in his
" education, was, moſt unfortunately,
" rendered worſe by it. Schoolmen
" ſhould have nurtured his infancy,
" warriors his youth; here the order
" was reverſed: the gallant Warwick
" was appointed the governor of the
" child, a cardinal became the inſtruc-
" tor of the man:—what was the con-
" ſequence? rendered timid by the
" ſtern frown of the warrior, he dared not
" to think nor to act for himſelf, and the
" aſſuming Wincheſter ſeiſed his daſtard
" ſoul, and ſtamped it with obedience to

" himſelf and the church. His virtues,
" as a *private* man, grew and flouriſhed;
" for they were not incompatible with
" the cardinal's ambition; but deſirous
" of preſerving that power he had ac-
" quired, the artful prelate wilfully
" omitted to warm to life thoſe few active
" principles which lay dormant in the
" breaſt of his nephew, and which would
" have rendered the prince reſpectable,
" and his government popular."

" If the *man* is virtuous, muſt not
" the *prince* be reſpectable?"

" It is by no means a neceſſary con-
" ſequence, madam; for ſome virtues
" which ſhine reſplendently in a private
" ſtation, actually become vices on a
" throne, as they are frequently incom-
" patible with the duties of monarchy,
" or the glory and happineſs of a people.
" Shall he be taught to practiſe ſubordi-
" nation and humility, whom God hath

" appointed

" appointed to govern a nation of
" princes?—The barons of England,
" madam, are all KINGS in their diſ-
" tricts; but, as in the great and execu-
" tive parts of government the wills of
" *many* would frequently claſh, and be
" productive of diſcord and confuſion,
" they have prudently conſented to con-
" verge all the rays of power into *one*
" point, in the perſon of a monarch,
" who, as general head and commander,
" governs them by laws which they
" themſelves have made. If the abilities
" or the courage of this governor be
" inadequate to the poſt aſſigned him;
" if he *prays*, when *actions* would be
" more meritorious, *obeys*, when he
" ſhould *command*; and holding the reins
" with a nerveleſs hand, *occaſions* that
" confuſion his office was meant to
" *prevent*; weakly, and unjuſtly per-
" mitting *others* to aſſume an authority
" delegated only to *himſelf*, and ſanc-
" tioning, with his fooliſh compli-
" ances, *their* tyranny, who convert

" the ſceptre into a rod of oppreſſion,
" grind the faces of the poor, inſult
" the dignity of the nobles, and tear
" from their brows their well-earned
" honours: if he ſuffers this, he has
" *ſubverted* the purpoſes for which he was
" placed on the throne; and, as *in-*
" *capable* of government, he ought to
" be degraded from it—his office taken
" from him, ſhould be given to one who
" will perform the duties of it."

" This would be to render the
" crown elective."

" Perhaps it might; and were it
" elective, and conſtantly placed on the
" head of him moſt capable of perform-
" ing its duties, the *purpoſes* of the inſti-
" tution of monarchy would be much
" better anſwered; for the king is
" placed in the throne for the general
" benefit of the community; not that
" the community ſhould be ſubſervient

" to

" to the caprice of the king. Tell me,
" madam, I beſeech you, by what au-
" thority proud Henry of Lancaſter
" wreſted the ſceptre from the feeble
" graſp of his couſin Richard? Was it
" not becauſe that prince, more impru-
" dent and warm of heart than reaſon-
" able and juſt, ſuffered, like our preſent
" good but weak monarch, his power to
" be uſurped by his favourites, and his
" people oppreſſed by their cruelty and
" rapacity?——Henry could plead no
" *prior* right"——

"——Was not his grandfather, Lan-
" caſter, privately deprived of his birth-
" right by his parents, who were ſhocked
" at his deformity, and partial to the
" ſuperior perſonal graces of his younger
" brother?"

" A mere old wife's tale, which even
" Henry himſelf was aſhamed of; and
" though he hinted it, in compliance
" with the weakeſt of his counſellors, yet
" he

" he forbore to urge it.—No—he could
" plead no *right* but that from which
" originated the power of all earthly
" monarchs, the free voice of the peo-
" ple chuſing him their governor.—
" The nation rejected the feeble, the
" unſtable, the imprudent Richard,
" and his imperious favourites. We
" have the *ſame* cauſe to wiſh a change,
" with the additional motive of *juſtice*
" to urge it; the injured rights to
" plead of the noble York, the un-
" doubted heir of our glorious third
" Edward; a man, who, if the crown
" was inſcribed TO THE MOST WORTHY,
" might claim it ſuper-eminently by
" his merit; for he is as famous for
" every noble and princely virtue, as
" for his royal extraction; as un-
" daunted in the field as politic in the
" Cabinet: he is devout alſo; but his
" piety is that of the *prince*, and not
" of the *monk*; he is not found in the
" ſacriſty, when he ſhould be at the
" council-

" council-table ; or dropping his beads,
" when he ſhould head his armies."

" I am fatigued with the unneceſſary
" panegyric. Surely he himſelf greatly
" doubts the juſtice of that claim to the
" crown which his partizans ſo offi-
" ciouſly and pertinaciously urge for
" him, or he would not, ſo *many* times
" as he hath taken up arms, have laid
" them down ſo quietly."

" It was his paternal affection for
" that country, of which he is the
" natural father, which at ſome times
" drew forth his ſword, to avenge
" her wrongs, and redreſs her grie-
" vances ; and at others, ſheathed it
" again, to avoid ſhedding the inno-
" cent blood, which muſt unavoidably
" be ſpilt in the quarrels of princes:
" like the true mother, whom the wiſe
" ſon of David detected by her ten-
" derneſs, he preferred *her good* to his
" *own honour* ; and plainly evinced the
" parent,

" parent, by letting it be ſeen, that he
" had rather behold her healthy and
" flouriſhing in the poſſeſſion of an-
" other, than bleeding and mangled in
" his own."

" He ſeems *now* to have forgotten
" that paternal affection."

" There is a point of irritation, ma-
" dam, beyond which human patience
" can no longer exiſt: the inveteracy
" of Margaret, now edged by the birth
" of her ſon—(whether the ſon of *Henry*
" or not, becomes not *me* to enquire)—
" ſtimulates her to thoſe daily affronts,
" which no man of ſpirit can endure;
" and heaven alone knows where the
" conteſt will end."

" It is the *ducheſs* of York, not the
" *duke*, who is ambitious of the crown;
" ſhe is too proud to bow the knee even
" to the conſort of her ſovereign. The
" Nevils,

" Nevils, pardon me, ſir, can brook no
" ſuperior: all muſt bend to their
" haughty will."

" The Nevils, madam, a brave un-
" daunted race of heroes, *can* know FEW
" ſuperiors, and ſcorn to bow the knee
" to the *ermine* of majeſty, when it is the
" covering merely of imbecility and
" folly, or of arrogance and vice."

" Whatever your ſentiments are, ſir,
" methinks the decorum due to my ſex
" might direct you to be decent, when
" you characteriſe my neareſt and
" deareſt friends."

" I moſt humbly crave your grace's
" pardon. It is perhaps becauſe they *are*
" your grace's relations that one ſees
" their faults in a ſtronger point of view,
" as the contraſt of white brightens the
" gloom of black. I am inconſolable in
" having incurred a ſuſpicion of want of
" deference

"deference for your grace, for whom "my heart is impreſſed with the "greateſt poſſible reſpect; but my "warmth hath miſled me, for human "nature revolts at a cold neutrality "on *ſuch* a ſubject; *every* heart muſt "feel itſelf animated with wiſhes for "one ſide or the other of a queſtion ſo "*greatly* intereſting."

"And yet," ſaid Philip, who had remarked with jealous eyes the youthful St. Maur, ſeated between the beauteous Eleanor de Longueville, and Mary, the youngeſt daughter of the ducheſs, gaily entertaining them, as if heedleſs of thoſe political ſubjects which had engroſſed the attention of the reſt—"There *are*, I perceive, thoſe who *can* "be cold on ſuch a ſubject; and ſuffer "their minds to be more occupied "in the important deciſion of the co-"lour of a ribband, than the charac-"ters of kings, or the fate of nations."

"If

"If you mean *me*, ſir," replied the generous youth, "it would ill become "a ſimple ſquire, in the preſence of "theſe renowned knights, to decide "on the merits, or the rights of prin-"ces, which I perceive even *their* ex-"perience and judgment cannot adjuſt."

"And yet, with all this affected mo-"deſty, your heart hath, I doubt not, "made its election."

"It hath, Philip, for thoſe I love "and honour had done it firſt. I will "ſupport the cauſe of Henry with my "*ſword*; but, inadequate to the taſk "of diſputation, I will leave the war "of *words* to others, and never mar "a good cauſe by bad arguments; "and I will the rather be ſilent, be-"cauſe I perceive, for want of a proper "education, I ſhould ſtumble at the "threſhold: my plain and ſimple tu-"tor taught, that the nature of truth "is immutable; that no ſtation could

"dignify

" dignify vice, nor any circumſtance
" excuſe falſehood; from theſe principles
" I ſhould have deduced, that the pious
" Henry would not have made a worſe
" prince for being a good man; and that
" not even the princely qualities of the
" duke of York, nor all his boaſt of royal
" anceſtry, could excuſe his perjury, or
" annul thoſe ſolemn oaths of allegiance
" which he hath repeatedly, on the holy
" ſacrament, ſworn to Henry. Nor ſhould
" I have imagined he had been giving
" proofs of paternal tenderneſs to his
" native country, by diſſeminating in it
" the ſeeds of diſcontent; by debauching
" ſubjects from their allegiance, looſing
" every bond of ſociety; and to indulge
" his own ambition, his luſt for rule,
" ſeeking to involve the nation in all
" the horrors of a civil war, and drench
" the land with the blood of thoſe who
" oppoſe him. Conſcious of theſe ideas,
" infuſed into my mind by a man un-
" acquainted with the goſpel of princes,

" ignorant

"ignorant of their *exclusive* right to "practice *dishonourable* arts, that they "may be *honourable* men, I dare not "give an opinion till I feel myself "better informed—are you satisfied "with the reasonableness of my ex-"cuse, Philip?"

"Satisfied?—by the mother of God, "if you mean to sneer—

"Lady Eleanor have you decided "upon your colours? I hope soon for "the honour of knighthood, and then "shall crave the supreme felicity of "being permitted to wear them," said St. Maur, purposely disregarding Philip's reply.

"No sir," returned Philip, "lady "Eleanor will not permit a knight of "*Henry*'s to wear her colours."

"Why cousin," said lady Eleanor, "if the young man chuses to wear black,

"or

"or green, or yellow, how shall you or
"I prevent him?"

"By forbidding him to assume
"them."

"Indeed, my good cousin, I have
"not yet the arrogance to suppose my-
"self a bit better qualified for command,
"than this ignorant squire is for argu-
"ment—Mary, a word in your ear"—

She then entered into a laughing conversation with Mary, to rid herself of the impertinence of her cousin; who, with rage in his heart, to which he dared not give vent, yet was unable to suppress, sat some minutes biting his lips in gloomy silence. "Sir," said he, at last, to St. Maur, "am I to
"construe it into *contempt* of me, or
"*fear*, that you trifled, instead of re-
"plying to what I said?"

"I know

"I know thee, Philip," replied the gallant youth, "to be brave, frank, "generous, and daring—no one can "behold such a character with *con-* "*tempt*—as little can I *fear* thee; for "as man oppoſed to man, my proud "heart would diſdain to ſhrink, though "in conteſt with the nobleſt of all "the noble Nevils, the renowned "Warwick himſelf. Yet, why Philip "ſhould we quarrel, becauſe Lancaſ- "ter and York diſpute? why fill my "lord of Longueville's houſe with diſ- "cord? Let us relinquiſh this irri- "tating ſubject, and occupy ourſelves "in the domeſtic happineſs in which we "are now placed--it will be time enough "when the trumpet calls us to the "field, to ſeek our oppoſite ſtandards "——here is my hand till that mo- "ment——"

"And in that moment," cried Philip, ſlapping his hand into that of the other, "thou ſhalt find my ſword: thou "haſt a gallant ſpirit, and art worthy "of it."

"My

"My nephew is right," ſaid ſir Richard Wodeville, to the earl de Longueville; "we will drop theſe political "ſubjects, in which it is impoſſible we "can agree, till that time comes which "muſt inevitably ſeparate us."

"And *muſt* that time *ever* arrive?" ſaid the amiable counteſs, her fine eyes ſwimming in tears; "am I doomed to ſee "that fatal hour which ſhall diſſolve our "family union, the pride, the happineſs "of my life?—I never can ſurvive it.—"My dear ſiſter," ſaid ſhe to the ducheſs, "though Henry of Lancaſter, and Richard of York, contend for the throne; "and our huſbands, directed by motives "of gratitude or affection, ſeek oppoſite "ſides, let not *you* and *I* know variance: "quench not in theſe political feuds, the "affection with which, I flatter myſelf, "your heart hath hitherto honoured us; "but, above all, divide not the two ſweet "friends; your Mary and my Eleanor"—tears impeded all further utterance.

The

The ducheſs, with a ſoft and courtly ſmile, made her an anſwer of acquieſcence, but in which an obſerver of penetration might diſcern much more of politeneſs than heart-felt tenderneſs; and ſuch an obſerver was the earl: he roſe, took the hand of his counteſs, which he kiſſed, and then preſſed tenderly between his own—"Becomforted," ſaid he, "my beſt love; "however the public tranquility may "be diſturbed, our *domeſtic* peace will, "I truſt, remain the ſame—at leaſt, "your huſband and your child will "continue unaltered; and ſuffer them "to conſole you for any *relatives*, whom "a ſuperior love of party can tear from "you—*ſuch* are not worthy the name "of *friends*."

On all ſides now were reiterated profeſſions of friendſhip, unſhaken by faction, and firmly braving the ſtorm of public diſcord; profeſſions the oftener

tener repeated, and with more ſeeming energy, as moſt of them were conſcious of an internal abatement of their uſual cordiality; for from this unfortunate evening, the affection which had hitherto united theſe two families, ſuffered conſiderable diminution.

St- Julian, of the Nevil family, and attached to that of York by gratitude, diſliked the ducheſs of Bedford, for the warmth with which ſhe eſpouſed the cauſe of Henry; and all his art was inſufficient to conceal his reſentment, at ſome of her remarks on his party.

The diſlike was reciprocal; the fair Jaqueline of Luxemburg, nearly allied, by her firſt marriage with Beaufort duke of Bedford, to Henry, regarded as *perſonal* affronts, all reflexions on him and his queen; and though St. Julian had artfully qualified all rough

charges

charges on her party, by ſoft flattery on herſelf, which ſhe, as a woman, was by no means diſpleaſed with; yet, as ſhe was equally proud of her royal alliance, and vain of her charms, the praiſe which it might be imagined they naturally, by their own power, extorted, was inſufficient to balance her diſpleaſure at his contemptuous picture of Henry, and his malicious hints at the conduct of the queen.

The ſarcaſms of St. Maur had too much truth and good ſenſe in them, not to render their author diſagreeable to St. Julian; through whoſe ſmooth and inſinuating addreſs, that young man diſcerned too much of a bad and unprincipled heart, not to feel for him a reciprocal diſlike.

But between St. Maur and Philip a much more powerful incentive to animoſity ſubſiſted: they both loved

the beautiful daughter of the earl, and though neither had dared to communicate his paſſion to the object of it, but both had endeavoured with the utmoſt care to conceal it from obſervation, the piercing eye of jealouſy had detected it in each other. Philip's heart ſwelled with rage, at the air of courteouſneſs with which Eleanor received the aſſiduities of St. Maur, whilſt St. Maur, at the end of every viſit, was in deſpair, when he reflected that he left his rival under the ſame roof with his miſtreſs; and conſidered the infinite advantages which his conſtant preſence, and the partiality natural to affinity gave him.

Sir Richard Wodeville, the huſband of Jaqueline, ſaw but with her eyes, and was ever diſguſted, or pleaſed, as ſhe expreſſed diſlike, or approbation.

The

The lord of the manſion, the brave earl de Longueville, had a ſoul too ſuperior to the little irritations of faction, to permit a difference of political opinions to ruffle his temper, much leſs alienate his heart. He ſaw all the errors of Henry's weak conduct, and Margaret's violent and deſpotic diſpoſition; he was aware of the juſtice of the duke of York's claim, and ſenſible of his great merit; yet a conſideration of the complicated inconveniences, the miſeries, the horrors in which the ſtruggle of aſſerting his right, and effecting a change, in *itſelf* deſirable, muſt neceſſarily involve the nation, would have effectually withheld him from engaging in it, had not a high ſenſe of honour operated ſtill more powerfully upon his mind; and the obligations which St. Julian and his ſon lay under to the duke of York, determined him to take a more active part, than, unbiaſſed by ſuch a conſideration, he would have done.

St. Julian was brother to the earl's firſt wife, and a relative to the ducheſs of York, who was of the Nevil family. He had, by an early imprudence, diſſipated his paternal inheritance, and now depended on his noble relatives; the duke of York had noticed him and his ſon with peculiar diſtinction; and St. Julian hoped by the exaltation of his patron, to build up his own broken fortunes; *hence* aroſe the warmth, the ſolicitude of a temper ſo ſelfiſh; he ſpared no art of inſinuation and addreſs to draw people to the ſtandard of his party, and he felt an invincible rancour againſt all who oppoſed him.

The mind of the amiable counteſs, occupied in the gentler avocations of her ſex, found no room for political or factious diſcuſſion. Leaving Henry and Richard to aſſert their own claims, ſhe would have preſerved her tranquility

tranquility amidſt the ſtorm, had it not threatened the deſtruction of her domeſtic union, and to tear up from its roots that friendſhip which had hitherto ſubſiſted, inviolate, between her own, and her brother ſir Richard Wodeville's family.

Theſe terrifying apprehenſions, however, ſomewhat alleviated for the preſent, by the general proteſtation of unceaſing amity, which had on all ſides paſt, ſhe promiſed, on the ducheſs's reiterated and preſſing invitation, to be preſent the next week at the marriage of Elizabeth, ſir Richard's eldeſt daughter, with ſir John Grey, of Groby; and the Grafton* family took their leave, with every appearance of their uſual affection; ſave, that they were more profuſe in their expreſſions of it.

* Grafton, a town in Northamptonſhire, in which province the firſt ſcenes of this hiſtory are laid.

CHAP. II.

THE earl de Longueville, his counteſs and daughter, St. Julian and Philip, were, on the day appointed, at Grafton. A large company was there aſſembled, not only of ſir Richard Wodeville's relations, but many of the bridegroom's alſo. The moderation and good ſenſe of the earl, had forbidden his family to wear the invidious diſtinction of party; but he was not ſurpriſed, though St. Julian and his ſon were much diſguſted, at ſeeing the whole company adorned with the roſe of Lancaſter.

The artful prudence of St. Julian, however, checked his own reſentment, as

as well as the impetuous zeal of his ſon; the ſtrangers were introduced to each other; all went in proceſſion to church; the young ladies attired in a kind of uniform, in fine white rochets *; and the marriage was celebrated with more of feſtivity than pomp; for as the ducheſs could not realize her own high ideas of grandeur on the event, ſhe waved all pretenſions to it, and ſuffered the young people to be happy their own way. Smiling gaiety, and laughing mirth crowned the board; on all ſides darted ſparkling wit, and ſportive good humour; party was forgotten, and nothing could be more charming than the general expreſſion of pleaſure on every countenance.

After the noon feaſt in the hall, ſome of the young ones withdrew, and

* A dreſs not much unlike the preſent ploughman's frock.

ſoon appearing again characteriſtically dreſſed, preſented a maſque with much fancy and propriety; wherein Cupid, and Hymen, Mars and Minerva, Plutus and Fame, made their reſpective ſpeeches to the bride and bridegroom, and crowned them with their various honours. Dancing and muſic concluded the feſtivity of the day; all the minſtrels from the neighbouring noble families were aſſembled, and the high roof echoed to the heavenly melody of their harps. Among them was the minſtrel of the lord de Longueville, who excelled his brethren as much in harmony of ſound, and ſublimity of ſong, as the ſhrill voiced meſſenger of morn is ſurpaſſed by the ſweet warbler of eve.

Nor did the beauteous Eleanor diſdain to join the ſweetneſs of her voice to theirs, in a ſong compoſed in honor of the day; and at the requeſt of Mary,

was

was prevailed upon to diſplay her powers on the harp. Had not the inſtrument diſcourſed ſuch heavenly muſic, her blooming and elegant figure, her fine ſhaped arms, her ſnowy ſlender fingers, rapidly ſweeping the trembling ſtrings, and animating them with the ſoul of harmony, muſt have deeply intereſted every ſpectator: but the muſical performance of Eleanor was worthy her maſter, the venerable Fronſac; who perceiving in her an early taſte for the ſcience, cultivated it with with aſſiduity, and taught her with delight. When but a child, ſhe could play admirably, and with an extraordinary tenaciouſneſs of memory recite his ſongs; to which ſhe afterwards added many of her own, for her genius was as poetic as muſical, and her invention and ingenuity kept pace with both.

The next morning was deſtined to entertainment of another kind; ſir Richard, to indulge the deſires of his ſons, and the young gentlemen who attended the nuptials, proclaimed a tournament; and every thing being prepared, fifteen youths, habited as ſquires, led into the great court each an horſe, handſomely capariſoned; at the ſame time, from the great hall, advanced fifteen young ladies, leading by a chain of ribband, each a gentleman, habited as a knight. The ladies now looſed their captives from their pleaſing bondage, who kiſſing the ſnowy hand which gave them liberty, tied his ſilken fetters round his arm, and prepared to aſſert, by arms, the ſuperior beauty of her who had impoſed them. The ladies ſeated themſelves round the court, the knights mounted their ſteeds, and the juſts began.

Though

Though theſe juſts were intended merely as ſportive, yet, the ſpirit of emulation firing each youthful boſom, the wiſh to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the eyes of her whoſe fetters he wore, and the contention for the meed of victory, which was a chaplet of beautiful flowers from the hand of the bride, was as great as if it had been a wreath of diamonds. All educated and exerciſed in arms, adroit and agile in their uſe; yet were all excelled by St. Maur and Philip: and each of theſe in their turn, having made all the reſt ſubmit to their ſuperior ſkill and addreſs, it remained now only to decide between the two victors.

Philip had, in the morning, rudely inſiſted upon wearing the colours of Eleanor, which had been as warmly conteſted by St. Maur; the deciſion was referred to Eleanor herſelf; who, with a youthful indiſcretion, made her election

election in favour of St. Maur, with ſuch vivacity, as implanted the furies of hatred and revenge againſt that gallant youth, in the breaſt of her couſin; who immediately offered his ſervices to another young lady, Blanche du Gange, and was readily accepted.

Philip thus impelled to the conteſt by rage and jealouſy; and love firing St. Maur with the ardent wiſh to approve himſelf worthy the honour of Eleanor's diſtinction, the onſet was begun with fury on the ſide of Philip, received and returned by St. Maur with a firm and temperate courage; who ſoon perceived they were at no boys' play, but that his antagoniſt actually aimed at his life.

The ladies had found much amuſement and pleaſure in the preceding conteſts of the knights; which had generally ended by the ſhivering of a lance

lance, or the unhorſing of an adverſary; but this began to wear too ſerious an aſpect, and a general alarm ran through the aſſembly; the ſpears of the combatants were broken, they were both unhorſed, and the ſwords were now taken to decide the diſpute: the conteſt appeared nearly equal; the robuſt Philip had rather the advantage in ſtrength, St. Maur in ſkilfulneſs and agility.

The ducheſs roſe, and called to them to deſiſt—"See," ſaid Philip, tauntingly, "your aunt is coming to reſcue you from "me." This invidious conſtruction fired St. Maur to an almoſt equal degree of rage with himſelf; the conteſt grew more furious, till at length St. Maur wounded and diſarmed his adverſary, but not till he had himſelf received a dangerous wound.

The

The whole company was thrown into confuſion; St. Maur was hurried off by his aunt, to have his wound dreſſed, which friendly office was likewiſe tendered to Philip, but he ſullenly and obſtinately refuſed. St. Julian, afflicted at his ſon's misfortune, and enraged at its author, endeavoured to irritate the earl at this wanton and unprecedented breach of hoſpitality, as he termed it; and was too ſucceſsful, for that nobleman, ſtudious himſelf of every nice point of honour, was apt to reſent the neglect of it in others: he had not been ſufficiently attentive to the beginning of the combat, to obſerve who had been the *original* aggreſſor; St. Julian aſſured him it was St. Maur, he credited the aſſertion, and, with a paſſionate precipitancy, very unuſual with him, inſiſted that the counteſs and his daughter ſhould immediately prepare for their departure. They were filled with unſpeakable

unſpeakable regret, but neither would heſitate to obey the command, the only unpleaſant one from him, either had ever received.

THE eyes of the counteſs were filled with tears, Eleanor ſunk, half-fainting into the embraces of Mary, but was conſtrained to tear herſelf from them; Philip was lifted into a litter: his father had ſtaunched his wounds; but he had already bled ſo much, that he fainted ere their arrival at the caſtle of Longueville.

For ſeveral days, Philip continued in a very weak and doubtful ſtate, during which the agonies St. Julian endured for this his only ſon, rendered him an object of tender attention to both the earl and counteſs; and even Eleanor, though ſhe greatly diſliked the ſon, yet commiſerated the ſorrows of the father, and endeavoured as much as was in her power to conſole him.

That

That artful man ſaw the advantage which pity gave him in hearts ſuch as theirs, and made uſe of that tender paſſion to blow to a flame reſentment, not only againſt the author of his ſorrows, but the whole Grafton family, particularly the ducheſs, its guiding ſtar. But the counteſs, though greatly irritated againſt St. Maur, by his malignant inſinuations, would liſten to no invidious repreſentations of the ducheſs.

Educated in courts, the accompliſhed Jaqueline had carried into her retirement that courteouſneſs, that urbanity, thoſe poliſhed manners, which had early diſtinguiſhed her in the eyes of princes, which were able to caſt a bewitching veil over every female defect, give charms to a moderate underſtanding, and render even levity and frivolity intereſting.

Charmed

Charmed with her elegance and refinement, the counteſs, whoſe ſoul was a ſtranger to envy, regarded her as of a ſuperior order of beings; and conſcious that ſhe herſelf, educated in a remote province, and immerſed all her life in ſolitude, wanted much of that graceful eaſe which diſtinguiſhed the ducheſs, ſhe cultivated her friendſhip with the more aſſiduity, as their intimacy afforded her darling Eleanor all the advantages of poliſhed ſociety.

Maud de Longueville perfectly knew, for ſhe poſſeſſed them all, how to inſtil into the infant mind of her child every virtue: ſhe early acquainted her with the pureſt principles of religion and morality, and breathed into her ſoul that ardent charity, that univerſal benevolence, which glowed with true chriſtian intenſeneſs in her own expanded heart: but not ſatisfied with rendering this

gem

gem ineſtimable in *intrinſic* value, ſhe called in the aid of the ducheſs to give it its enchanting poliſh; and happily ſhe judged: for lovely as nature had formed the perſon of Eleanor, and no leſs beautiful as the maternal precepts had rendered her ſoul, it was to the ducheſs ſhe was indebted for that nameleſs grace which accompanied every movement, which gave charms inexpreſſible to the moſt trifling action and expreſſion, added new allurements to beauty, and to virtue attractive graces.

But in the earl, St. Julian did not find equal partiality for Jaqueline of Luxemburg. Deeper read in the human heart, and valuing more the *virtues*, than the *ornaments* of the mind, his pentrating eye had diſcovered under the poliſhed exterior of the ducheſs, not only pride and ambition, but alſo, which diſguſted him much more

more than all, that her complaiſance and winning ſoftneſs concealed a heart cold and inſenſible to every thing but her own intereſt, and that of her family; that ſhe really regarded the more valuable, though leſs dazzling qualities of the counteſs with contempt, and looked upon Eleanor with an eye of diſlike, for aiming at an equality with her own daughters: ſuperior to them, all charming as ſhe was, it was ſcarcely poſſible to be; for the lovely offspring of Jaqueline inherited all her attractions, and Elizabeth, her eldeſt daughter, was, for perſon and accompliſhments perhaps the firſt woman in the kingdom.

With theſe prejudices on the earl's mind againſt the ducheſs, St. Julian found it no difficult taſk to impreſs on it ſtill more unfavourable ideas: he artfully heightened venial offences into unpardonable crimes, and having by rude

rude anſwers to ſome civil meſſages, ſent from Grafton to learn the ſtate of Philip's and the family's health after the rencounter, irritated the ducheſs, who did not eaſily excuſe want of reſpect, and knew not from whom they came; he effectually prevented the two families from meeting, which had they done, they might poſſibly have explained away the mutual offence they had taken at each other. But now each ſuppoſing they had reaſonable cauſe of complaint, and neither caring to advance towards a reconciliation, cooled alſo, as they were, by a difference in political principles, all correſpondence dropt between them, and they ſaw each other no more.

Complaiſance to a huſband ſhe fondly loved, induced the counteſs to aſſume an air of tranquility; but ſhe privately lamented the family eſtrangement; and Eleanor mingled her tears with

with thoſe of her mother. She fondly loved the whole Grafton family; but to be torn from Mary was agony—of St. Maur ſhe made no mention, yet combined in the ſame idea of amity, Mary's image ſeldom preſented itſelf unaccompanied by his. St. Julian and Philip were perpetually declaiming on his inveteracy to her family, and they were too warm and deciſive for her to contradict them; yet ſhe knew that he had been always tenderly aſſiduous in his behaviour to herſelf, reſpectfully attentive to her parents, and if he diſliked Philip, ſhe could not greatly blame him, ſince ſhe was herſelf conſcious of the ſame ſentiment.

St. Maur was nephew to the ducheſs, had been brought up with her own children, ſo that Eleanor had known him from her infancy: ſhe had always been diſtinguiſhed by him from the reſt of the

the girls, and affection for him had grown with her growth, and woven itſelf into the very web of her exiſtence: ſhe cheriſhed the innocent partiality, and called him brother.

It was to Philip ſhe was indebted for a more accurate developement of her ſentiments. That young man, with his father, had been chiefly reſident with the duke of York; but, St. Julian thinking it neceſſary to make De Longueville a viſit, to ſecure him to his patron's intereſt, had brought his ſon with him; Philip found Eleanor's attractions irreſiſtible, and on his recovery, perſuading his father to propoſe him to De Longueville, as a huſband for her, Eleanor diſcovered that ſhe had not a heart to beſtow.

St. Julian had, indeed, been induced by the importunities of his ſon, to ſolicit the

the earl in favour of his paſſion; but he had very unwillingly undertaken the taſk, expecting to be repulſed with indignation by De Longueville, for propoſing ſo unequal an alliance. The earl ſaw his repugnance; generous and diſintereſted himſelf, he imputed it to the nobleſt motives; and imagined that nothing but tenderneſs for a darling child, juſt receding from the grave, and ſcarcely yet out of danger of it, could have overcome his independent ſpirit, and forced him to make an overture which wore an intereſted appearance.

De Longueville beheld Philip in a favourable point of view: he ſaw him rough, petulant, ferocious; but, at the ſame time, generous, open, diſintereſted; fearing death leſs than diſhonour, and deteſting ingratitude more than vice. Experiencing continually the deceitfulneſs of mankind, the earl loved and reſpected the honeſt plainneſ

neſs of a character which knew no art, and diſdained all diſguiſe, which ſuffered its unamiable qualities perpetually to appear, and was never ſolicitous to diſplay its pleaſing ones.—He, therefore, gave no unfavourable anſwer to St. Julian, but ſaid, that as he had a very high opinion of his daughter's diſcretion and good ſenſe, ſhe ſhould decide in a matter which ſo deeply concerned her own happineſs; that he never would force her hand into that of a man ſhe diſliked, nor violently withhold it from him ſhe loved.

Nothing could be more truly paternal than this anſwer, nor more generous to a man who poſſeſſed not even a cottage he could call his own; yet was not St. Julian ſatisfied with it: he had plainly diſcerned, not only St. Maur's paſſion for Eleanor, but alſo, what Eleanor had not herſelf diſcovered

vered, her paſſion for St. Maur; and he ſaw in it the probable diſappointment of his ſon's wiſhes. Theſe diſcoveries, however, he was ſo far from imparting to the generous de Longueville, that he determined to bury them in eternal ſilence, and ſet himſelf warily and ſecretly, to counteract all their effects.

Philip grew every day better, and at length being able to leave his room, and having the permiſſion of the earl, he made his propoſals, in form, to Eleanor. The anſwer he received was ſoft and gentle, but contained a firm and determined denial.

Irritated at the idea that her partiality for St. Maur had occaſioned him this diſappointment, he ſtormed inſtead of lamenting, and ſcolded, when in ſoft and honied words he ſhould have endeavoured to conciliate; the conſe-

quence was, that inſtead of being melted to pity for ſufferings pathetically depicted, which a more ſkilful lover would have attempted to effect, ſhe was fixed in her refuſal, as much from reſentment at his ill-timed anger, as from previous diſlike.

Philip flew to his father, to whom he communicated all that had paſſed. St. Julian, cool and artful, ſaw his ſon's error, and pointed it out to him; but finding him incapable of taking his advice, he undertook himſelf the taſk of rectifying it. He ſought out Eleanor, whom he found at her harp compoſing her ſpirits, which had been greatly ruffled by the interview with her violent lover: with tenderneſs in his looks, eloquence in his manner, and pathos in his language, St. Julian apologized for his ſon, and lamented his unfortunate paſſion.

Young

Young people are ever the ſlaves of appearance: with them the flowers of rhetoric are more predominating than reaſon; ſoftneſs, gentleneſs, complaiſance, more conciliate the affections than real unornamented merit: —it is the age of *fancy* and deception.

Eleanor was melted even to weeping at the affecting picture which St. Julian, with all the heightenings of art, drew of his ſon's ſufferings; and her compaſſion extorted from her a promiſe to hear with patience his complaints, and ſuffer him to talk to her of that love, without which he declared he regarded exiſtence but as a curſe; "On his life the happineſs of "a father," ſaid St. Julian, "hangs." Compaſſion to that father, more than Philip, extorted it, for ſhe could not ſee unmoved his ſtreaming tears, when on his knees he beſought her to commiſerate a parent's ſorrows, who be-

held his darling, his *only* ſon, the *laſt* remaining good which fortune had left him, the *ſole* prop of his age, the *ſingle* and *ſolitary* joy of his heart, on the brink of deſpair and death.

She even went ſo far as to promiſe to give Philip a chance by time and aſſiduities to win her heart; but all the eloquence of St. Julian was ineffectual to procure him a hope of probable ſucceſs; and obliged to be ſatisfied, he went to conſole his ſon with the intelligence. Philip was in rapture at her conceſſions, and vowing to regulate himſelf by the advice of his father, he became, by a more moderate behaviour, and a gentler diſplay of his paſſion, much more tolerable to Eleanor, though ſtill far—*very far* from gaining any place in her heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

WHILE theſe affairs were agitating at the caſtle of Longueville, the tempeſt of civil diſcord, which had long rolled its thunders at a diſtance, and threatened this devoted country, became more violent; and every thinking mind, anticipating its horrors, trembled at its perceptible approach.

A ſeeming reconciliation, indeed, had ſome ſhort time before taken place, between the duke of York and the reigning family: and in order to publiſh to the people the general harmony, a ſolemn proceſſion to St. Paul's

church had been made, when the duke of York led queen Margaret, and the leaders of the oppoſite parties marched hand in hand; for the leſs there ſubſiſted of real cordiality, the more ſolicitous were they to preſerve the exterior *appearance* of amity.

But, alas! had the principals themſelves been ſincere, they would have found all their influence ineffectual to bridle the paſſions and animoſities of their followers, or to conciliate the affections of the factious nobles to each other: irritated by mutual reproaches and ill offices, the quarrel was become their own; ſtrong and uncontrollable prejudices were awakened, paſſions heated: public diſagreements engendered private hatred; and every frivolous diſpute was deemed a ſufficient apology for taking up arms.

One

One of the royal retinue inſulted one of the earl of Warwick's; their companions on both ſides took part in the quarrel; a fierce combat enſued; the earl apprehending his life aimed at, fled to his government of Calais; and both parties, in every county in England, openly made preparations for deciding the conteſt by arms.

The high-ſpirited independent barons, bred to war in the armies which had for ſo many years been employed in France, and diſmiſſed by a peace, which they deemed diſhonourable, were now retired to their country manſions, turbulent, reſtleſs, diſſatisfied; theſe embraced, with fierce and gloomy pleaſure, an opportunity of caſting off their unaccuſtomed and painful indolence, and liſted themſelves under the oppoſite banners.

Affairs ſeemed every hour to be

drawing nearer to a criſis: St. Julian had letters to inform him that the earl of Saliſbury was in arms; he was impatient to join him; and had the addreſs to prevail upon de Longueville to accompany himſelf and Philip, in deſpite of the tears and intreaties of the counteſs and Eleanor. Philip had gained but little ground in the heart of the latter; his natural turbulence too often predominated over his aſſumed gentleneſs, to permit his rivalling St. Maur in her affections, who ſhe heard was with ſir Richard and his ſons, preparing to join the royal army; and ſhe could not repreſs a ſigh, when ſhe reflected on the dangers of war, and the probability that ſhe ſhould never behold him again.

At length the day was fixed for de Longueville's joining Saliſbury, who was haſtening to the general rendezvous at Ludlow, where it was expected that

that his ſon Warwick would join him, with a choice body of veterans from Calais, by whoſe aſſiſtance it was not doubted but Henry would be with eaſe precipitated from the throne.

The morning before their departure, as Eleanor and the counteſs were croſſing the hall, St. Julian entered, followed by ſeveral ſervants, bringing in a wounded man. He deſired the preſence of the earl, and then ſaid, as he was walking in a grove in the precincts of the caſtle, he perceived this man on the ground, and another by him dead; that he had not enquired into the occaſion of this incident, but intreated the earl to inveſtigate it, as it might probably be of conſequence to him.

The man was interrogated, when he ſaid, that as himſelf, and two other men were walking, they found themſelves ſuddenly attacked by a party of

ſoldiers, at the head of whom was a nephew of the ducheſs of Bedford, the chevalier St. Maur; at the firſt onſet they wounded one ſoldier, and the commander perceiving that he had miſtaken the perſons, led off his party, leaving their companion: his own companions had alſo run off, without perceiving he had received ſome deſperate wounds, which rendered him unable to accompany them: thus left alone with the expiring ſoldier, he, in his laſt moments, confeſſed to him, that his maſter, St. Maur, hearing that the earl de Longueville, St. Julian, and his ſon, were that morning to ſet out on their way to the army, he had, with a party of ſoldiers, laid in wait to intercept them; ſwearing that not a man of them ſhould be left alive.

Aſtoniſhment ſeized all the hearers, at the recital of ſuch an atrocious attempt; but who can deſcribe the conſternation

ſternation and horror of Eleanor? ſhe ſhivered as if ſhook with an ague, threw her arms about her father, but inſtead of congratulating him on the eſcape, her words were loſt in ſobs; and had not a flood of tears relieved her ſwollen heart, ſhe muſt have fainted on his boſom.

He preſſed her warmly to his heart; "Thou art ſhocked," ſaid he, "my "deareſt child, at perceiving the baſe- "neſs of this man: alas, my Eleanor! "ſuch is the world, that thy growing "years will unmaſk to thee many an "ulcerated heart under the faireſt ap- "pearances: That thy innocence "ſhould be miſled into a partial opi- "nion of his merit, I cannot wonder, "ſince my experience of the treachery "of mankind had not guarded me "againſt his ſpecioufneſs."

Philip, who had hitherto looked up

to

to St. Maur with extorted admiration, and ſuppoſed him incapable of any action inconſiſtent with virtue and honour, was equally ſurpriſed, but was not ſenſible of equal regret: he rejoiced in the degradation of ſo potent a rival; and ſecure in the delicacy of ſoul, and the filial affection and duty of Eleanor, he triumphed in conſcious ſuperiority to that man whom he before regarded with envy.

St. Julian ſaw in Eleanor's exceſſive grief, the ſevere conflict of paſſion and virtue; and very artfully brought his eloquence in aid of the latter: he inveighed with virtuous indignation againſt the atrocity of St. Maur's conduct, which he placed in every varied, diſgraceful, and irritating point of view —painted in glowing colours the principles of a man of true honour, and was energetic in the cauſe of virtue.

Eleanor liſtened to him with attention: no eloquence was neceſſary to awaken in her pure ſoul a deteſtation of vice or a love of virtue; but to combine the idea of St. Maur with vice, diſgrace, diſhonour, was attempting to form a junction with things incongruous, with the very *oppoſites* of nature; light and darkneſs could as eaſily be conjoined, fire and water dwell together in as much harmony—alas! and yet it muſt be ſo; new combinations of ideas muſt be formed, and affections which were twined round her heart amidſt the firſt perceptions of infancy, and become a part of her exiſtence, muſt be torn thence—what a taſk for a young mind!

The morning after this incident, de Longueville, St. Julian, and Philip, with all the feudal tenants and vaſſals of the former capable of bearing arms, forſook their peaceful manſions, and in a few days joined the venerable

earl

earl of Saliſbury, to whoſe ſmall army this additional force was highly acceptable.

The two earls had been comrades in arms under the gallant Henry; affection and manly tenderneſs marked their greetings; the tedious march was beguiled by a converſation of former events; they talked of days of happineſs which were for ever flown; and lamented glories, now ſet in everlaſting darkneſs.

But when they reached Blore-heath, on the borders of Staffordſhire, they found themſelves unexpectedly overtaken by one of Henry's generals, lord Audley, who commanded an army greatly ſuperior in number to that of Saliſbury. Nothing diſcouraged, theſe veterans, a hoſt in themſelves, ſupplied every deficiency by ſkill and ſtratagem.

The

The armies were ſeparated by a ſmall river, with ſteep banks. Saliſbury, feigning a panic at reconnoitring the force of the enemy, which was drawn up in great parade on the oppoſite meadow, ſounded a retreat; and conducted it in excellent order, though with every external appearance of flight.

Audley gave immediate command to paſs the river, and purſue the fugitives: the moment our crafty veteran perceived the van had reached the ſhore next him, in great diſorder, whilſt the rear was ſtill on the other ſide of the river—he ſuddenly wheeled back upon them: confuſion, rout, and ſlaughter enſued; a compleat victory was obtained, and Ludlow entered in triumph; where were aſſembled the duke of York, with a noble army, the gallant Warwick with his veterans, commanded

manded by ſir Andrew Trollop; and almoſt all the chiefs of the party.

The earl de Longueville was received by the duke of York with the utmoſt courteſy; his character, high in arms, and reſpectable for virtues, was thought an additional honour to the party:—the houſe of Nevil, the great ſupport of York, prided themſelves on this acquiſition, effected by the influence of their kinſman, and regarded it as giving St. Julian a ſtill higher claim to favour.

The royal army approached. All was ſpirited preparation for the enſuing battle, which it was imagined would prove deciſive of the grand conteſt, and either encircle the brows of York with a golden diadem, or end his pretenſions to it.

The evening cloſed with this expectation:

tation: the contending hoſts were encamped ſo near each other, that the advanced centinels could almoſt hear the whiſpers of each other's watch;—ſteed neighed againſt ſteed;—and the armourers cloſing up rivets in the accoutrements of the knights, gave ſignal of general preparation.

By degrees their labour ceaſed, a general ſtillneſs prevailed; and both armies ſeemed to reſign themſelves to that repoſe, ſo neceſſary to renovate their ſpirits and ſtrength for the important exertions of the enſuing day.

The duke of York had alſo thrown himſelf on his couch, and vainly courted ſleep, as a momentary oblivion of thoſe anxieties which oppreſſed him.

Nothing could be more amiable than the natural temper of this prince. In his government of France, he not only

only evinced great courage and diſtinguiſhed abilities, but alſo the utmoſt prudence and mildneſs of diſpoſition. Early recalled from that command by the intrigues and ſuperior intereſt of the duke of Somerſet, he had yet an opportunity in Ireland of diſplaying the ſame virtues; for being ſent there to quell a rebellion, he had the happineſs, whilſt his rival was loſing Normandy, and all our remaining poſſeſſions in France, not only to ſubdue the inſurgents, but by the moderation of his conduct, and the ſweetneſs of his manners, to attach them, as well as the whole Iriſh nation, to his perſon and family.

In right of his mother he plainly ſtood, in the order of ſucceſſion to the crown, *before* Henry, being deſcended from the *ſecond* ſon of Edward the third; the houſe of Lancaſter from the *third* ſon of that monarch: but had he not

not been ſtimulated by characters much more ambitious than his own, the nation would not have been diſturbed by his pretenſions.

He had married a Nevil, one of the moſt potent, opulent, and noble in all its numerous branches, of any family in the kingdom; and at the ſame time the moſt graſping, turbulent, and ambitious.—The ducheſs of York was daughter to the late earl of Weſtmoreland, and ſiſter to the earl of Saliſbury; her brother and nephews proud of the alliance, ſought by her aggrandizement to lift themſelves ſtill higher in power. The title of queen ſeduced her; ſhe joined her influence over her huſband's mind with that of her family, for its attainment:—her ſons were educated in the ſame ambitious deſires; the moderation of the duke had been ſhaken by the general aſſault: but though he had been repeatedly impelled to take up arms,

arms, it was always, on his own part, declaredly for a redreſs of thoſe grievances under which the people laboured, and for the reformation of a government at once weak and tyrannical. To evince inconteſtibly that thoſe motives *alone* governed him, when a parliament was aſſembled to conſider the ſtate of the nation, on Henry's falling into a diſtemper, which increaſed his natural imbecility, and rendered him incapable of maintaining even the appearance of royalty;—when this parliament created York protector, and proved by unanimouſly conferring ſovereign authority on one who had ſuch evident and ſtrong pretenſions to the crown, that its members were not averſe to his taking immediate poſſeſſion of it; then, when he might have ſlept quietly into the throne, he contented himſelf with the mere office of protector; deſired that it might be recorded in parliament, that his authority

rity was conferred upon him on their own free motion, without any application on his part; expreſſed his wiſh that they would aſſiſt in the exerciſe of it; made it a condition of his compliance, that thoſe lords, who had been nominated his counſellors, ſhould alſo accept, and exerciſe *their* commiſſion; and required that all the powers of his office ſhould be ſpecified and defined by act of parliament.

Thus moderate was the duke of York, left to the dictates of his own noble nature; thus incapable of violence or injuſtice: and how much it is to be lamented, that he was not always conſiſtent with himſelf: happy had it been for the nation if in that criſis of public affairs, ſo favourable to his ambition, he had ſtill liſtened to its dictates; or in moments leſs propitious been deaf to them! What animoſities, what commotions, what wars,

what

what a deluge of blood, would have been ſpared this unhappy kingdom!

Occupied by theſe painful reflexions; torn by the remorſe of a generous and humane diſpoſition, on perceiving itſelf the ſource of public diſcord and calamity, ſleep was a ſtranger to his eyes: when on a ſudden, a noiſe in the camp ended his reverie, and claimed all his attention. Apprehending an attack from the enemy, he ſtarted from his couch, and awoke his eldeſt ſon, the earl of March, who ſlept near him. They liſtened—they heard the tread of diſtant ſteps—the ſound of horſes' hoofs!—the ſoldiers near him were awakened, the alarm was given through the camp, and the great leaders of the ſeveral bands armed themſelves haſtily, and hurried to their general's tent.

But Warwick and Trollop were not among

among them; who, the one with his weſtern ſoldiers, and the other with his band of veterans, were incamped at ſome diſtance: the duke was alarmed, the noiſe came from their quarter, and he feared ſome fatal event.

At length Warwick appeared, but pale, and ſpeechleſs with rage; and it was ſome moments before he could inform them, that Trollop had revolted to the enemy, and carried his forces to the royal camp.

This was a ſtroke as ſevere as unexpected: from this reinforcement, of a band of men bred in arms, and grown grey beneath a helmet, every thing had been expected: in the ſame proportion therefore, was the balance thrown into the oppoſite ſcale—and who could confide in the faith of the remaining forces?

All

All looked at each other with ſuſpicion and diſmay—the fierce eye of Warwick ſcowled gloomily round—he held himſelf diſgraced by the perfidy of ſir Andrew, whom he had brought from Calais, and for whoſe honour he would have pledged his own——

——"Deceived in *him*," he cried, "whom now ſhall I truſt, my lord?" ſaid he to York, who ſat penſively muſing, "hazard no battle till you are "well aſſured of the good faith of "thoſe around you;—it is not pro-"bable that *one* man ſhould alone be "corrupted—there are other perfidi-"ous hearts under fair appearances."

"My ſon counſels well, my lord;" ſaid Saliſbury; "this incident has de-"ſtroyed that firm confidence in each "other's honour, which is neceſſary "to give ſucceſs to our cauſe. Trea-"ſon

"ſon is abroad, which perhaps will not
"be diſcovered till the moment of battle,
"to render your defeat the ſurer. Eſ-
"cape then from the hidden ſnare;
"your friends will not deſert your inte-
"reſt; your enemies, now concealed,
"will wear the maſk no longer; we
"will retire to our reſpective places of
"ſafety, and there we will not be idle,
"but prepare for a more propitious hour."

This advice was followed. Ere the ſun roſe, the leaders had diſbanded their adherents, and diſperſed themſelves.—The duke of York betook himſelf to Ireland; Warwick, Saliſbury, the earl of March, and many of the principal chiefs, to Calais; de Longueville, his brother, and nephew, returned to the earl's ſeat.

This adventure, ſo ingloriouſly ended, diſguſted de Longueville: he diſdained a cauſe in which he perceived its parti-

zans actuated more by the ſpirit of turbulence and faction, than by a ſentiment of honour and juſtice. He reproached St. Julian for drawing him into it, he reproached himſelf for being perſuaded to join it, and he entered his caſtle gates with a firm reſolve never more to paſs them with a ſword drawn in civil conteſt.

He was received with tranſport by his wife and daughter; they congratulated themſelves on an incident which had occaſioned him ſuch mortification; and heard, with an exceſs of joy, his reſolution never more to leave them on a like occaſion. They learnt that the Wodevilles were returned to Grafton, for the loyal army was alſo diſbanded, and peace ſeemed to hover with her dove-like wings over the nation. Alas! the vultures of diſcord and faction ſoon chaſed her far away; nor was her bleſt return witneſſed, but at ſhort intervals, for many bloody years.

In

In this interval of civil ſtrife, Philip ceaſed not to teaze his couſin with declarations of that paſſion which was now become inſupportable to her, by his continually mingling invectives againſt St. Maur with his profeſſions of love to herſelf;—and when ſhe, in the ſtrongeſt and moſt unequivocal terms, rejected his ſuit, by maliciouſly hinting that partiality for the intentional aſſaſſin of her father, was the reaſon of her averſeneſs to him. She complained of him to her father, who aſſured her that her choice ſhould never be conſtrained; that ſhe ſhould be at liberty to chooſe Philip, or refuſe him, as beſt accorded with her inclination. St. Julian tryed in vain the powers of his eloquence; ſhe began to perceive in him more of art than of tenderneſs; and though ſhe liſtened to him with complaiſance, he neither convinced her reaſon, nor affected her heart.

CHAP. IV.

THE Yorkiſts were now again in motion. Warwick, with ſome ſhips from Calais, had been very ſucceſsful at ſea; he was daily expected to land his forces, and the mal-contents, all over the kingdom, were preparing to join him.

Again St. Julian and his ſon attempted to credit themſelves with their party, by prevailing on de Longueville to accompany them; but he with unſhaken firmneſs repulſed all farther connections with any party: he was equally inflexible with regard to Eleanor, when Philip intreated his intereſt. Chagrined at the refuſal of the firſt requeſt, they were enraged

enraged at that of the ſecond;—words of anger eſcaped from them: de Longueville was cool and unmoved; what he had gently denied to their entreaties, he poſitively refuſed to their reſentment, and they ſeparated for the evening.

It was the cuſtom of the venerable earl to riſe with the ſun, and rambling in his fields, or his groves, to inhale health with the morning breeze. On this fatal morning he roſe as uſual; the breakfaſt repaſt was placed, as had been cuſtomary, in the hall, which the harp of the bard invited them all to partake; the family had attended the harmonious ſummons, and waited only for their lord.

His prolonged abſence alarmed the counteſs, and ſervants were diſpatched different ways in ſearch of him.

They returned after a time with looks of conſternation, bearing with them a wounded man. Their lord, they ſaid, was no where to be found; but this man they diſcovered in the grove, bleeding and ſpeechleſs. Speechleſs he ſtill remained; for the hand of death was upon him, and, with a few parting groans, his reluctant ſoul quitted its earthly manſion for ever.

The ſurprize and conſternation of the counteſs and Eleanor was great; for their terrified imaginations repreſented this as portentous of ſome fatal event to the earl. But what words can deſcribe their conſternation and horror, when St. Julian, feeling in the pockets of the deceaſed for papers which might elucidate this dark affair, found the following fragment of a letter?—

———"Do thy buſineſs *compleatly*, "my friend:—ſtrike home, and ſpare "not.

" not. Thou knoweſt de Longueville
" to be my moſt inveterate enemy—
" need I ſay more?—Take care that his
" body do not witneſs againſt thee, and
" thy truſty companions. Farewell. Let
" the reward new edge thy dagger in
" the ſervice of thy friend,

" EUSTACE DE ST. MAUR."

—— Suffer me to draw a veil over a ſcene words are inadequate to deſcribe ——

The counteſs ſurvived the ſhock but three days. The life of the wretched orphan was long doubtful: at length ſhe recovered, though ſlowly; but the deepeſt melancholy hung over her ſpirits, which not all the aſſiduities of St. Julian and Philip were able to diſpel. Their preſence had indeed a contrary effect. She perceived how much ſhe was in their power; ſhe ſhuddered at the uſe they might probably make of

it; and felt doubly her irreparable loſs, now that Philip importuned her unceaſingly to become his wife.

The aſſembling of the Yorkiſts on the landing of Warwick gave her a ſhort reſpite. St. Julian and his ſon repaired to the ſtandard; and their abſence was more effectual for her recovery than all their attentive cares.

But they were not abſent long; it was imagined from the poſition of the two armies, that they might meet in Northamptonſhire; and they hurried to the caſtle of Longueville, to draw from its domain all its ſtrength of men and arms to reinforce the duke.

Immediately on their return, Philip being engaged in his military affairs, St. Julian viſited Eleanor; and with very little ceremony, for the tenderneſs of his manner had vaniſhed with the neceſſity

neceſſity of it, he ſhewed her the mandate of the duke of York, as king of England, claiming the wardſhip of her perſon and fortune, and delegating the truſt of both to St. Julian; commanding her to take Philip as an huſband, and empowering him as ſuch to aſſume the titles of her deceaſed father.

He then told her, that a general battle was expected to take place in a few days, the event of which no human foreſight could aſcertain; it remained therefore to make the moſt of thoſe few moments yet in their power: the love of Philip would be trifled with no longer, and he inſiſted on an immediate marriage.

It was in vain, after Eleanor had a little recovered the firſt ſhock of this intelligence, that ſhe urged the extreme indecorum of a wedding ſo ſoon after the death of her parents; the peculiar exi-

gency of the time was a reaſon he deemed unanſwerable. The prieſt, he ſaid, ſhould attend in the morning, on Philip's return, which was not to be till that time, and then he peremptorily inſiſted that the ceremony ſhould be performed.

For a long time Eleanor parried this horrid reſolution with temper. At length perceiving no excuſes, pleadings, or arguments, made any impreſſion on her adamantine-hearted guardian, ſhe loſt all patience, all reſerve; declared her utter averſion to Philip, and her determined and unalterable reſolution to endure death rather than marriage with him.

This unexpected ſpirit rouſed all the fury of St. Julian; with lips pale, and quivering with rage, he ſwore the moſt tremendous oaths, that unleſs ſhe conſented to marry Philip on the morrow morning, ſhe ſhould ere noon meet the

death

death ſhe preferred to him. He gave her only that night to conſider.

He pauſed to ſee what effect his threats had on her mind—he ſaw her unmoved; her heart ſwelling with indignation at his treatment, fearleſsly avowed its ſentiments, and her unconquerable averſion to the marriage. He reiterated with double rage his oaths, that ſhe ſhould on the morrow, either marry or die; and locking her chamber door, he left her to her ſolitary reflexions.

Paſſion had raiſed the ſpirits of Eleanor to a very uncommon height, and ſupported them during the irritating conference. In their energy ſhe had thought herſelf equal to the moſt deſperate reſolution; but St. Julian abſent, the ſtimulus ceaſing, they ebbed in proportion lower than their uſual equilibrium;

ſhe beheld all the horrors of her ſituation, and diſſolved into a flood of tears.

" Cruel, relentleſs deſtiny!" ſhe exclaimed, " not to leave me on the wide " earth *one* heart that will intereſt itſelf " in my happineſs—*one* faithful boſom " on whom I could repoſe my ſorrows, " and aſk the ſweet conſolation of a " pitying tear. My parents loſt—ah " *how* loſt! Oh my excruciated heart! " —my friends eſtranged—my ſervants " and women ſeduced to the intereſt of " my bitter enemy—deſolate—cruſhed " to the earth—abandoned to ruin irre- " trievable—why do I vainly ſtruggle " againſt it? It is the will of God that " I ſhould be held up a terrible ex- " ample of the inſtability of ſublunary " enjoyments. Who late ſo happy as " the giddy Eleanor?—Now—O bleſ- " ſed Virgin!—and wilt THOU in my " diſtreſs hear my prayer? The prayer

" of

" of a helpleſs, friendleſs female?—
" Wilt thou liſten from thy higheſt
" heaven to the petition of a deſolate
" maiden?—Aſſiſt her who hath no *hu-*
" *man* ſuccour?—Guide her in inno-
" cence and ſafety from the ſnares in
" which her feet are entangled?—Oh *if*
" thou wilt—but *I* cannot reward THEE
" —yet will I honour to my utmoſt
" thy ſacred ſymbols. I will walk bare-
" foot round thine altar, and conſe-
" crate to thy holy image this diamond
" croſs, the moſt precious of all my
" jewels."

In that inſtant, as if her prayer had been heard, and ſome pitying angel had whiſpered to her ſoul, a recollection flaſhed on her mind, that this caſtle, built in the moſt turbulent times, abounded in means of eſcape for its inhabitants, both from enemies without and within; that there were few rooms in it of which the wainſcot pannels did not

not ſlide, to give paſſage into others, and from one cloſet it had a ſubterraneous path into an adjoining wood.

This was an important ſecret of their manſion, known only to the earl and counteſs, and by them imparted to their child. St. Julian was unacquainted with it; and from the ſervants it was carefully concealed, leſt they might be tempted to make an ill uſe of the communication of the apartments.

Could ſhe reach that cloſet!—her heart beat high at the thought, but as inſtantly ſunk, when ſhe reflected ſhe had no way to it from her chamber, but through the room in which St. Julian ſlept. True, he might be aſleep:—ſhe cheriſhed that thought: "Aſſuredly, ſaid ſhe, "it is worth the hazard—to ſtay "is death, or worſe than death—I may "eſcape by attempting it, and if I fail, "my fate cannot be rendered worſe—".

Deſpair

Deſpair gave her courage—a deep ſilence ſpread itſelf through the caſtle; ſhe took from her cabinet ſome jewels and ſome money; put up a little linen, and having recommended herſelf again to the protection of the bleſſed virgin, who ſhe, with a ſalutary enthuſiaſm, imagined had ſuggeſted to her the means of eſcape, ſhe took a taper in her hand, drew aſide the pannel of the wainſcot—ſtept through it—cloſed it after her, that the method of her eſcape might not be diſcovered, and lightly tripped acroſs the room, which was one of the ſtate-apartments of this noble manſion.

In the next chamber lay St. Julian. With trembling fingers and palpitating heart, ſhe ſlid the wainſcot, and peeping through, ſaw her perfidious uncle, the feet of whoſe bed was oppoſite to the ſpot where ſhe ſtood—lying with his curtains undrawn, for it was the beginning

beginning of July, and the weather hot; he was in a poſture of repoſe, and his loud ſnorings aſſured her of his ſleeping.

With trepidation ſhe glided through the aperture, cloſed it as the other, and with timid ſteps ſlowly walked acroſs the room, when, to her unſpeakable conſternation, ſhe perceived on the other ſide of it a large cheſt which obſtructed her next paſſage.

For a moment ſhe debated with herſelf, whether ſhe had not better go back to her apartment—St. Julian turned himſelf—he muttered ſome inarticulate words, and then more diſtinctly—"No "matter—her death will give me more "certain poſſeſſion."

She trembled at this proof of the horrid thoughts which occupied him, and it ſtrengthened her reſolution. A dagger

dagger lay unſheathed by his bedſide; ſhe ſnatched it up—"At leaſt," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "I will not ſell my life cheaply."

St. Julian ſunk again into a ſound ſleep—her hopes revived—ſhe inſpected the cheſt, and found it not very heavy; ſhe drew it gently by one end forward, till ſhe had gained ſpace ſufficient to ſqueeze herſelf behind it, and with tranſport found ſhe could reach the pannel. She opened it haſtily, but in getting through, ſomething fell which immediately woke St. Julian; and in the moment of cloſing the pannel, ſhe heard him loudly call to know who was in the room.

She liſtened trembling to hear the reſult of this alarm; but as St. Julian had no light, he could not perceive the little derangement in his apartment, and hearing no more noiſe, he concluded he

was

was dreaming, and again delivered himſelf up to ſleep, of the certainty of which a few moments aſſured our affrighted heroine.

Safe through this room ſo much dreaded, Eleanor paſſed through two others with leſs anxiety; and her heart throbbed with pleaſure, when from the laſt ſhe entered the cloſet, which was againſt the walls of the caſtle, and had in it a trap-door, which opened over a deep ſtaircaſe. There were in it ſome chairs which it was neceſſary to remove; this Eleanor did with infinite caution, knowing ſhe was near the apartments of the officers of the houſehold. But in the moment ſhe had promiſed herſelf a certain eſcape, all her hopes were blaſted, when ſhe perceived the trap-door was infinitely too heavy for the utmoſt exertions of her ſtrength to lift up.

Unut-

Unutterable anguiſh ſeized her heart. In an agony of deſpair ſhe contemplated the fatal door, whilſt tears of bitter ſorrow poured down her cheeks; when to add, if it was poſſible to add to her conſternation, the cloſet door opened, and a man entered.

In the dead ſtillneſs of the night every movement is perceptible, and notwithſtanding the caution of Eleanor, ſhe was heard by the perſon who lodged in a room adjoining the cloſet, and who had been kept waking by ill health; he beheld her with a ſurprize almoſt equal to her own.—"Holy Becket!" he exclaimed, "is it poſſible that I meet "lady Eleanor in this place!"

In the firſt confuſion and tumult of her ideas, ſhe did not recognize the venerable Fronſac, her father's bard; now ſhe bleſt the chance which had ſent to her aſſiſtance the only perſon in the family

mily on whoſe fidelity ſhe could depend. She in a few words acquainted this faithful adherent of her difficulties and dangers, and implored his advice and aſſiſtance.

The good old man heard her with tears ſtreaming down his venerable cheeks; but this was no time for uſeleſs lamentation. "I can aſſiſt thee," ſaid he, "lady, to leave this caſtle, but "where wilt thou ſeek an aſylum? "Alas! I cannot point one out; edu- "cated in this houſe from my early "youth, I have few acquaintance out "of it, and unhappily have ſurvived "all my friends. The convents will "not receive a ſtranger, and to wander "as thou art thou muſt be diſcovered— "beſides, the country ſwarms with the "licentious ſoldiery—I tremble for that "beauteous form—thou muſt put on "ſome diſguiſe."

"But

" But what, my dear Fronſac?"

" What thinkeſt thou of the humble
" attire of a bard? Few natures are ſo
" rough and unfeeling, as not to ex-
" empt the unoffending minſtrel from
" violence, though their perſons are not,
" as in former times, deemed ſacred:
" ſuch a diſguiſe wore the great Alfred,
" and in ſuch a dreſs thou mayeſt wan-
" der ſafely amongſt the rude and un-
" diſciplined armies; the country peo-
" ple will gladly for thy muſic afford
" thee lodging, and it is a paſſport into
" the houſes of the nobles. This va-
" grant ſtate is unworthy the only
" daughter of my revered lord, but I
" know of no other which will ſecure
" thy life and honour. By a mixture
" which I poſſeſs, I can dye thy com-
" plexion, eyebrows, and hair, of ano-
" ther colour, which will give a dif-
" ferent air to thy countenance; I have
" a ſmall harp which will not be bur-
" then-

" thenſome to thy delicate arm; and I
" muſt tonſure thoſe fine treſſes to the
" due form."

Eleanor gladly acceded to this propoſal: ſhe ſubmitted her locks to his ſciſſars, for the minſtrels wore their hair like a monk at his firſt tonſure; and he dyed them and her eyebrows with a dark compoſition, which changed the fine light auburn to a black. Her face and hands were alſo diſguiſed with another mixture, which gave them the bronze of a ſunny clime. Fronſac, whilſt he was doing this, gave her directions how ſhe might reſtore both her complexion and hair to their natural colour without the leaſt injury. He then brought her the proper habiliments, and left her for a few moments to attire herſelf.

The gown was green cloth, made long, gathered at the neck with a yel-

low

low gorget, and faſtened cloſe to the chin with ſilver claſps; it had hanging ſleeves that reached down to the mid-leg, ſlit from the ſhoulder to the hand, and lined with white taffety; it was faſtened round the waiſt by a red girdle, in which hung two knives, capt with ſilver. The doublet ſleeve was of fine black ſtuff, ornamented along the wriſt with blue point lace; the cravat, puffed out at the boſom, was edged with blue point, and marked with a D. for Damian, that is bachelor of muſic; the ſtockings were of red leather, and the pumps of black.

The bard completed the dreſs of our heroine, by putting his cap on her head, hanging the harp before her, or rather on one ſide, for the convenience of walking, by a ſilver chain which went acroſs her neck; beſide it, ſuſpended by a green lace, he hung the wreſt, or key, by which it is tuned; a reſplendant

dant eſcutcheon, with the arms of the ſacred muſical college, depending from a ſilver chain, fell on her boſom, both as an ornament and a badge of her being of a ſuperior order of minſtrels, by which ſhe claimed a right of entering any knight's or nobleman's family.

By the time Eleanor was thus properly accoutred, the day began to dawn: not a moment was to be loſt. Fronſac liſted up the trap-door; he preceded her agitated and trembling ſteps down ſtairs, and along the winding way; he puſhed up the bolted door, which both ſecured and ſecreted the paſſage into the wood; and he would have followed her foot-ſteps in her wanderings—but that ſhe forbade.

He then knelt on the ground, offered to Heaven an ardent petition for her welfare, kiſſed the hem of her robe, and with a fervent benediction, accompanied

panied by a flood of tears, bade her adieu, hurried into the paſſage, pulled the door after him—and left her forlorn and alone in the world.

What a ſituation was hers! bred in ſoftneſs, delicacy, and indulgence; ſurrounded from infancy by a croud of attendants who anticipated her wants and guarded her footſteps, ſhe had never before been alone without the caſtle walls, and was ignorant how to ſupply herſelf with any thing.

She looked round—the brown horrors of the wood, through which the dawn had not pierced, terrified her; ſhe trembled at the ruſtling of the leaves—ſhe liſtened, and fancied ſhe heard the footſteps of men. She hurried along through the mazy path, which divided and branched out into an inextricable labyrinth; but for want of knowing the clue, though ſhe had trod

many ſteps, ſhe gained no ground; for after an hour's walking, ſhe found herſelf again in the place from whence ſhe ſet out.

Teazed by the diſappointment, fatigued with the weight of the harp, ſhe ſat down on the ſtump of a tree, and relieved her full heart by a ſhower of tears.

Again ſhe went forward, and with better fortune; for ſhe followed a path which brought her out of the wood. But now the country was open, a large common lay before her, and the idea of croſſing it was alarming; yet ſhe longed to get farther off, for ſhe perceived the ſpires of Longueville caſtle above the tufted trees, glittering to the riſing ſun.

She walked on, encouraging herſelf by reflecting, that as ſhe was abandoned by every earthly ſupport, ſhe was become a fit

a fit object of the benevolence of Heaven; that the holy virgin, who had pointed to her diſtracted thoughts the method of her eſcape, would protect her now ſhe had effected it; and in a mental petition ſhe fervently implored her aid.

As ſhe drew near the common, round which were ſeveral houſes, from a farm yard a boy drove out a herd of cows, who, pleaſed with the range, ran kicking and ſcampering along. This was new matter of fear for our timid heroine; ſhe muſt neceſſarily paſs them; their horns were terrifying, their gambols affrighted her—it would be vain to run back—ſhe dared not go forward. Fortunately in a ſhort time their playfulneſs ceaſed, they fell quietly to their verdant repaſt, and Eleanor, with palpitating heart, ventured to paſs them.

As ſhe approached the firſt cottage, ſome children, who were playing at the door, ran to meet her with ſhouts of pleaſure; and one on each ſide taking hold of her gown, led her in; ſhe knew that her habit was privilege from the obſervance of much ceremony, and ſhe ſat down, for ſhe was tired.

Eleanor perceived that the mother of the children ſeemed little able to partake their noiſy joy, for ſhe ſat at the corner of the room, weeping with another woman.

This was a concert in which Eleanor was much more inclined to join than in any other; but not to be deficient in the character ſhe aſſumed, ſhe touched her harp, and the women, who at firſt ſeemed inclined to forbid her proceeding, ſoon became enraptured with the ſoul-moving harmony; the ſounds were ſoft, melancholy, ſweet—it was the voice

voice of tender ſympathiſing affection, ſpeaking to the heart of the mourner; its conſoling notes calmed the tumults of their paſſions, and diveſted their grief of its poignancy.

On her ceaſing, ſhe was welcomed with tears of pleaſure, and bread and milk were ſet before her. During the regale, ſhe inquired the occaſion of their ſorrow.

" Alas! alas!" cryed the elder of the women, " there are few houſes in " this unhappy country, where you will " not find the wretched inhabitants in " tears. My huſband, and the huſband " of this woman, are brothers, and " this morning both left us to go to " theſe accurſed wars. To have the " lives of our huſbands endangered, " by whoſe labours we and our chil- " dren ſubſiſted, would have been alone " ſufficient matter of ſorrow; but we

" have the additional grief to know
" they will be in oppoſite armies; for
" my huſband is the vaſſal of my lord
" de Longueville, and this woman's
" of ſir Richard Wodeville; ſo that
" you ſee the hand of brother is cruelly
" raiſed againſt brother, and who knows
" but in the battle they may murder
" each other?"

A ſhower of tears from both, accompanied this recital, to which the compaſſionate heart of Eleanor joined her's. This tender participation of their griefs endeared her to them; they would have detained her with them; but reſtleſs, deſirous of getting farther from the caſtle, though ſhe knew not whither to direct her uncertain ſteps, ſhe declined their kindneſs, rewarded them for their hoſpitality, and again ſet forward.

The ſweet muſic of her harp procured her a ſupper and lodging at the decline

of

of day, where ſhe found another family made wretched by the civil feuds. The day after, ſhe wandered on in the ſame manner, and towards its cloſe, reached the environs of Northampton, but to her great terror perceived ſoldiers pouring in from every quarter. The royal army was come down from Coventry to meet that of the duke of York, who had marched from London; and both lay ſo near each other, that a general engagement in the morning was deemed inevitable.

Paſſing a ſmall neat houſe, the voice of ſorrow induced her to enter; there ſhe beheld a woman of no mean appearance, ſitting on the floor, her hair diſhevelled, her garments torn, and three children crying at her ſide for food; but ſhe looked round without taking cognizance of any object, and her countenance wore the marks of gloomy ſtupified deſpair.

From the biggeſt of the children Eleanor learnt that his father and elder brother were gone to the wars; that ſome ruffians belonging to the army had entered the houſe, rifled it of all its moſt valuable effects, eat up what food they could find, uſed their mother very ill, and taken away their eldeſt ſiſter.

As Eleanor was muſing on the woes of this wretched family, and caſting about how to alleviate them, a female came in, to whom ſhe communicated what ſhe had juſt heard. The woman wrung her hands and wept; ſhe was a relation, and gladly undertook the care of the unhappy object before them. Our heroine gave her ſome money to buy neceſſaries, and left them.

Walking along, doubtful what courſe to purſue, and equally afraid of meeting the chiefs of either party, Eleanor, in a deep muſing, ſcarcely knew that ſhe

was

was in a meadow, and close behind the encampments of one of the armies; nor did she perceive the approach of a man, who was gravely walking with a book in his hand, till he was close to her; she started back, and looked in his face. She was happy to find it one with which she was unacquainted, and that it wore an expression so benign, that her fright immediately subsided.

He also looked earnestly in her face—she stopt—"Who art thou, youth," he cryed?

"A minstrel, please your honour."

"A young one sure! Go, learn to "spend thy youth to better purpose, "than in that idle occupation—why "not serve thy country in its wars?"

"My hand is too feeble, and my "heart too tender to take up the trade of

" death. In an occupation which ſweet-
" ens life, I ſerve my country to better
" purpoſe."

" Is it cowardice or principle dictates
" thy anſwer?"

" Principle; for my conſcience tells
" me that the quarrels of princes can-
" not ſanctify murder, or warrant my
" dipping my hand in my brother's
" blood."

" Thou ſpeakeſt well, youth; I like
" both thy tongue and thy face: art
" thou converſant in holy muſic?"

" I am, ſir."

" Wilt thou ſerve me?"

" I muſt know who queſtions me, be-
" fore I anſwer."

" Henry

" Henry of England."

Eleanor fell on her knees, and taking his hand, which ſhe kiſſed, " Gladly, " my liege," ſhe cried, " moſt gladly " would I ſerve my ſovereign."

" Follow me then."

She followed him into a tent, where ſat the queen and the duke of Somerſet in converſation. " Thou often up- " braideſt me, ſweet wife," ſaid Henry, " for being inactive in theſe wars; up- " braid me no more, for ſee a captive I " have *myſelf* taken."

" A minſtrel!"

" He is; but we may make him ſer- " viceable; I mean to preſent him to " our ſon. Have I your permiſſion, " lady?"

" He is a ſtranger, my lord."

" True, he is ſo, Margaret; but my " uncle of Wincheſter uſed to ſay that " a good countenance was a letter of " recommendation from the Almighty. " Look in his face, and tell me whether " we ſhall take the divine word."

The queen caſt her eyes upon Eleanor, ſhe ſmiled—" Your grace is plea- " ſant this evening; I regard it as a " happy omen of the event to-morrow. " I was before ignorant of the divine " recommendation of beauty; we have " often been deceived by *human* pane- " gyric, and will make experiment of " the good cardinal's axiom.—You are " lord here, my liege, be it as you " pleaſe."

Henry waited for no other permiſſion, but haſtened into his ſon's tent. Edward, then in his eighth year, ran to meet

meet his father. "Why would you "not let me walk with you, my lord?" he cried, "I ſhould then have heard "the neighing of horſes, the ſound of "trumpets, and all the delightful clat-"ter of arms, of which I have only "imperfect ſounds, coopt up in this "naſty tent.

"I have brought you a preſent, Ed-"ward."

"Ah! what is it?—A ſuit of ar-"mour?"

"This minſtrel.

"A minſtrel! why that, my lord, is "for ladies' dancing.—Can he blow a "trumpet?"

"I can play martial muſic," ſaid Eleanor, delighted at the ſpirit of the child.

"Inſtantly

" Inſtantly then——if he may, my " liege."

" You command, Edward;—he is " yours."

Eleanor then began a martial air, that by its bold and daring ſound was able to infuſe ardor into the breaſt of cowardice. The king, enamoured with the charms of peace, was yet delighted, though not ſo much as his ſon, whoſe pleaſure diſplayed itſelf in ſhouts,—— " charming!—wonderful!" he cried.

" You like your preſent then, Ed- " ward," ſaid the king.

" Prodigiouſly, my lord: and you " really give me him?"

" I do, my darling; you will, I hope, " treat him well."

" He ſhall fare as I do—will that con-
" tent you?—I have not yet heard your
" name."

" Jaſper, my lord—I fear I ſhall not
" deſerve theſe favours—"

" Oh, fear nothing! you will deſerve
" to partake all *good*, I will warrant
" from that handſome face; but if my
" tutor ſhould take it into his head,
" Jaſper, to flog me, you ſhall not par-
" take *that* fare, for that you will not
" deſerve. But, my lord, this daſhing
" earl of March—why he is not ſo much
" older than I am, and he is not only
" allowed to fight his father's battles, but
" he commands his armies. I don't aſk
" to be made general; but do, dear my
" liege, let *me* alſo fight for *my* father.
" I have a little ſword you know; Jaſ-
" per ſhall have another; we will fight
" ſide by ſide, and we two together ſhall
" make one man. Your Edward ſhall
" hack

" hack down York's Edward, and bring
" his head to lay at your feet—do, dear
" my liege, indulge me—"

Henry preſſed his darling to his heart.
" Charming boy," he exclaimed, " thou
" poſſeſſeſt all thy mother's ſpirit. Be
" patient, my Edward—March more
" than doubles thy years.—Some time
" hence, thy wiſh ſhall be gratified, and
" thou mayeſt be general of thy father's
" armies."

A meſſenger from the queen now entered, to inform the king, that ſome youths of noble families requeſted the order of knighthood before the battle, and were with her, waiting his pleaſure. This ceremony Edward expreſſed a deſire to ſee, and with his father's permiſſion attended him, as did alſo Eleanor, who was actuated by the ſame curioſity.

Dearly

Dearly indeed did ſhe pay for the gratification of that curioſity, by the painful ſenſations excited when ſhe perceived St. Maur was one of the company; and, preſented by ſir Richard Wodeville to the king, the firſt who received the honour. What conflicting paſſions tore her heart! "My "God!" ſhe cried to herſelf, "do I "behold the aſſaſſin of my father? the "eventual deſtroyer of my mother?" With horror ſhe averted her eyes from him, whilſt an icy chillneſs ran through her frame; her head became giddy, and ſhe was obliged to lean againſt a pole of the tent to keep herſelf from falling. She then thought the change which his ſoul had undergone ſince ſhe ſaw him, muſt have produced a correſpondent alteration in his countenance, and caſt a faint and timid glance towards him, expecting to ſee guilt impreſſed on his features, and cruelty glaring in his eyes.

He

He was at that moment kneeling before the king, and Eleanor beheld the ſame manly open countenance, which was engraven on her memory in indelible characters; to which the auguſt preſence he was in, had added an expreſſion of dignified humility; and the occaſion lighted up his fine dark, ſpeaking eyes, with the moſt dazzling flaſhes of joy.

"Holy Mary!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "how deceitful is the human counte-"nance!—Who would ſuppoſe *that* to "be an aſſaſſin—*that* a murderer?"—She ſighed deeply—her eye dwelt on his features, whilſt her reaſon revolted at her feelings. Again ſhe deeply ſighed, and turned haſtily from an object which ſhe felt ſhe could not hate, and every duty, every virtue, forbade her to love.

Loſt in a whirl of ideas, Eleanor was for a long time unconſcious of what was

was paſſing; till becoming more compoſed, ſhe found that all the new-made knights were withdrawn. She now underſtood that the biſhop of Saliſbury was coming to their majeſties, with a meſſage from the rebel lords, and perceived that he had immediate admittance.

In his pontifical robes, the croſier in his hand, he advanced towards the king: "Royal Henry," ſaid he with a ſolemn voice, "I, as the ſervant of the uni-"verſal father, the prince of peace, have "gladly undertaken the pleaſing taſk of "mediating between you and your ſub-"jects. The lords, aſſociated for the "public good, earneſtly requeſt you to "have mercy on the ſouls of theſe aſ-"ſembled hoſts; and humbly beſeech "that you would, by timely conceſſions "to their reaſonable deſires, ſtay that "effuſion of blood which muſt be the "fatal conſequence of their meeting in

"arms

" arms to-morrow. Suffer me, moſt royal " ſir, to conjure you to redreſs their juſt " grievances, and reſtore peace to this " perturbed kingdom."

" Ah !" exclaimed Henry, " who diſ- " turbs the peace of this realm but theſe " aſſociated lords ? Will the worm reſt " quiet under the foot which cruſhes it ? " Will the houſeholder ſuffer his goods " to be deſpoiled without oppoſition ? " I deſire but to retain what I inherited " from my father. Tell theſe aſſociated " lords that peace is my ardent prayer— " it is not I but they who fill my king- " dom with tumult, and ſhed the blood " of my ſubjects—bid them lay down " *their* arms, and the tranquility of the " nation will be reſtored."

" Your highneſs," replied the biſhop, " miſtakes their patriotic conduct; it " is not againſt their *king* that they un- " furl the banner of oppoſition, but " againſt

" againſt thoſe who have uſurpt his au-
" thority to oppreſs his people, to in-
" ſult his nobles, to diſmember his em-
" pire. It is not Henry, but a corrupt,
" tyrannical court they oppoſe. Diſmiſs
" your favourites, my lord, from your
" councils, remove them from their
" places of truſt, the hearts of your faith-
" ful barons will return *then* to their
" allegiance; your throne, which now
" totters to its foundation, will *then* be
" ſtable as the adamantine rock; and
" the blood of thouſands of your inno-
" cent ſubjects, which muſt otherwiſe
" be ſhed to-morrow, will *then* be ſaved."

The king heſitated—Margaret replied for him:

" We underſtand well, my lord biſhop
" of Saliſbury, the principle which ac-
" tuates theſe lords, for whom you
" are ambaſſador: ambitiouſly graſping
" at power, it is not the hand which
" holds

" holds it, but that it is with-held from
" *them*, that excites their envy, and kin-
" dles the fire of their wrath. Has not
" his highneſs *often* liſtened to their
" prayers?—*repeatedly* granted their re-
" queſts?—Was not the noble Suffolk,
" after thirty campaigns made in the
" ſervice of his country, ungratefully ſa-
" crificed to their fury?—baniſhed?—
" murdered? What did it avail?—the
" next in favour was equally the object
" of their averſion. Were they ſatis-
" fied, when almoſt all the nobles of the
" court, with the princely Somerſet, fell
" by their mercileſs ſwords at St. Al-
" bans? No—becauſe the places of
" truſt—becauſe the reins of government
" were not transferred to their hands.—
" It is not compaſſion for the people's
" wrongs, but their own luſt of rule
" that unfurls their banner: the turbu-
" lent, graſping Nevils ſeek to advan-
" tage themſelves of the claim of York,
" that under him they may reign deſ-
" potic:

" potic:—redreſs of grievances, prio-
" rity of title, are the pleas by which
" they, at the expence of others, ſeek
" to draw to themſelves ſovereign rule.

" But you do well, my lord biſhop,
" a good *partiſan*, though inconſiſtent
" *ſervant* of the prince of peace—you
" do well to attempt transferring the
" odium of civil diſcord from the ſhoul-
" ders of the rebel lords to your anoint-
" ed ſovereign, to whom you alſo, with
" perjured York, have ſworn allegiance:
" —we underſtand your meſſage of pro-
" feſſed peace, but covert miſchief, and
" diſmiſs you our preſence."

The biſhop, with a bow of ceremony rather than reſpect, took his ſilent leave. The lords, who had aſſiſted at the audience, withdrew to attend to the military operations, and only the prince and our heroine remained with their majeſties.

A ſhort

A ſhort ſilence enſued. Henry deeply ſighed. "Are you ill, my lord?" queſtioned the queen. "In mind, Margaret; my ſoul ſickens at the idea of "to-morrow. Ah who that was acquainted with the torments of ſovereignty, whoſe ſoul was impreſſed with its duties, would covet to be king?— "Spare thy innocent people!—ſtay "thine hand from the effuſion of their "blood! Bleſſed Jeſus! and is it *I* "who deſtroy my ſubjects?—I, their "king, their *protector*—and muſt on *my* "head reſt the guilt of their death?— "Ah, Margaret, let me beſeech thee "whilſt it is in our power:—ſuffer me "to eſcape this crime;—permit me to "hearken to their deſires, to redreſs "thoſe grievances of which they ſo "feelingly complain. And then,—if "peace is not *then* reſtored, on *their* "rebellious heads will all the guilt de-"ſcend."

"And

" And is *this* a grandſon of that bold
" Lancaſter, who plucked the ſceptre
" from the hand of Richard, and da-
" ringly inveſted himſelf with the man-
" tle of royalty ?"

" Yes, Margaret; I *am* that unhappy
" offſpring, whoſe life evinces the truth
" of the adage ' things ill got have
" ever bad ſucceſs.' The uſurped ſpoils
" of Richard's ſtate bring a thouſand-
" fold more cares on me, than ere the
" poſſeſſion afforded me pleaſure: and
" my conſcience revolts at retaining what
" is not *juſtly* mine own."

" My God! the low-minded Catha-
" rine doubtleſs played the gallant Hen-
" ry falſe, and ſome whining churchman
" was thy father."

" Be not angry, Margaret; but I
" tell thee that a crown, were it even
" an *honeſt* inheritance, has, in *my* eſti-

" mation, more thorns than jewels—it
" is indeed a wreath ſo galling, that I
" wiſh it upon the brow of my bit-
" tereſt enemy. Crowned in my in-
" fancy, and nurſed upon a throne,
" what are the peculiar joys of royalty I
" may be deemed a judge. I have weigh-
" ed them well againſt its peculiar ſor-
" rows, and found them air in the ſcale."

" Recollect, my lord, from *what* ſource
" have ariſen thoſe diſquietudes you have
" experienced—even from the eaſineſs
" of your own nature. You have per-
" mitted your ſervants to become your
" maſters; they uſurp your authority,
" and only quarrel who ſhall have the
" largeſt ſhare; the government has more
" an ariſtocratical, than monarchical
" form. Your nobles, thus ſuffered to
" taſte the cup of ſovereignty, do you
" wonder that, intoxicated with its ſweet-
" neſs, they long to drain it to the
" bottom?—for it is reliſhing to moſt
" palates,

"palates, though not to yours, my liege. "One, more ingenious than the reſt, re- "collects that his grand-mother was the "grand-daughter of a king: he deter- "mines to outſtrip his fellows, and, by "the aſſiſtance of theſe ſhrivelled dames, "mount into the throne."

"Ah, Margaret! this eaſineſs may "be imputed to me, but thee and thy "counſellors they accuſe of harſh- "neſs."

"Becauſe I would have you a KING, "and would circumſcribe their power "to thoſe boundaries originally ordain- "ed in the conſtitution."

"They talk alſo of *oppreſſions*, of "*grievances*, of *miſmanagement* of public "affairs."

"They do, my lord;—but tell me, "were the revenues, greatly dilapida-

" ted as they were by the rapacity of
" the courtiers during your minority,
" burthened alſo with a heavy debt in-
" curred by the long and expenſive war
" with France, towards which the par-
" liamentary ſupplies were never ade-
" quate—tell me, were the royal re-
" venues *ever* ſufficient ſince our mar-
" riage to ſupport the dignity of the
" crown, or even for its neceſſary ex-
" pences? You know they were not,
" my lord; and that even the common
" wants of the houſehold could not be
" ſupplied, without exerting the right
" of purveyance—an odious, an unpo-
" pular right I confeſs, becauſe it hath
" the appearance of a general robbery
" of the people, but it is nevertheleſs
" a right inherent in the crown, and re-
" curred to by all your anceſtors; and
" what is the miſmanagement of public
" affairs they talk of? Is it the loſs
" of Normandy?—by what means loſt?
" Could the *name* of Somerſet preſerve

" its

" its towns and caſtles againſt the powers
" of France, without money, without
" arms ?—For were not thoſe moſt ne-
" ceſſary ſupplies withheld from him by
" his enemies at home ? No, it was the
" factious, the turbulent ſpirit of your
" ſubjects at home, my lord, which
" had been growing up in your long
" minority, and received from you no
" check when you aſſumed the ſceptre
" —it was theſe factious ſpirits, not the
" miſrule of your miniſtry, which loſt
" you your foreign dominions. Did not
" other, and more valuable provinces,
" fall from you, during the regency of
" your uncle Bedford ?"

" Ah, Margaret ! — heaven fought
" againſt us then—that holy maid, Joan
" of Arc—."

" The witch of Orleans ?—It was hell,
" Henry, then leagued againſt thee, and
" hath ever ſince withſtood thy piety ;

" it is meritorious therefore to make a
" ſtand againſt it—but time wears whilſt
" we idly talk—I muſt once more ſee
" the lords in council.—Edward, take
" leave of thy father for the night."

Henry with all the fondneſs of paternal love, embraced and bleſſed his amiable offspring. " Jaſper ſhall ſleep
" with me," ſaid Edward. " No," anſwered the queen, " in the day he ſhall
" be with thee, but in the night we
" muſt recollect he is a ſtranger—he
" ſhall ſleep in a little apartment near
" thine."

Our heroine took a tender leave of the prince, and was conducted to her little curtained apartment, where faſtening herſelf in, as well as ſhe could, ſhe threw herſelf upon her camp bed, and revolved the novelty of her ſituation, and the events of the day: but amidſt the numerous ideas the retroſpect brought

brought to her mind, St. Maur kneeling before the king, made the principal figure. In vain ſhe ſtrove to baniſh him from her memory; her ſoul alternately chilled with horror, or glowing with love, as reaſon or paſſion predominated, amidſt all its conflicts preſerved the ſeducing image; and when ſhe ſhut her eyes, to endeavour to ſleep, ſtill it ſwam before her.

CHAP. IV.

MARGARET had repaired to the council. Jointly to the duke of Somerſet and the duke of Buckingham, ſhe had aſſigned the command of the army. Lord Grey of Ruthin was appointed to lead the van; lord Egremont to bring up the rear. After a long converſation on the various adjuſtments, ſhe withdrew for the night.

Short and unquiet were the ſlumbers of Margaret: too much depended on the ſucceeding day to permit its approach with tranquillity. While Henry, with a mind devoid of the reſtleſs perturbations of ambition, ſtudious only of religious eaſe,

eaſe, and totally regardleſs of that crown which was at ſtake, was buried in a happy inſenſibility by her ſide.

She roſe with the dawning day, and awoke her ſleeping hoſt. All was ſoon buſtling preparation.

The army of the malcontents early drew up in order of battle. On the left hand was unfurled the ſtandard of Warwick, a rampant bear chained to a ragged ſtaff; on the right the earl of Cobham waved to the wind the white roſe of York; in the centre the youthful earl of March diſplayed the banner of his father, a ſun half emerging from the clouds—the motto "*invitis nubibus*,"—"*forced* into obſcurity."

Henry timidly waited the event of the day in his tent; whilſt his amazonian queen rode from rank to rank, cheared her ſoldiers with promiſes of

reward, enlivened her officers by her ſmiles, gave orders as a general in the name of the king, and then retired to an eminence, where ſhe could obſerve the particulars of the action, and give orders according to the emergency of the occaſion. Here alſo was the prince of Wales, whoſe importunity had prevailed to let him be a ſpectator; and our heroine accompanied him, though poſſeſſed of little curioſity for ſuch a ſcene, and ardently wiſhing to remain with Henry; but ſhe ſolicitouſly concealed, though ſhe could not ſuppreſs, inclinations ſo diſgraceful to her maſculine attire.

The Yorkiſts, having publiſhed orders throughout their army, to reſpect the perſon of the king, and ſpare the common ſoldiers, but to give no quarter to the officers—ſo inveterate, ſo bloody, was the rancour of the nobles and chiefs againſt each other!—advanced to the attack

attack about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the action continued, with equal fury on both ſides, till ſeven in the evening, when, as victory ſeemed inclined to favour the arms of the king, lord Grey of Ruthin, with a treachery which had but too many examples, led over his troops to York, and inſtantly decided the fate of the day. Henry's ſoldiers in conſternation, gave ground; their ranks were broken; they were routed with a great ſlaughter;—and the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Shrewſbury, ſon to the great Talbot, the lords Beaumont and Egremont, ſir William Lucie, and many other barons and knights, left their lives on that fatal field.

When Somerſet found there was no poſſibility of rallying his forces, he flew to the queen, who, diſtracted at this unexpected event, had mounted her ſon, our heroine, and ſome few attendants, ready for flight. He guided her ſteps

with ſuch precipitation, that they never halted till they reached Durham; where they, more dead than alive, were kindly received by Thomas Hatſell, the good biſhop of that dioceſe, and ſovereign prince in his domain; they were conducted to the caſtle, his palace, and there were refreſhed, and reſted after ſuch ſingular fatigue, which our heroine bore much better than could have been expected, having from her infancy been accuſtomed to hunt with her father.

In the interim, the king's tent was ſurrounded by the nobles and officers of the York party; and Henry trembling, was conſtrained to ſhew himſelf before them.

The ſanctity of his manners, the innocence of his heart, the inoffenſiveneſs of his conduct, had ſecured him the affection of all ranks; and if he was not

not reſpected as a great king, he was univerſally revered and loved as the beſt of men. No reproach now wounded his gentle ear; all bowed before him: thoſe who had appeared ſo lately in arms to overturn his power, now ſtrove to diſplay to him every mark of deference. He was conducted in ſtate to Northampton; from whence, after ſome days' refreſhment, he was eſcorted to London, a captive in reality, but with the appearance of a conqueror; and though he was a priſoner in his own palace, yet the actual reſtraint was ſo ſoftened by every exterior mark of reſpect, that he was ſcarcely ſenſible of it.

The duke of York had haſtened from Ireland on the firſt news of the ſucceſs of his arms. A parliament was called, and he had the moderation, though it was ſurrounded by his victorious army, inſtead of poſſeſſing himſelf of the crown, which

which he with the moſt perfect eaſe might have done, to ſubmit to the judgement of both houſes the diſcuſſion of his claim, and refer himſelf abſolutely to their deciſion.

Such a regard to the laws of the kingdom, and ſuch reſpect for the legiſlative powers, in the midſt of a civil war, in a ferocious and licentious age, and during the uncontrouled triumphs of a party, ſurely has no parallel.

The important queſtion was duly weighed and debated, with as much coolneſs as its magnitude required: after a full inveſtigation, they endeavoured ſo to decide, as to give both ſides reaſon to be ſatisfied of their impartiality.

The right of the duke of York to the crown was declared legal and indefeaſible: but it was decided, that Henry ſhould

ſhould for the remainder of his life enjoy the title and dignity: the adminiſtration of government, meantime, to reſt on Richard, who ſhould be acknowledged the true and lawful heir of the monarchy; that every one ſhould ſwear to maintain his ſucceſſion; that it ſhould be treaſon to attempt his life; and that if Henry ſhould in any manner violate this mutual agreement, the crown ſhould that moment devolve to the duke of York, and his heirs.

Henry and Richard both chearfully acquieſced in this deciſion, and both ſwore to its obſervance. Richard in conſequence took upon him the executive part of the government; whilſt Henry, happier in the tranquillity of retirement, than when oppreſſed with buſineſs to which he felt himſelf unequal, paſſed his time with great ſatisfaction with the lord Bonville, to whoſe care he had been intruſted, and who

was

was extremely indulgent and attentive to him.

But the temporary calm which ſpread over one part of the kingdom, extended not to Margaret. Diſquieted, irritated at the tame conduct of her huſband, ſhe had gone from Durham into Wales; but reſtleſs every where, ſoon quitted that principality, with an intention of ſeeking in Scotland the means of reinſtating her family in its power; her ſon and Eleanor, with ſome few faithful attendants, were the conſtant companions of her wanderings.

Advancing in ſecret towards the northern borders, ſhe found James the ſecond of Scotland had taken advantage of the inteſtine broils of England, and was cloſely beſieging the caſtle of Roxburgh.

She introduced herſelf into the preſence

ſence of that prince; her inſinuation and addreſs were exquiſite. He heard her pathetic tale, compaſſionated her misfortunes, invited her to ſtay in his camp, as a place of ſafety from her enemies, till he had taken the garriſon, which was reduced to the laſt extremity, and then he promiſed to eſcort her himſelf to his capital, where he would concert meaſures, and exert every nerve to reſeat her in the throne of England.

Elated by this flattering reception, the heart of Margaret experienced a pleaſure to which it had been ſome time a ſtranger. Alas! the greater was her diſappointment and horror, at the fatal event of the next morning; when, as ſhe was going to his tent, ſhe met the mangled corſe of that amiable prince borne on the ſhoulders of his ſorrowing ſoldiers, reduced to that deplorable condition by the burſting of one of his own cannon.

Deeply

Deeply afflicted, an enthuſiaſt in her gratitude for the intentional ſervices of James, Margaret took the command of the Scots againſt her own ſubjects; and after having obliged the garriſon to capitulate, ſhe conducted the army, with the body of their king, back into Scotland, where ſhe was received with as much reſpect as the confuſion of affairs would allow, and lodged in the caſtle of Edinburgh.

Mary of Gueldres, the widow of James, was too much grieved at the death of a huſband whom ſhe loved with unaffected tenderneſs, to receive Margaret. The heir of the crown was an infant, and the kingdom in too unſettled a ſtate to grant her the ſuccours ſhe requeſted; and ſhe was informed by the regency, that an aſylum in the kingdom during her own pleaſure, and the perſonal entertainment due to her rank and dignity, was *all* in their power to afford. Obliged to be content

content with this, Margaret gladly accepted what they could beſtow, and enjoyed a ſhort reſpite from her toils and wanderings.

The prince of Wales, healthy and lively, ſeemed to gain increaſe of vigour from his fatigues; whilſt, on the contrary, Eleanor was diſpirited, pale, emaciated. The queen, as well as her ſon, obſerved it; for with both ſhe was a favourite, and the ſweetneſs of her temper, and good-humoured complaiſance, did not more endear her to her young patron, than the amiableneſs of her diſpoſition, the elegance of her manners, her cultivated and informed mind, and ſparkling lively wit, charmed the queen, whoſe underſtanding was much above the common ſtandard; who was quick in diſcriminating the characters which ſurrounded her; and who was particularly fond of the converſation of perſons of genius.

Eleanor's

Eleanor's unaffected attachment to the prince, was alſo another link which bound the queen's affections ſtill more cloſely. Edward was a moſt amiable child;—lively, ſpirited, ſportive—yet of a temper the moſt ſweet and docile. The love of Eleanor for him was that of a fond ſiſter for a younger brother; ſhe delighted in aſſuming the place of his tutor; and he liſtened with infinitely more attention to her inſtructions, than to thoſe of the nobleman who attended him in that capacity. The queen viewed his improvements under her aſſiduity with delight.—Margaret never knew a cold medium; ſhe loved or ſhe hated with ardour.

Yet let me do her memory the juſtice of declaring, that her affection for the favourite minſtrel, never exceeded the chaſte bounds of friendſhip. Whether her heart, occupied by the cares and diſquietudes of unfortunate royalty, had

no

no room for a ſofter paſſion; or whether its pre-attachment to the young duke of Somerſet—which ſcandal at that time averred—withheld her from being too tenderly ſenſible of the attractions of our heroine, I pretend not to determine. Let the characters of the dead be ſacred—it is impious to load them with *imaginary* obloquy.

Actuated then by friendly regard for merit ſo eminently conſpicuous, Margaret ſaw with anxiety the declining health of the minſtrel; and as Eleanor was averſe to medical advice, by a thouſand indulgences, a thouſand tender attentions, that princeſs endeavoured to enliven the gloom, and diſpel the melancholy which hung upon the ſpirits of her amiable attendant.

The ſoul of Eleanor was filled with the moſt fervent gratitude. The eſtimation in which the queen profeſſed to hold

hold her, the kindneſs of her language, thoſe attentions, thoſe ſmiles which from all are pleaſing, but, from the great, peculiarly faſcinating, charmed her; they were balm to her wounded mind. The image of St. Maur, amiable in all its guilt, would ſtill preſent itſelf, in ſpite of her utmoſt efforts to drive him from her heart—ſtill the murder of her parents recurred to her thought, and overwhelmed her with bitter anguiſh; yet ſhe by degrees grew more tranquil—time blunted the poignancy of her ſorrows, and health began to bloom again upon her cheek.

Though the Scottiſh queen continued too much indiſpoſed to make viſits, or receive them from the queen of England, yet all the ladies of diſtinction in her court had paid their devoirs at the caſtle; and there was one among them, with whoſe manners and converſation Margaret was particularly pleaſed.

One

One day when this lady was viſiting the queen, Margaret, who knew ſhe had a paſſion for muſic, had recourſe to the talents of our heroine for her entertainment; who after the ſongs were ended, remained with Edward in the room. In a pauſe in the converſation, the lady happened to pull off her glove; and the prince, who was ſtanding at her knee, obſerved ſomething very ſingular in the appearance of her arm—"Your arm is ſcarred, madam," ſaid he; "one would think you had been "in a battle, and got wounded."

"Your idea is juſt, my lord," ſhe replied;—"for I was engaged in a "battle for my ſovereign, and was "wounded in his defence.—See, ma-"dam," ſaid ſhe to the queen, baring her arm, and extending it towards her—"I glory in theſe ſcars—they are my "joy, my pride."

"If

" If you have ſo much reaſon to be " ſatisfied with them, madam," ſaid the queen, " you will then have the good- " neſs to relate how you came by them, " for I confeſs my curioſity greatly " excited."

" And mine, madam," ſaid Edward, eagerly—" I long, indeed I do, very " much, to know how you received " them."

The fine eyes of our heroine, though not her tongue, expreſſed the ſame ſentiment, as the benign eyes of lady Douglas glanced towards her.

" I ſhall be happy," ſhe replied, " to " oblige your highneſs to the utmoſt " extent of my poor abilities, though " a recital of the horrors of that fatal " night always agonizes my ſoul. Pro- " bably, madam, you are unacquainted

" with

" with the hiſtory of my much lament-
" ed maſter, James the firſt; for though
" all his youth was ſpent in England,
" yet he left it ſome years before the
" marriage of your highneſs; if ſo, you
" perhaps would not diſlike my tracing
" the *earlier* misfortunes of that mo-
" narch, to their laſt dreadful period."

The queen ſignified her wiſh to hear her hiſtory; and lady Douglas proceeded.

" Robert the third, madam, the fa-
" ther of James, was of a tender and
" benevolent diſpoſition; but alſo of ſo
" meek, humble, and timid a temper,
" that his brother, the duke of Alba-
" ny, acquired an unlimited influence
" over him. Poſſeſſed, by his own
" modeſty, of a very low opinion of
" his own abilities, and, by the obtru-
" ſive manners of the duke, of a very
" high one of *his* talents, Robert ſuf-

" fered his brother to uſurp the whole
" authority, and became at length ſo
" habituated to be governed in all things
" by him, that he dared not avow his
" own ſentiments, however diſcordant
" to thoſe of the duke, nor interfere in
" the deareſt intereſts of his family, and
" his heart.

" Deſires increaſe by gratification,
" and the wiſhes of an ambitious man
" are never ſatisfied whilſt one perſon
" remains in the world greater than him-
" ſelf. Albany could not be content
" with that regal *power* he fully en-
" joyed by the tame acquieſcence of his
" brother, but he panted for the regal
" *title* alſo; and though Robert had two
" ſons, who ſtood between him and
" the throne, he determined to clear the
" path of thoſe impediments, and mount
" to that ſeat of honour on their dead
" bodies.

" David,

" David, the prince of Scotland, was " a lively youth, of great ability; the " unnatural authority of his uncle was " irkſome to him, and he penetrated " his ambitious aims. But in vain did " he labour to open his father's eyes, " and infuſe into his ſoul ſufficient ſpirit " to ſhake off the pernicious aſcen- " dancy. Timid, irreſolute, indolent, " that prince rather choſe to endure the " government of the duke, though he " began to find it galling, than to rouſe " his mind, and think for himſelf.

" Albany diſcovered the efforts of " David, and dreaded his riſing genius, " but concealing his rancour, he con- " tinued to careſs the prince with every " appearance of affection; and intro- " duced to his acquaintance ſome young " men, his creatures, of pleaſing man- " ners, but of debauched principles, " and libidinous lives. Seduced by their " example, the royal youth was drawn

" into ſome irregularities and exceſſes,
" which the duke repreſented to the
" king in the ſtrongeſt and moſt glaring
" light, and heighthened by all the
" colourings which art and malice could
" beſtow. To take from him the op-
" portunity of ſtill farther diſgracing
" himſelf, and to facilitate his reforma-
" tion, Albany repreſented the abſolute
" neceſſity of confining the prince; and
" length extorted from his weak father
' an unwilling order for his being im-
" priſoned in Falkland caſtle, under the
" immediate care and inſpection of the
" duke.

" Thus torn, by his father's abuſed
" authority, from thoſe friends which
" his eminent merit, more than his
" princely rank, had acquired him, the
" royal youth found himſelf in the hands
" of his moſt inveterate enemy, and
" ſurrounded by creatures wholly de-
" voted to his will. I will not ſhock

" your

" your humanity, madam, with a recital of the varied and exquiſite ſufferings of this unhappy prince; they were all cloſed by a death the moſt gradual and the moſt painful—he periſhed for want of food.

" Great as was the power of the duke, and much as all the court feared him, yet ſuch was the general abhorrence of this black action, for the remorſe of one of his attendants had diſcloſed it, that there were not wanting ſome who informed the king of it. Picture to yourſelf, madam, the feelings of a *father* on this intelligence, and *ſuch* a father whoſe characteriſtic was tenderneſs and affection —but though Robert had not ſufficient ſpirit to call to account, and puniſh his vile brother, yet it rouſed him to a care of his remaining ſon James, then about fourteen years old, whom he determined to ſend far from

" the machinations of that power which
" his own ſupineneſs gave ſo much cauſe
" to dread.

" The young prince, under pretence
" of education, was ſent on board a
" ſhip to be conveyed to France, ac-
" companied by two tutors, and fur-
" niſhed with letters of recommendation,
" not only to the French miniſtry, but
" alſo to the king of England, Henry
" the fourth, then on the throne, in caſe
" the prince ſhould be driven into any
" part of his territories by ſtreſs of wea-
" ther—.

" Uſeleſs precaution! Albany had
" long maintained the moſt friendly
" correſpondence with Henry, who he
" truſted would aſſiſt him in the uſur-
" pation he meditated.—It was ever the
" ungenerous policy of England to fo-
" ment the diſputes, widen the breaches
" and heighten the diſtreſſes of this un-
" happy

" happy kingdom. Henry was ap-
" prized of this voyage of the prince,
" —it is too probable the maſter of the
" veſſel had his inſtructions; who,
" taking the advantage of the ſea nau-
" ſea which much incommoded James,
" made that a pretence for landing him
" on the Engliſh ſhore.

" His arrival was inſtantly known;
" he was ſeized, carried to Henry, and
" committed priſoner to the tower, in
" open violation of a truce which then
" ſubſiſted between thoſe two nations,
" and all thoſe rights of hoſpitality to
" which he had been ſo pathetically
" recommended by his wretched father.
" Cruel Henry!—pardon me, madam,
" —I *will* forbear to execrate his me-
" mory.

" But what became of Robert! what
" tortures racked that heart formed for
" ſoftneſs, when theſe ſad tidings reach-

" ed him!—his inhuman brother had
" by experience taught him to believe,
" that impriſonment and death were the
" ſame.—He ſunk to the earth broken-
" hearted, and ſurvived the fatal intel-
" telligence but three days.

" The duke of Albany could not de-
" cently aſcend the throne during the
" life of his nephew; and Henry was
" too politic a prince not to take ad-
" vantage of detaining him, and by that
" means preſerving an aſcendancy over
" the councils of Scotland, which would
" effectually ſecure them from aſſiſting
" either his foreign or domeſtic ene-
" mies. Albany was therefore, to his
" great mortification, obliged to be con-
" tent without the title of king; but
" he, during his life, enjoyed every
" other prerogative of royalty, for our
" ſovereign was kept a priſoner in Eng-
" land during the remainder of Henry's
" reign, and the whole time of his ſuc-
" ceſſor's:

" ceſſor's: his captivity laſted from the
" year 1406 to 1423, ſeventeen tedious
' years.

" But though the king of England
" had ſecured the friendſhip of Albany
" by the ſtrongeſt of all ties to the
" crafty and politic—*intereſt*—yet the
" ſon of Albany, Murdoc, a prince of
" ſlender abilities, who ſucceeded to his
" honours and the regency, evinced by
" his conduct that even intereſt is no
" ſecurity with fools, for they are go-
" verned by *caprice*.

" In the beginning of the reign of
" the preſent king of England, when
" the arms of the dauphin acquired ſome
" force in France, Murdoc, fortunately
" for Scotland, though weakly and fool-
" iſhly for himſelf, ſo far forgot the
" politics of his father, as to enter into
" an alliance with Charles, and ſuffer
" his ſubjects, in great numbers, to

" mingle in the French armies, and aſſiſt
" in their ſtruggle to throw off the
" Engliſh yoke.

" To break this alliance, it then be-
" came the intereſt of the Engliſh re-
" gency to diſmiſs their captive; and,
" by placing him peaceably on the
" throne, enſure his friendſhip.

" Though the policy of England had
" predominated over her humanity, in
" the capture and detention of James,
" yet in every other circumſtance which
" regarded him, it ought to be confeſ-
" ſed, ſhe acted worthy of herſelf; his
" education had been carefully attended
" to, and was perfectly conſonant to
" his high rank; he was treated with
" all the deference due to a monarch;
" and had every indulgence and liberty
" conſiſtent with his ſituation. Thus he
" grew up, the moſt amiable of man-
" kind, his underſtanding highly culti-

" vated

" vated and informed, by the learning
" of his tutors; his heart refined by
" their moral and virtuous precepts,
" and his manners poliſhed by the com-
" pany and converſation of the firſt per-
" ſons in the kingdom.

" Among the young nobility who
" viſited our ſovereign, his heart diſ-
" tinguiſhed with peculiar affection, the
" duke of Somerſet, and his beautiful
" ſiſter, the lady Jane. For that amiable
" young nobleman he felt the moſt ſin-
" cere and ardent friendſhip;—but a
" paſſion more tender attached him to
" the lady. All attractive as were her
" perſonal graces, they were ſtill leſs
" admirable than her mind. She poſ-
" ſeſſed the beauty of Venus with the
" majeſty of Jnno, and the virtue and
" wiſdom of a Minerva;—few youthful
" hearts could reſiſt ſuch a combination
" of charms.

" James had long worn her chains, " which had rendered thoſe of her na- " tion leſs irkſome to him; nor had " his graceful perſon, the ſweetneſs of " his manners, ſoftened by early ad- " verſity, and the ſparkle of a chaſtened " and refined wit which animated his " converſation, been overlooked by that " young lady. The idea alſo of un- " fortunate royalty had ſomething high- " ly intereſting and affecting in it, to " which his patience, at once dignified " and chearful, gave additional claims. " Her heart melted for the unhappy " prince, and that ſentiment ſoon made " way for love to the amiable man.

" Long ere the tongue of James had " diſcloſed his paſſion, his eyes had " betrayed the ſecret; and the duke " was not ſurpriſed when that prince, " in the confidence of friendſhip, ac- " quainted him with it, and beſought " his intereſt with his charming ſiſter.

" Things

" Things were in this ſtate, when " there apppeared in the regency of " England a diſpoſition for the releaſe " of our king. The duke of Somerſet " had ſounded the inclinations of his " ſiſter, and found them very far from " averſe to James. She loved him as " an amiable man; but the circum- " ſtance of royalty could not be ſup- " poſed ungrateful to either her or her " brother; for, deſcended from a race " of kings, neither were without the " ambition of their family; and Somer- " ſet was not deficient in efforts to bind " the diadem on the head of Jane. He " enforced in the council the expe- " diency of diſmiſſing James in friend- " ſhip to his kingdom, making a laſt- " ing peace with him, and farther ce- " menting it by wedding him to an " Engliſh lady of the blood royal.

" Convinced before of the neceſſity " of doing it, to prevent France from " receiving

" receiving ſuch an acceſſion of ſtrength
" as the Scottiſh army afforded, the
" additional hint of marriage was re-
" ceived with approbation by all, par-
" ticularly by the duke of Glouceſter,
" who ſat as regent, in the abſence
" of his brother of Bedford, then in
" France.

" Where all parties ſo readily co-
" incided in one point, preliminaries
" were not long adjuſting. James re-
" ceived the propoſals with tranſport,
" for Jane of Somerſet was the lady
" named. The Scotch, who eagerly
" deſired the return of the king, were
" written to:—ſafe conduct was given
" to commiſſioners, who inſtantly ſet
" out for London, to ſettle the terms of
" deliverance:—they were ſettled to
" ſatisfaction of all parties.—James eſ-
" pouſed the beloved of his heart, and
" they proceeded with great pomp to
" take

" take poſſeſſion of the long vacated
" throne.

" Alas! too ſoon the royal pair diſ-
" covered, that the high honours they
" went to receive were not without
" their more than proportionate ſhare
" of pain; and that in the jewels of the
" diadem were intermixt many lacera-
" ting thorns. The reins of govern-
" ment had been held ſo looſely by
" the weak and timid hand of Mur-
" doc, that all order was become in-
" tolerable; the royal prerogative ſo
" encroached upon, that little was left
" but the name of monarch; while the
" haughty and independent barons, at
" the head of their numerous clans, en-
" joyed all its powers.

" Arduous and ungrateful was the
" taſk of reſtoring the government to
" its ancient equilibrium, and the ef-
" forts of James, without effecting the

" purpoſe, rendered him univerſally
" unpopular. The lower ranks of his
" ſubjects, habituated to a licentious
" and uncontrouled freedom, ſpurned
" at all order, and deteſted equally the
" law, and thoſe who would have en-
" forced its obſervance; while the
" higher ranks beheld with malignity
" an attempt to circumſcribe their au-
" thority, and filled the kingdom with
" confuſion by their cabals.

" This general diſcontent was greatly
" heightened by the arts of Walter,
" earl of Athol, a younger brother of
" the late king, who poſſeſſed all the
" baneful ambition and miſchievous ta-
" lents of the duke of Albany, and
" hoped, by fomenting the public diſ-
" cord, to follow his example, and ſeize
" the royal authority. He ſuggeſted,
" that the king was graſping at arbi-
" trary power; and every exerciſe of
" his legal prerogative, every enforce-
" ment

" ment of the law upon offences the
" moſt atrocious, was malicioufly re-
" preſented by him to the jealous nobles
" as ſo many proofs of that deſign.

" For ſome years did the king ſtrug-
" gle with theſe difficulties. At length
" his patience and perſeverance evi-
" dently gained ground :—the nobles
" began to be convinced by experience,
" that he aimed at the attainment o
" no more than his legitimate auth
" rity; the influence of the earl
" Athol diminiſhed; and James ha
" procured a creature of his, by nam
" Greme, who had often acted as a
" incendiary, in ſtirring up the rabbl
" to ſedition, to be outlawed for an
" accumulation of the moſt conſummate
" villainy.

" Athol, enraged at the puniſhment
" of his favourite, and perceiving his
" own approaching diſgrace in the
" growing

" growing popularity of James, deter-
" mined by the blackeſt treaſon to
" prevent it.

" The palace of Perth was the ge-
" neral ſummer-reſidence of the royal
" family; but it wanting ſome repairs,
" the king and queen, with a ſmall
" retinue, had removed to a convent
" of Dominicans in that town. I at
" that time attended the queen, who
" did me the honour of diſtinguiſhing
" me with peculiar favour; and her
" courteouſneſs, her affability, her ſweet-
" neſs of manners, had attached my
" youthful heart to her with the moſt
" fervent affection.

" One fatal evening, the king and
" queen being in bed, I retired into my
" own apartment, which was next
" their's; and finding in myſelf no in-
" clination to ſleep, inſtead of undreſ-
" ſing myſelf, I opened the window of

" my

" my chamber, which looked into the
" convent garden, for a little air, the
" weather being very hot; and placing
" my chair near it, ſeated myſelf, to
" enjoy the refreſhment of the evening
" breeze, and the ſcent of ſome fragrant
" ſhrubs which grew under the win-
" dow.

" Inſenſibly I fell into a fit of mu-
" ſing—ſhall I confeſs the ſubject?—a
" young nobleman, who had perſuaded
" me to give my heart in exchange for
" his, was then in the French army—
" imperfect intelligence had that day
" been received of a recent engage-
" ment, the uncertainty of his fate oc-
" cupied painfully my thoughts, and
" my ſoul was filled with the moſt cruel
" preſages.

" The glancing of ſome light, and
" a whiſpering in the garden, awoke
" me

" me from my reverie, and excited my
" curiosity. I put out my candle that
" I might listen unperceived. I could
" distinguish nothing but a kind of
" bustle, several people seemed to steal
" along the garden, and enter the room
" immediately under mine.

" I became now greatly alarmed;—
" the unseasonable hour for business
" in a convent—the studied secrecy—
" the whispers—were all circumstances
" of suspicion, and wore a terrifying
" aspect; and I determined instantly to
" acquaint my royal patrons with my
" fearful apprehensions. As I hastily
" approached the bed, the queen, who
" was awake, put by the curtain—
" What is the matter, Douglas?—said
" she with her usual sweetness.

" I fear treason, madam.—People
" have been walking in the garden with
" studious

" ſtudious precaution:—they have en-
" tered the convent, and—goodGod!—
" I hear them approaching—"

" I ran to ſecure the door, which
" had a very large iron bolt acroſs it—
" I ſhivered with horror when I found
" it gone; for by that circumſtance I
" was convinced, not only that treaſon
" was intended, but alſo that ſome of
" the domeſtics were engaged in the
" conſpiracy. I heard the approach of
" ſeveral footſteps, treading as light as
" poſſible—there was no time for barri-
" cading the door, and no other me-
" thod ſuggeſted itſelf to my hurried
" thoughts, to give the king a mo-
" ment's leiſure for his defence, than to
" oppoſe myſelf to the entrance of the
" conſpirators. I thruſt my hand into
" the iron loop in which the bolt ſhould
" have fallen, and endeavoured by my
" arm to ſupply its place.

" In

" In that moment, an attempt was
" made at the door.—Love for my
" ſovereigns gave me unwonted ſtrength
" —with my arm, and my whole weight,
" I for a ſhort time obſtructed the
" entrance of the wretches.—Alas! it
" was but protracting for a few mo-
" ments the fate of the devoted victim!
" one violent effort overcame the feeble
" barrier;—my wriſt was broken and
" ſhattered,—my arm cruſhed,—and I
" was thrown with incredible force to
" the farther end of the room. Athol
" entered, with a ſword drawn in his
" hand, followed by a choſen band
" of villains, among whom was the out-
" lawed Greme.

" The little reſiſtance I had made,
" enabled the king to ſeize his ſword,
" and with unparalleled bravery he at-
" tempted to defend himſelf. With his
" back againſt the wall he ſtood, and

" laid

" laid ſeveral of the aſſailants dead at
" his feet, but it was not without re-
" ceiving many wounds; ſo that weak-
" ened by the loſs of blood, and over-
" powered by numbers, he fell.—
" Whilſt the diſtracted queen thruſt
" herſelf between him and the ſwords
" of the aſſaſſins, and was dreadfully
" wounded in ſeveral places.

" Oh, madam, the horrid ſcene
" which I then beheld!—for my ſhat-
" tered limb, by its excruciating pain,
" rendered me unable to add my feeble
" aſſiſtance, and conſtrained me to be
" an agonized ſpectator.—Never,—
" never—can I forget it. The dying
" prince, ſinking under the ſwords of
" the conſpirators—the blood guſhing
" in torrents from a multitude of wounds
" —the queen with looks of agony,
" wounded, bleeding—yet inſenſible of
" her own hurts, oppoſing herſelf to
" the ſwords of the ruffians, as a ſhield

" to

" to her invaluable huſband;—and
" when torn from him by their rude,
" remorſeleſs hands, kneeling, with
" ſtreaming eyes, and hands uplifted,
" to implore for him that pity they were
" incapable of feeling—whilſt they,
" with countenances of horrid eager-
" neſs, and eyeballs glaring with dia-
" bolical joy, regarded her not; but
" preſſed before each other to ſatiate
" their furious revenge, and by re-
" peated ſtabs of the expiring prince,
" dip their hands deep in the crimſon
" current."

" Thus Madam,"—added the lady Douglas after a pauſe, occaſioned by her own tears, which ſhe could not reſtrain, and in which ſhe had been accompanied by Edward and our heroine—even Margaret wiped her eyes—" thus
" madam, periſhed James the firſt. In
" his youth he eſcaped by a long cap-
" tivity, the dark machinations of one
" relentleſs

" relentleſs uncle; and in his maturity
" fell by the diſappointed ambition of
" another. And this, madam, is the
" hiſtory of my wounded arm. I am
" vain of ſcars acquired in endeavour-
" ing to defend my royal maſter. Feeble
" indeed was the attempt, but it was all
" I had power to accompliſh.—What
" felicity, could I have been enabled
" by the ſacrifice of my own life, to have
" inſured his!"

The Scottiſh lady received from Margaret thoſe encomiums which were ſo juſtly her due. Edward ſpoke his delighted approbation; whilſt the forcible and elegant language of Eleanor diſcloſed how enthuſiaſtically ſhe felt the merit of the loyal and ſpirited action.

CHAP. VI.

IT was now no longer a ſecret where Margaret had taken refuge. The northern lords, who were moſt of them in the intereſt of the houſe of Lancaſter, reſorted to her, and the proſpect of being aſſiſted by their influence, determined her once more to try her fate in England. Her journey thither was accelerated by an order which ſhe received, ſigned by Henry himſelf, to repair inſtantly to London, for ſhe knew it to be the work of the duke of York, and penetrated the purpoſe it was meant to ſerve.

Richard

Richard had not more abſolutely poſſeſſed himſelf of the perſon of Henry, than of the mind of that prince; who perhaps found in the ſtudious civility with which York and all his party behaved to him, a dominion more tolerable than that of Margaret and her favourites, by whom he was often treated with but little ceremony. The ſouthern parts of England were in tranquillity. The party of Lancaſter ſeemed to be broken, and the duke held the reins of ſovereignty, though without the title: but ſtill his chiefs deemed him inſecure from the active genius and ſpirit of Margaret;—they perſuaded him to find ſome pretence of impriſoning her perſon, or baniſhing her the kingdom; and no method ſeemed ſo proper, as an order from the king's own hand, commanding her immediate preſence; which would reduce her to this dilemma—her *obedience* would throw her entirely into their

power—her *diſobedience* would evince a rebellious oppoſition to her huſband and ſovereign, and warrant the moſt violent meaſures againſt her.

Margaret penetrated the whole deſign—it filled her ſoul with redoubled rage againſt its author; and ſecretly, in the depth of her heart, ſhe vowed the ſevereſt vengeance on York, ſhould fortune ever put him in her power. She however thought it neceſſary to conceal her reſentment from the meſſenger of the Engliſh court, from whom ſhe artfully drew all the particulars of the preſent government, and learnt with what abſolute ſway York directed all things—"Inform my lord," ſaid ſhe, "that I "will obey his command, with all the "duty which I owe him, both as my "huſband and my ſovereign—and tell "him I will to-morrow begin my journey "towards London."

The

The ſtimulus of reſentment added to Margaret's active ſpirit, and enabled her to keep her word; all things by the next morning were in readineſs for her journey; ſhe took a haſty leave of her friends, and left Scotland, accompanied, as uſual, by the prince and the minſtrel. She was met on the borders by three lords wardens of the marches; the earl of Northumberland undertook to eſcort her through his own province, and ſhe was lodged, the firſt night of entering that county, at his ſtately caſtle of Alnwick.

The next day, by the direction of the earl, the principal inhabitants of the town of Alnwick waited upon the queen. She, who knew well how to ſoften the natural violence of her character, by the moſt gentle demeanor and inſinuating courteouſneſs, received the good mayor and his brethren with ſo much ſweetneſs of affability, painted to them ſo pathe-

tically the miſerable and dependant ſtate of their ſovereign, preſented the prince to them in ſo intereſting and affecting a manner, that ſhe excited in them an enthuſiaſm of admiration for herſelf, and affection for her cauſe. They promiſed the moſt active exertions in raiſing men for her army; Margaret, in return, was no niggard in aſſurances of reward; and her indignation for the defection of her ſouthern ſubjects, led her even to promiſe that her northern friends ſhould be allowed to pillage all England to the ſouthward of the Trent.

Theſe golden lures drew, in a very ſhort time, multitudes to her ſtandard; and ſtill to ſtrengthen her intereſt by the faſcination of her preſence, the earl of Northumberland conducted her from Alnwick to his caſtle of Warkworth, ſo delightfully ſeated on the banks of the river Coquet, and commanding, from its bold ſituation, ſo glorious a view of the

the adjacent country, bounded by the ocean.

Here the inhabitants of the town, led by their mayor, were alſo introduced; and here alſo Margaret gave proofs of her addreſs. Her careſſes, her promiſes, wrought every effect ſhe could wiſh; ſhe moulded every heart to her purpoſe, and aſſiſted by a proſpect of the ſpoils of the proſcribed provinces, her army was recruited in great multitudes, with a celerity which was neither expected by her friends, nor in the leaſt apprehended by her enemies.

To a mind agitated by rage and a deſire of revenge, and loaded with the innumerable cares and reſtleſs paſſions which occupied that of Margaret, the ſuperb caſtle of Warkworth and its environs had no charms; but our heroine, whoſe mind was alive to all the beauties of nature and art, beheld them with admiration,

miration, and wandered through them with rapture. Whilſt Margaret and her noble hoſt were buſied in warlike preparation, Eleanor and her young patron, with only the guard of one ſtout ſoldier, (ſuch was the attachment of the country to the royal cauſe, that no more was deemed requiſite,) traced the mazes of the grove, courſed the winding river, or walked along the pebbly beach of the ocean.

The weather, though autumn was far advanced, was favorable for theſe excurſions. Its chill hand had embrowned the foliage of the woods; but the eye of taſte, in the varied and rich tints, diſcerned more beauties than in the general undiſtinguiſhing emerald of ſummer.

One beautiful evening Eleanor and her royal companion had taken a longer ramble than uſual; they had traced the river in its progreſs round the caſtle, and

and followed its waving and enamelled banks towards the ſea, allured by the varying proſpects, and liſtening to the ſong of the red-breaſt.

Eleanor had repeatedly warned the prince of the length of the way, and reminded him they had the ſame ſteps to trace back ere they regained the caſtle. His inclination was always ſuffered to govern, and he was not to be perſuaded to return, till, as they came near the mouth of the river, the wind ſuddenly roſe, and the ſky became enveloped in clouds; there happened to be no moon, and the twilight at that time of year is very inconſiderable, ſo that it grew almoſt inſtantly dark, and to add to the calamity, a violent ſhower of rain deſcended in torrents on them.

Neither Eleanor nor the ſoldier thought of themſelves; they were uneaſy only for their precious charge whilſt he,

perceiving their fears on his account, young as he was, yet beyond his years conſiderate and ſenſible, made light of their ſituation, laughed at their apprehenſions, and declared himſelf pleaſed with the adventure. "Of what," ſaid he, "Jaſper, ſhould we be afraid? we "will wait under a tree till the ſtorm "is over, and then if it is ever ſo dark, "we can diſcern the river, which will "be a certain guide to the caſtle."

They ſeated themſelves under a large ſpreading tree, which grew near the river, and which in the ſummer would have afforded them ſufficient ſhelter; but now the winds acted ſo roughly on its withering foliage, that they were ſoon covered, not only with rain, but alſo with a ſhower of wet leaves. The ſtorm continued unabatingly, and the ſky became in a ſhort time involved in almoſt pitchy darkneſs, ſo that not even the river was to be diſcerned; and to add

add to the horror of the prince and Eleanor, the ſoldier, who was reſtleſs, and could not be perſuaded to ſit ſtill, went too near the bank of the river, which was in that place very ſteep: the earth broke in with him, and he was ſuddenly plunged into the ſtream.

The conſternation of Edward and the minſtrel was unſpeakable; they made the night air reſound with their reiterated cries, and were frightened at the reverberation of their voices along the rocks. It was impoſſible to attempt his aſſiſtance—they were ignorant if he could ſwim—they liſtened, and were ſomewhat conſoled at hearing the daſhing of water at a diſtance; but the pleaſure was tranſient.—"Alas!" cried Eleanor, "he will be carried by the "rapidity of the ſtream into the ſea."

They cried out to him—no one anſwered—again they eagerly liſtened—

the ſound of the daſhing water died on their ear. They expreſſed to each other a thouſand anxieties, and poured out as many prayers for him.

Suddenly they eſpied a light towards the ſea; the prince, too young for caution, was for running inſtantly towards it; but Eleanor, more wary, recollecting that ſhe had never that way ſeen any ſigns of a human habitation, imagined that it might be an exhalation from the low marſhy land, and deemed it more prudent to ſtand ſtill and obſerve it.

Sometimes it appeared ſtationary ſometimes they fancied it moved towards them; and ſometimes its beams were hidden from their direct view, but they perceived a long ſtream of light trembling acroſs the water: at length its ſize perceptibly increaſed, and they plainly ſaw it advancing.

Eleanor

Eleanor was naturally timid; but the more intrepid ſpirit of the prince endeavoured to ſupport her; he wrapped his little arms about her as ſhe ſtood.—"Fear nothing," ſaid he, "my dear "Jaſper."—The fears of Jaſper were however too potent for her ſtrength, and ſhe ſunk to the wet earth, half dead with apprehenſion; the prince knelt down by her, and both waited, with their eyes fixed upon the light, its tremendous approach.

In a few moments they could diſtinguiſh the figure of a man, tall beyond the uſual ſtandard, clad in a hermit's gown, with a beard as white as ſnow, which deſcended to his girdle, and long ſilver locks waving on his ſhoulders; he marched with a ſlow ſolemn pace, and carried a large lanthorn in his hand, which he turned all ways to diſcover from whence the ſcreams proceeded, and was cloſe to our young adventurers before

before he perceived them, for aſtoniſhment had held the prince mute, fear Eleanor. Suddenly he turned his lanthorn full upon them—they jumpt from the ground, and viewed one another with mutual ſurprize.

" Was it from you," ſaid he, " thoſe " cries proceeded which lately met mine " ears ?"

" Alas ! yes, father," replied Eleanor, " and we had too much reaſon " for them—a man who was with us, " going too near the brink of the river, " fell in, and we fear is drowned."

" In what part of the river ?"

" Oppoſite where we now ſtand."

The hermit turned his lanthorn on the water in every direction, but could diſcern nothing. " Your remaining " here,

" here," ſaid he, " can be of no benefit " to your companion;—the town is " at ſome diſtance—you appear weary, " and another ſtorm is coming up—go " with me to my cell;—you may there " dry your wet clothes, reſt yourſelves, " partake my ſimple fare, and either " ſtay the remainder of the night, or " depart, if the weather clears, as beſt " pleaſes you."

" Alas, Jaſper! my mother"—exclaimed the prince—" ſhe will be greatly " alarmed."

" You muſt not diſcover yourſelf," whiſpered Eleanor.—" She will," ſaid ſhe aloud, " be, without doubt, greatly " alarmed; but not the *more* if we " accept this good man's invitation, for " we ſhall then be probably in a place of " ſafety; and we cannot find the town, " if we attempt it, in this exceſſive " darkneſs."

" Follow

" Follow me then," ſaid the hermit. He led on; whilſt Edward, locking his arm in Eleanor's, followed cloſe behind. But their ſurpriſe was great, when they perceived he led them towards the ſea, on a part of the beach where they particularly remembered never to have ſeen the leaſt veſtige of an habitation.

He paſt amidſt ſome rugged and bare rocks, to the place where the river pours its tributary water to the ſovereign ocean:—ſtooping down, he entered, by a lowly door, a cavity in one of them, and with aſtoniſhment they perceived themſelves in a very neat apartment, hollowed archwiſe out of the rock, and its ſides not inelegantly decorated with pillars, in the gothic ſtile of architecture.

" Welcome, youths, to my ruſtic " cell," ſaid the hermit, taking the taper out of the lanthorn, and placing it

it upon a ſmall table in a candleſtick; " you are cold without doubt; I will " mend my fire."

He ſtirred up the embers, and laid on ſome wood—" Come and dry your- " ſelves," ſaid he, " whilſt I ſet an " anchorite's repaſt before you."

He ſpread a clean cloth on his table, and ſet thereon a brown loaf, a cream cheeſe on a large dock leaf, on a ſmaller one a piece of butter, a ruſh baſket of apples and nuts, and a jug of pure water; and he preſſed his viands upon them—ſuch as they were, he ſaid—with an honeſt and cordial warmth.

The prince, with the happy thoughtleſſneſs of his time of life, jumpt with alacrity to the table, and delighted at a manner of eating ſo new to him, evinced an exceeding good appetite, preſſing Jaſper to follow his example: but the mind

mind of our heroine was occupied too unpleaſingly to leave any reliſh for food. She however ſat down, and ate a little; whilſt the hermit, with looks of wonder, ſurveyed them both;—the richneſs of their apparel—their extreme beauty—the ſingularity of ſtrangers, of their age and ſeeming condition, being alone at that time of night in ſuch a place, excited his wonder, and awakened his curioſity.

Edward made a long meal, chattering all the time; crying up the ſuperior ſweetneſs of brown bread to white; proteſting that cream cheeſe from a dock leaf was delicious, and that it greatly improved the flavour of the butter: "never," ſaid he, "no never did I eat "any thing half ſo good as theſe are." He found the apples and nuts equally fine; even the water out of the coarſe jug had its ſhare of panegyric—for Edward was both hungry and dry.

He

He was ſtill eating: Eleanor, with her head reclined on her hand, ſat loſt in thought, and the hermit was ſurveying her features with eager curioſity, when they heard a great ſound of many voices in the meadow. Eleanor ſtarted, turned pale, and caſt an eye of ſuſpicion on the hermit;—ſhe feared leſt treaſon was abroad, and the prince betrayed. The hermit appeared alarmed;—he placed another taper in his lanthorn, and ran out. "Let us follow, my lord," ſaid Eleanor, taking hold of the prince's arm "if treaſon is intended, we may "eſcape through favour of the dark-"neſs."

They went out quick after him, leſt they ſhould miſs the path among the rocks; they followed him into the meadow, which they perceived ſpread with many people who carried lanthorns and torches; but they kept aloof till they plainly heard the authoritative voice of

their noble hoſt, the earl of Northumberland;—they then, guided by the lights which ſurrounded him, ran towards him.

"Do you ſeek *me*, my lord?" ſaid Edward.

"Heaven, I thank thee!" exclaimed the earl, "for directing our ſteps "aright! What anxiety hath your ab- "ſence cauſed, my lord! Scarcely "could your royal mother be withheld "from ſeeking you herſelf.—Fly," ſaid he, to one of his attendants—"fly, and "inform the queen we have found the "prince in health and ſafety. We "began to be alarmed for your abſence, "my lord; but how were our appre- "henſions increaſed, when the ſoldier "acquainted us with your danger, ſo "near the river, and ſo near the ſea, in "the dark, and in the ſtorm!"

"The

"The ſoldier!" cried Eleanor, "is "he then alive?"—The ſoldier at that moment came up. "Oh, Anthony!" ſhe cried, "how tranſported I am to ſee you!"

"And I," ſaid Anthony, "am as "much tranſported to ſee you and my "honoured prince in ſafety.—I was a "little unſenſed by my ſudden fouſe into "the ſtream: and having ſwallowed "a pretty deal of water, it took away "my ſpeech, but not my ſtrength. I "can ſwim well, and daſhing away "pretty faſt, I caught hold of ſome "twigs upon the oppoſite ſhore; but I "fancy at ſome diſtance, for I could "hear no anſwer to my repeated calls, to "let you know I was ſafe, and the wind "I fancy was contrary—ſo I thought it "better to make my way with as much "expedition as poſſible to the caſtle, "and tell the queen of your ſituation, "that you might have lights and guides "to conduct you ſafe."

"Thanks

" Thanks to your care, my good " Anthony," ſaid Edward, " your ſer- " vices ſhall not go unrewarded."

" Now," ſaid the earl, " let us go " home as faſt as poſſible."

" Will your lordſhip give us leave " firſt," ſaid Eleanor, " to make our " acknowledgements, and bid adieu to " the kind perſon who conducted us to " the ſhelter of his roof?"

" By all means," replied the earl— " but I know of no houſe near this " place."

The hermit was ſtanding juſt behind. —Eleanor ſaw him—ſhe ſtept back, and took his hand;—" Receive," ſaid ſhe, " reverend father, our grateful thanks " for your hoſpitality; and permit me " to introduce you to this nobleman, the " great earl of Northumberland.—This, " my

" my lord, is the good father, in whoſe
" hermitage we received the kindeſt and
" moſt benevolent treatment."

" Will you accompany us to the caſ-
" tle, father?" ſaid the earl, " we can
" there expreſs our gratitude in a more
" acceptable manner than in words."

" I thank you, my lord," replied the hermit gravely, " but I have re-
" nounced all commerce with the world,
" and am ſufficiently recompenced for
" my little ſervices, by the pleaſure
" which will ever accompany a recol-
" lection of the incidents of this night.
" I account it felicity, to have en-
" tertained, in my humble cell, a ſon
" of the pious and good Henry. May
" the Almighty," added he, laying his hand lightly on the head of the prince, and lifting his eyes to Heaven, a large torch which gleamed on his face giving his whole venerable figure to the view—

" May

" May the Almighty diſpel thoſe clouds
" which ſurround thy houſe, heal the
" inteſtine broils which convulſe the
" boſom of thy bleeding country, adorn
" thy temples with a crown—not ſuch
" as thy father hath worn, of thorns—
" but a wreath of honor and glory—
" and mayeſt thou, a happy combina-
" tion of thy father's goodneſs, and thy
" mother's ſpirit, late deſcend to the
" tomb of thy royal anceſtors in peace
" —Farewell."

" For *thee*," added he, taking a hand of Eleanor, and putting it to his lips with great emotion, " whoever thou " art"—his words ſeemed to choak him —he gently hemmed and proceeded— " may the great God ſhower on thy " head his choiceſt bleſſings."—More he would have uttered, but ſeemed incapable. He preſſed the hand he held again to his lips, then to his boſom, ſuddenly dropt it, and hurried off.

The

His emotion, his action affected Eleanor, who meditated with aſtoniſhment upon it. They now took their way with expedition to the caſtle—need I ſay they were received by Margaret with tranſport? She could not help mingling ſome reproaches, glancing at our heroine, with her congratulations on the ſafety of her ſon; but Edward would not ſuffer the leaſt blame to reſt on his favorite—he fully exculpated her; and harmony was perfectly reſtored.

CHAP. VII.

BY this time intelligence was received in London of Margaret's appearance in the north; but the numbers which reſorted to her were ſo far from being exaggerated by report, as is uſual, that the duke of York regarded it as a petty inſurrection, which he determined to quell in perſon; and for that purpoſe ſet out from London, with the earl of Saliſbury, and about five thouſand men only; leaving orders for his ſon, the earl of March, to conduct the reſt of the army into quarters of refreſhment in Wales, and afterwards join him in the northern provinces.

As

As he advanced, ſome flying reports reached him of the queen's ſucceſs in levying forces; but when he arrived in the vicinity of Wakefield, he received certain intelligence that ſhe was upon the full march to meet him, at the head of twenty thouſand men. It would have been madneſs to have encountered ſo unequal a force; he therefore, by the advice of Saliſbury, threw himſelf into his own caſtle of Sandal, which was ſituated in the neighbourhood, with an intention to remain there till the earl of March could advance to his aſſiſtance; for the queen had no artillery, and it was not probable that, without it, ſhe could make much impreſſion on the fortreſs, before he was re-inforced.

But this was cold and prudent counſel, which it was the intereſt of Margaret to provoke him not to purſue. She ſaw with tranſport the enemy of her houſe, the deſpoiler of her dignities, the author

of her baniſhment, her wanderings—the parent of a thouſand inquietudes, a thouſand mortifications—ſaw him withheld from her vengeance but by the thin barrier of a caſtle wall; and with infinite artifice ſhe ſpread all her toils to tempt him thence. Taunting meſſages were reiterated to pique him to come forth; and he was repeatedly told that all his former warlike glories were tarniſhed by thus taking ſhelter behind the walls of a fortreſs, and reſigning the palm of victory to a woman.

The ſpirit of York, warm and ardent in war, as moderate in peace, could ill brook the ridicule and inſults of Margaret; but the counſels of his chiefs, and his own remaining prudence, ſtill withheld him from meeting her in the field. The queen, finding he was not to be provoked, pretended to be wearied of the ſiege, and deſirous of getting to London; ſhe therefore put her army in motion,

motion, detached fifteen thouſand of her troops forward; but with orders, when they had reached a ſmall diſtance, to halt behind an eminence where they could not be ſeen from Sandal caſtle; part of them were to re-inforce her, if the duke could be brought to an engagement; and part wheel round, attack his rear, and cut off his retreat. She with her few forces, remained before the caſtle, and repeated her inſults.

The duke was completely deceived, as well as the veteran Saliſbury; the ſmall army poured from the caſtle, as they imagined to certain conqueſt; nor perceived the ſnare till they were too far entangled to recede; for the troops in ambuſcade, by a rapid movement, placed themſelves between the duke and the caſtle, and attacked his rear; whilſt the remainder of the detachment overwhelmed him in front.

Himſelf and Saliſbury, like two lions in the toils, indignant, furious, left no method untried which long converſe in arms, with the moſt daring courage which deſpair could ſuggeſt, to extricate themſelves; but in vain.—Overpowered by numbers, their veteran troops every where gave way—a general ſlaughter enſued: Saliſbury fell in the field; and York, by a more cruel deſtiny, was taken alive, and led to Margaret, to glut her furious revenge.

A tent had been pitched for the queen on an eminence where ſhe could view the battle, and ſhe had choſen to take Eleanor with her, very contrary to our heroine's inclinations, who would rather have remained with the prince; for he, being taken ill in the night, had been left in his tent, with a ſufficient guard to protect him. All the nobles were engaged in the purſuit of the routed army, and lord Clifford alone was with the queen,

queen, he, who in cold blood, after the battle, had murdered the earl of Rutland, ſecond ſon of York, and had brought the bloody tokens to Margaret, as an acceptable preſent to her ferocious ſpirit, he himſelf having vowed on the York family a vengeance almoſt equal to her own, in revenge for the death of his father, who was ſlain with many circumſtances of cruelty, at the battle of St. Albans. Clifford had juſt told his bloody tale to the queen and Eleanor, and was yet exulting in his inhumanity, when ſome ſoldiers led in the captive duke.

Margaret received him with ſavage rapture—her greedy and laughing eye devoured his features, and ran over him with horrid joy, as the object on which ſhe would ſatiate all the furies of her revenge. She gave her tongue an unbridled looſe to every ſcoff, taunt, and expreſſion

expreſſion of ridicule, that a malignant and rancorous heart could ſuggeſt, and a poignant wit edge to lacerating keenneſs.—She ſet on his brows a paper crown, and in mock humility paid him the homage of majeſty;—and, to compleat his torments, ſhe toſt in his face an handkerchief, dipt in the blood of his favourite Rutland.

This was too much.—All the reſt he had borne with a ſilent and dignified fortitude, that blunted the ſhafts of her malignance—but this was ſtretching the rack beyond all human endurance.

He caught the handkerchief ere it fell—it was ſtill warm with the blood of his darling—he looked at it with unutterable anguiſh, and caſt his eyes up to heaven, whilſt his heart ſeemed burſting with agony. The ruthleſs queen and Clifford triumphed in having at laſt diſcovered

diſcovered the avenue of torture to his ſoul.

Humanity would ſuffer too much were I to draw the ſcene at full length.—Suffice it then to ſay, that in words broken, convulſive, and at firſt ſcarcely articulate, he found expreſſion for his feelings; and retorted on his mercileſs perſecutors ſo forcible and pointed a reproof, that the queen, all pale with rage, had no other reply to make than by the point of her dagger, and was aſſiſted in the horrid anſwer by Clifford.

Like hungry tigers, eager and thirſting for blood, they flew on him, and by repeated ſtabs on his noble breaſt, brought him bleeding to the earth. He preſſed the precious relique of Rutland to his dying lips, and with a deep groan expired.

"Off with his head," cried the queen; —"ſee that the crown be put upon "it, and let it be placed on the "gates of York, beſide that of the "hoary-headed villain Saliſbury, that "York may overlook York."

CHAP. VIII.

WHAT a ſcene was that which we exhibited in the laſt chapter, for an exquiſitely feeling mind to witneſs! Eleanor looked upon the queen with terror and abhorrence, and determined the firſt moment ſhe had an opportunity, to leave her for ever. An opportunity ſoon preſented itſelf for putting this reſolution in practice; for requeſting permiſſion to attend the prince, Margaret ſent orders by her, that if the weather continued mild, ſhe would have Edward remain where he was for a few days, as ſhe ſhould be entirely occupied in her military arrangements: for ſhe propoſed detaching part of the army under Jaſper Tudor, earl of Pembroke, half

half brother to the king, to encounter the earl of March; and with the remainder, ſhe intended, after a few days refreſhment, to proceed towards London.

This meſſage Eleanor delivered with ſome variation; for Margaret had deſired her to remain with the prince during his abſence from the army: but ſhe informed him, that the queen had commanded her preſence early in the morning.

When our heroine retired for the night, to the part of the tent allotted her, inſtead of going to bed, ſhe repoſed a ſhort time in a chair; and then, finding the moon ſhone clear and bright, whilſt a dead ſtillneſs reigned around, and that the ſentinels ſeemed ſleeping on their poſts; ſhe, a little before day-break, taking ſuch of her apparel as ſhe could conveniently diſpoſe of, and her valuables, and recommending herſelf to the protection

tion of the bleſſed virgin, ſlung ner harp by its chain on her ſhoulder, and ſallied forth, again a wanderer.

She paſſed the guard with eaſe, and reached without any difficulty the plain where the battle had been fought. The day was breaking, and its encreaſing light gave to her view a ſcene of horrors. Near three thouſand of the party of York ſtrewed this fatal field with their dead or wounded bodies; nor was the victory bloodleſs on the ſide of Lancaſter; it was night ere the ſlaughter—for ſo it might rather be called than a battle—was finiſhed, ſo that the wounded could not be ſought any more than the dead buried; and many, who by timely care might have been ſaved, periſhed miſerably by being expoſed all night to the froſty air—for the day of maſſacre was Chriſtmas-eve.

With

With unutterable anguiſh ſhe trod the bloody marſh; the dry ſoil drenched with human gore, yielded like paſte to her feet; whilſt the groans of the wounded and dying pierced her heart; many of whom, as ſhe paſſed them, implored the mercy of a friendly ſtroke, to cut the torturing ſtrings of life, and end their miſery.

With ſtreaming eyes, pale, cold, trembling—Eleanor had nearly reached the extent of this fatal plain, on the edge of which were ſome ſcattered cottages, when ſhe was alarmed at perceiving a party of ſoldiers advance from a lane on one ſide of it; and apprehenſive of being diſcovered by them, ſhe laid herſelf down by ſome dead and wounded bodies.

Sad ſociety! on her right hand lay one convulſed, and ſtruggling in the agonies

agonies of death: beſide him another juſt awoke from a long ſwoon, lifted his feeble eyes, without ſtrength to ſpeak; on her left two armed knights were extended on the earth one acroſs the other, as if ſlain in mutual conteſt; whoſe battered helmets having fallen from their heads, left their hair ſpread on the ground ſoaked and clotted with gore.

Fatal ſtrife! ſighed Eleanor to herſelf as ſhe beheld them. The animoſity of theſe knights has been reciprocally deſtructive—victor and vanquiſhed, alike in death! Who are they?—Heavens and earth! the features of Philip!

A gleam of ſatisfaction ſhot acroſs her breaſt—her enemy, her perſecutor was no more.—But the joy was too inhuman to be entertained—her ſoul ſhuddered at the ſenſation. She put her hand on his forehead—there was warmth—"My "God," ſhe cried, "he is *not* dead, "and

" and timely ſuccour might recover
" him! But ſhall I aſſiſt to recover
" him from death, whoſe life will con-
" tinue me a vagrant, a wanderer from
" my paternal abode? Were he dead,
" his father would have ſmall tempta-
" tion to be unjuſt. Moſt true, were
" he indeed dead;—but ſhall I turn
" deſtroyer? *I* murder him? For I
" eventually deſtroy him whom I have
" it in my power to ſave, and do not;
" and I can certainly procure aſſiſtance
" from thoſe cottages.—From his fatal
" paſſion, and his father's avarice, I
" have ſuffered, and may ſtill ſuffer the
" moſt complicated ills.—But what does
" our holy religion command?—To do
" good for evil!—When thy enemy
" hunger, ſays the Saviour of mankind,
" give him meat; when he thirſts give
" him drink. Are we commanded to
" perform the *leſſer* offices of humanity,
" and ſhall we be excuſed the omiſſion
" of the *greateſt?* Muſt we afford them

" what

" what is neceſſary to their exiſtence,
" yet deny them exiſtence itſelf?—It
" may not be—I may ſuffer by his re-
" covery, but it is my duty to attempt
" it. Oh, my God! accept this ſacri-
" fice of my heart—I perform what
" thou commandeſt, the reſt remain
" to thee."

She roſe, and perceiving that the ſoldiers who had alarmed her, filed off to a diſtant part of the field, ſhe ran to the neareſt cottage, rapped at the door, and no one anſwering, ſhe lifted up the latch by the leathern knot, and gave herſelf admittance.

Alas! its wretched inhabitants were too deeply immerſed in ſorrow to remark the intruſion. Upon the floor lay the breathleſs body of a man in the prime of life. Bending over it, appeared a venerable figure, now claſping together, in ſpeechleſs agony, his withered hands;

hands; now beating his miſerable boſom; now tearing his ſilver hair. Beſide it, upon the floor, ſat a young woman diſhevelled, pale, with looks of heart-felt anguiſh, yet tearleſs eyes; ſhe held one cold hand; ſhe kiſſed it; ſhe preſſed it to her throbbing boſom, heaving, and almoſt convulſed with ſhort and ſuffocating ſighs. At the farther end of the houſe ſat an aged female, her elbows upon a table which ſtood before her, her forehead reſting upon her claſped hands, whilſt the ſilent tears trickled from between her fingers.

For a few moments our heroine contemplated the affecting ſcene. The old man looked up—"Whoever thou art," he cryed, "behold the curſed effects "of our civil broils. I, wretch, blaſted "by heaven, have, in the battle of "yeſterday, killed my only ſon, be-"trothed to this damſel.—Alas! we "knew not each other till the fatal mo-"ment;

" ment; he came from Durham with
" the queen, I am a vaſſal of York."

The ſcene was too affecting; Eleanor cloſed the door on their wailings, and ſought in another cottage that aſſiſtance theſe could not afford her. There ſhe beheld a ſcene of the ſame kind, though not equally diſtreſſing; a ſon had, by a ſimilar chance, wounded deſperately his aged father; but his eagerneſs to repair the miſchief, had procured him the immediate aſſiſtance of an old man, their neighbour, who was deemed a ſkilful leech. He had examined the wounds, and gladdened the ſon's heart with an aſſurance they were not mortal; ſo that when Eleanor appeared, ſhe found them at leiſure to attend to her tale, and ready to aſſiſt her. The leech not only offered his medical abilities, but alſo his houſe for her wounded friend; and the young man

man went with them to the field to aſſiſt from thence with the dead body.

Arrived there, it became neceſſary to remove the opponent of Philip, who lay acroſs him, and whoſe face being turned to the earth, Eleanor had not ſeen. Very little ceremony was uſed in this removal, for the body was rolled off upon its back;—but, good heaven! what were the emotions of Eleanor, when caſting her eyes upon it, ſhe diſcerned the features of St. Maur.—"Tell me," ſaid ſhe eagerly to the leech, "is this "man dead?"

"Dead, young maſter!" he replied, feeling the pulſes about the forehead, "yes; he is as ſtark dead as my grand-"father, who hath been in his grave "theſe fifty years." She gave a heavy ſigh. They took up the body of Philip, and carried him to the old man's cottage, whither ſhe followed. But it being neceſſary

neceſſary to take off his armour, and ſtrip him, ſhe left the leech and the young man to perform that office, and again went to the fatal ſpot where lay St. Maur.

She ſat down upon the earth by him, and endeavoured to contemplate the well known features—her eyes were too miſty —ſhe wiped them, but ſtill they were the ſame.—Her heart ſmote her for the indulgence of theſe tears.—" They are " ſhed for the aſſaſſin of my father," ſhe cried—" for the deſtroyer of my mo- " ther—Ah let me wipe them for ever " from mine eyes, for they reproach my " filial affection. Thou haſt received " from the hand of Philip thy juſt pu- " niſhment, St. Maur,—and from thy " greatly offended God art now—O " horror, horror !—and *art* thou under- " going torments unutterable—uncea- " ſing—*never* ending? O God !— " gracious and merciful Lord God ! " pardon,

" pardon, O pardon him—mitigate his " punishments."—Her sobs almost suffocated her, and impeded her words, as on her knees, with streaming and uplifted eyes, and supplicating hands, by the side of the armed corpse, she fervently implored the mercy of heaven.

At length she rose. " Shall I have " compassion on the *body* of Philip," she cried, " and shall I evince none, St. " Maur, for thy poor suffering *soul?* I " will do all in my power. Thou shalt " have a grave in hallowed ground, and " the church shall, by its prayers, relieve " thy torments."

She hurried back to the cottage, where she found Philip had been recovered to sensation, and his wounds examined, none of which seemed to be mortal, or even dangerous, except one upon his head, which the old man imagined by the violence of the blow when he

he received it, ſtunned him, and occaſioned that appearance of death; but if, he ſaid, there were no fracture in the ſcull —and he rather imagined there was none—he would in a very ſhort time do exceeding well.

Eleanor left the leech buſied about Philip, and calling the young man aſide, ſhe perſuaded him to undertake carrying the body of St. Maur to Grafton, in Northamptonſhire, and delivering it to ſir Richard Wodeville's family, for ſhe concluded that the ducheſs with her daughters remained there, though ſir Richard and his ſons were in the queen's army.

And ſo active was ſhe, and ſo did ſhe impel the young man by her arguments, and the more perſuaſive rhetoric of gold, that, committing his father to the care of the leech, our heroine alſo promiſing to ſee that he wanted for nothing till his ſon's return, he in a few hours had

placed the body of St. Maur in a cart, and was on his journey. Eleanor in a diſguiſed hand had written by him to the ducheſs, acquainting her with the crimes of her kinſman, and intreating in the ſtrongeſt and moſt energetic manner, as ſhe regarded his everlaſting welfare, to have maſſes ſaid, and every rite performed which the church held effectual to procure pardon for his offences.

But not content with this, ſhe went to the pariſh prieſt of the village, and, by a liberal preſent, engaged him to perform every thing which he deemed requiſite for the important purpoſe.

Satisfied with having to her utmoſt abilities diſcharged the duties of religion and humanity, a complacence ſpread itſelf over the mind of Eleanor to which it had been long a ſtranger. She ventured into the preſence of Philip, though with

with conſiderable fear, leſt he ſhould diſcover her through her diſguiſe; but ſhe found him dozing, ſtupid, and almoſt inſenſible to what paſſed about him.

She now had ſome leiſure to think of herſelf, and for the firſt time reflected, that though the day was cloſing, ſhe had not yet broken her faſt. Some homely proviſions were ſet before her, to which hunger gave a reliſh; and the leech conducted her to a little cabin, with a bed, next the chamber of Philip, where ſhe could faſten herſelf in. She had informed him ſhe was under a neceſſity, as well as the wounded knight, of being ſecreted from the queen's army, which were ranging round the country; and he, profeſſing himſelf of York's party, gave her the moſt ſolemn aſſurances of ſafety and good faith.

The next morning Philip was perfectly ſenſible, and ſo aſtoniſhingly

mended, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he was kept in bed, which his hoſt deemed abſolutely neceſſary. Eleanor attended him, ſtill in dread of diſcovery; but to her infinite ſatisfaction perceived, that ſo greatly had the changing her complexion and the colour of her hair, particularly of her eyebrows, altered her, that though her features ſeemed to ſtrike him, and her voice to make a wonderful impreſſion on him, yet he had not the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of her being any other than ſhe appeared; he ſaw nothing but the minſtrel, and in that minſtrel his deliverer from an otherwiſe certain death.

This young man, with the moſt impetuous temper and uncontrollable paſſions, which rendered his manners unamiable, poſſeſſed the higheſt ſenſe of honour, generoſity, and gratitude; his ſoul, a ſtranger to the art and cunning of his father, knew no diſguiſe; but

he

he boldly avowed every ſentiment of his heart in the moſt unqualified and unequivocal language, and loved and hated with equal openneſs and fervor.

He had adored Eleanor and deteſted St. Maur; but neither to gain the one nor rid himſelf of the other, would he have done deliberately an unjuſt or ungenerous action; and his father had carefully concealed from him his various artifices to poſſeſs himſelf of Eleanor's fortune. To Philip, therefore, her withdrawing herſelf appeared merely the reſult of her averſion to him; an averſion which, though he deeply deplored, yet, left to the workings of his own mind, he would, could he have found her, have conducted her freely to her caſtle, and diſdained to have perſecuted her any more with his paſſion.

Of theſe ſentiments, in the character of the minſtrel, ſhe ſoon became acquainted

quainted; for as Philip felt the obligation ſhe had conferred with all the energy of his character, and was charmed with her converſation and manner, he entered into an entire confidence with her, diſcloſed every ſecret of his heart, and was never happy in her abſence.

She had now an opportunity of diſcovering his character entirely. She beheld the real workings of his ſoul through the diſguſting roughneſs of his exterior, and frequently aſked herſelf whether it would not be much the beſt conduct ſhe could now purſue, to diſcover herſelf to him, and accept him as an huſband. But though ſhe eſteemed him as a friend, ſhe felt an unſurmountable repugnance to placing him in a tenderer relation; and ſhe preferred the wanderings of her vagrant life and uncertain ſubſiſtence, to wealth, titles, ſplendor, with Philip for an huſband, and St. Julian for a father.

END OF VOL. I.

THE

MINSTREL;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF

DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE

MINSTREL.

CHAP. IX.

As the diſtance was very conſiderable from Wakefield to Grafton; and as at that time of the year, for it was Chriſtmas-day when the journey was begun, the roads were very bad, ſo that ſhe could not reaſonably expect the young man's return in many days, yet, when the firſt week was paſt, Eleanor eagerly looked out for him, and longed for the intelli-

gence he might probably bring, that all her desires had been complied with. In the interim, Philip was nearly recovered, and began to be earnest to rejoin the heir of York, who, they were informed, had gained a victory over the detachment of Margaret's army, which had been sent against him, and was upon his march to London.

One evening as they were sitting and conversing together, their host entered; "Will your honours pardon me," said he, "if I introduce an ancient friend of "mine into this apartment? He is come "many a weary mile to see me; the "night is bitter cold, and the wind whis-"tles bleak through the hole of the door "in the other room."

"We cannot object to the admittance "of any friend of your's, my kind host; "but are we not in danger of being be-"trayed by him?"

"He

" He is a ſoldier, pleaſe your honour; " that is to ſay, he *was* one, for his in- " firmities, God help him! have diſabled " him from ſervice, and a brave ſoldier " will not betray even an enemy. Per- " haps he may entertain you, for it is the " joy of his heart to tell of the battles he " hath been in; he was an archer, pleaſe " your honour, to our glorious Henry " in France, and as brave a lad as ever " drew a bow."

" Let him come in," ſaid Philip, " I " long to take the veteran by the hand."

The leech withdrew, and in half a minute returned with a tall muſcular figure; a large ſcar ſeamed one eyebrow, and part of the forehead; another lay acroſs his cheek; he had a wooden leg, and one arm: he bowed with much civility, but without mean adulation. " I beg " your honour's pardon," ſaid he, " bu

" my friend Simon would have me
" come in."

" Make no apologies," ſaid Philip,
" a brave ſoldier is a companion for
" kings; the greateſt kings would make
" a ſorry figure without them; they are
" the important cyphers that give conſe-
" quence to the unit. Give me your
" hand, fellow ſoldier, I revere the ho-
" neſt veteran, and when you have warm-
" ed and refreſhed yourſelf, you will, I
" hope, give us the hiſtory of thoſe limbs
" which you have ſacrificed to your
" country."

" Your honour is kind, very kind;—
" oh! you remind me of my gracious
" maſter, the moſt affable, the moſt
" courteous of men, as well as the greateſt
" of kings—it were a pleaſure to bleed
" in his ſervice. Ah! your honour,
" mine were *honeſt* ſcars, got in fighting
" with the natural enemies of my coun-
" try;

" try; not ſuch as men get in theſe un-
" happy times, when brother wounds
" brother, and the ſon lifts his hand
" againſt the father.—Here's your ho-
" nour's good health, and may the diſ-
" turbers of the public peace meet the
" fate they ſo richly deſerve!"

He took a hearty pull at the brown can, which, with ſome proviſions, the leech had placed before him: he ate a large luncheon of bread and cheeſe, and ſat himſelf down on a ſtool on one ſide of the fire-place.

" You would not then, if you had
" your limbs, take any part in theſe
" preſent wars?" ſaid Philip.

" Oh!" he exclaimed, ſtarting up, and brandiſhing his ſtaff like a lance, " I would ſacrifice the remainder of my " limbs, I would ſhed the laſt drop of " my blood in defence of the ſon of my

" king; and yet," added he, with a ſigh, and dropping his weapon, " the thought " of *whom* I was fighting againſt, woul " rob my arm of half its force. Engliſhmen " againſt Engliſhmen! unnatural war! " to think that for every man that I kil- " led, I made a widow of a neighbour's " wife! it would unnerve me, and the " arrow would drop ſhort. The duke " of York—but he hath met with his " deſerts, I had the comfort of ſeeing " his head upon the city gates.'

Philip frowned, he bit his lip; a ſup- plicating look from Eleanor repelled his riſing ill humour. " But if the " crown was his *right*, my friend," ſaid he to the ſoldier, " would you not " have him aſſert that right?"

" Suppoſe it *was*," he replied, " and " I am no judge of theſe matters, it *may* " be ſo for aught I know; would it not " have been more generous to have

" waved

" waved that right, than to acquire what
" was his due by the blood of thouſands?
" It muſt be a very ſelfiſh temper, that
" will ſeek honour and dignity for itſelf,
" at ſuch an expence of happineſs to
" others; and unworthy is he to reign
" over a people, ſay I, who diſplays ſo
" little regard for their welfare.

" Why now, there was his uncle Morti-
" mer, your honour, the earl of March,
" was a very different ſort of a man, and
" acted in a different manner when the
" father of this duke of York, the earl
" of Cambridge, who married Morti-
" mer's ſiſter, ungratefully plotted againſt
" the king, and would have ſet up his
" brother-in-law as the true and lawful
" heir to the crown: that truly noble
" and royal ſpirit, as ſoon as he heard of
" the deſign, informed the king of it.
" You, ſaid he, are my ſovereign; I have
" ſworn allegiance to you, I will keep my
" oath inviolate till death, and never will

" fail in paying the duty and obedience " of a ſubject.—This was a *man*, your " honour, one of generoſity and con- " ſcience; for he would not aſſert a " title which would involve his country " in a civil war; and he ſhrunk from " perjury. Yet have I heard this very " man, for this very action, called fooliſh " and ſpiritleſs: but it is a corrupt age, " ſay I, that deems a regard for oaths a " ſymptom of folly, and a deſire to pre- " ſerve the peace of a nation, want of " ſpirit. His nephew had none of that " folly about him."

" Were you with our glorious Henry," ſaid Eleanor, interrupting him, fearful he ſhould ſay ſomething which would enrage Philip, " were you with him in " his firſt expedition to France?"

" I was, ſir."

" You muſt have been very young " then."

" I was

" I was twenty-one that day the king " ſet ſail from Southampton, and that " was forty-four years ago [the fif- " teenth of laſt Auguſt.—Oh! your ho- " nour," added he, turning to Philip, for Philip's countenance beſpoke the ſoldier; the fine features of our heroine did not pleaſe him half ſo well.—" Oh, " what a glorious ſight was ſeen on that " day!—the ſea covered with a fleet of " fifteen hundred ſhips; methinks I ſee " them now," ſaid he, riſing from his three legged ſtool, his cheeks flu ſhed and his eyes ſparkling,—" a moving " city dancing on the waves, the ſilken " ſtreamers playing in the breeze, and " the broad ſails ſwelling with the wind, " and carrying us all to Harfleur."

" You muſt have had a vaſt force on " board for ſuch an undertaking as the " conquering a kingdom," ſaid Philip.

"We had on board this fleet, ſir,
"near fifty thouſand honeſt hearts. I
"was——my God! what a difference
"have forty-four years made!—I was
"a foot-archer. I remember when we
"were juſt ſetting ſail, a ſad accident
"happened; one ſhip, by ſome miſma-
"nagement, was ſet on fire, and the
"flames communicated to thoſe neareſt,
"ſo that three of the largeſt ſhips were
"burnt: when they were nearly con-
"ſumed, the keel of the firſt ſhip burſt
"from under water with ſuch a ſudden
"and tremendous flame, as ſurpriſed
"all that ſaw it; and ſome people look-
"ed upon it as an ill omen, and would
"have perſuaded the king from the ex-
"pedition, but he had a ſoul above
"ſuch fooliſh fancies; he laughed at
"them and ſaid, the wind which then
"ſprang up was a propitious omen,
"which he accepted, and would follow
"where it led him; he did ſo, and a
"few hours brought our gallant fleet to

"the

"the mouth of the Seine, where we an-
" chored without oppoſition. When our
" gracious Henry touched the ſhore, he
" kneeled on the beach, in view of the
" whole fleet and army, and with hands
" and eyes uplifted, implored the God
" of battles to proſper him.—Oh, it was
" a lovely and affecting ſight!"

"You ſoon conquered Harfleur."

" We did ſo, your honour; but it
" was at the expence of labour, health,
" and life. We were five weeks be-
" fore it, but they were five the moſt
" terrible weeks I ever knew: we were
" encamped near the ſea, the ſalt air of
" which impregnated our proviſions in
" ſuch a manner, as to affect the conſti-
" tutions of the whole army: to add to
" the misfortune, there is a river, your
" honour, runs through Harfleur, and
" the people there, by letting down
" the ſluices, ſtopt the ſtream, and flood-

" ed our whole camp; ſo that, what with
" the damp of the freſh water, and the ſalt
" air from the ſea, a general dyſentery
" ſeized the army: but few ſoldiers were
" able to work; the labour, therefore,
" of thoſe few, in the ſiege of ſo large a
" place, was inceſſant, and inconceivably
" fatiguing; more than two thouſand of
" my brave companions died, and a
" great many people of quality."

" Was it a place of much ſtrength?"

" Very ſtrong, your honour, and very
" bravely defended by the governor,
" lord Eſtouteville; he had ſent re-
" peatedly to the dauphin for aſſiſtance,
" who promiſed ſuccours, but ſent none.
" We had made a large breach in the walls,
" and the governor was ſenſible he could
" not hold out; he therefore ſent to our
" king;—I remember it was on a Thurſ-
" day, near midnight, to capitulate. The
" king inſiſted upon their ſurrendering at
" diſ-

" diſcretion; the governor requeſted a ceſ-
" ſation of arms till the following Sunday,
" with leave to acquaint the conſtable
" d'Albert with his ſituation, in which
" time, if he was not relieved, he pro-
" miſed to ſurrender to the king's mercy;
" and as a proof that he meant to be true
" to his engagement, he offered to ſwear
" ſo to do upon Chriſt's body in the ſa-
" crament, and to give hoſtages of ſome
" people of prime conſequence.

" Our gracious Henry accepted theſe
" propoſals, conſented that the meſſen-
" gers to the French army ſhould paſs
" through our lines, and ſent my lord
" biſhop of Bangor to take the gover-
" nor's oath, and receive the hoſtages.
" I, your honour, was one of the ſol-
" diers who attended him, and I aſſure
" you, it was a very ſolemn ſight, for
" the biſhop marched to the walls of Har-
" fleur in proceſſion, dreſſed in his grand
" robes; ten ſquires walked before him

" with

" with lighted torches; behind him,
" two and two, walked twenty-two
" chaplains, in their ſurplices, and copes
" of ſilk, and before each chaplain a
" ſquire with a torch; all the ſquires
" wore the ſame livery; an hundred
" ſoldiers followed, the gates were open-
" ed, and we all entered.

" It was a piteous ſight, your honour,
" to ſee the women and children weep-
" ing; even the brave ſoldiers were low-
" ſpirited at the notion of every thing
" being delivered up to the mercy of the
" conqueror—their dear wives—their
" precious little ones—their *all* of happi-
" neſs—poor creatures! they did not
" know the kind and good Henry. I,
" and my companions comforted them:
" be of good cheer, ſaid we, our royal
" maſter is the moſt merciful and beſt of
" kings; you would receive no injury
" from him were you his enemies, but
" he looks upon you as his ſubjects: you

" will

" will not then find from us the ſame
" barbarity which your countrymen prac-
" tiſed at Soiſſons, where the town was
" plundered, the churches robbed, and
" men and children murdered, and the
" women ill-treated—no, he will not per-
" mit any ſuch wicked doings, neither
" will he deſolate a country which he
" looks upon as belonging to his own
" dominions. Our words put them in
" good heart, your honour. In the
" morning the biſhop returned in the
" ſame proceſſion, and hoſtages were led
" before him; they were entertained very
" ſumptuouſly in the king's tent, though
" his highneſs was not there, and they
" were then given in charge to the prin-
" cipal officers, with the ſtricteſt or-
" ders that they ſhould receive honoura-
" ble treatment.

" Well, your honour, lord Hacque-
" ville returned with intelligence from
" the French general, that Harfleur
" could

" could not be relieved within the time;
" ſo on the Sunday, at midnight, five
" hundred ſoldiers marched from the
" camp; the good biſhop of Bangor, and
" a great many officers followed. The
" gates were not opened, but the gover-
" nor received us by ladders thrown over
" the walls; and when we entered, we
" opened the gates, and admitted the bi-
" ſhop and the officers. In the morning,
" the duke of Clarence, the king's bro-
" ther, entered in great ſtate; he offered
" the people the oath of allegiance to our
" king; and thoſe who refuſed to take it
" were to be ſent priſoners to England.
" The clergy of all ſorts, and the women,
" were permitted to leave the town in their
" beſt cloaths, with as many things as they
" could carry without making a bundle,
" and five ſols a piece were given them
" all for their preſent maintenance. There
" were near fifteen hundred women quit-
" ted the place, ſome of them very hand-
" ſome indeed, but we dared not touch

" one

" one of them, ſo ſtrict were our orders:
" one girl—I never from that time ſet my
" eyes on ſo beautiful a creature. I will
" own to your honour, that I took ſome
" pains to perſuade her to follow a ſol-
" dier's fortune; ſhe wept, the dear ſoul
" wept when ſhe refuſed me—but her mo-
" ther's tears were more prevailing than
" my arguments; ſhe was a ſweet crea-
" ture, almoſt fifty years have not worn
" her image from my heart.

" Well, your honour," continued he, after a minute's pauſe, and having cleared his voice, which was a little impeded by ſomething in his throat, " when they were
" all out of town we carried them wine
" and refreſhments; my little girl was
" not forgotten. They were then ſafely
" conveyed to Liſlebonne, but I was not
" on that ſervice, though I very much
" wiſhed it." Again he hemmed. " The
" garriſon and officers were made priſon-
" ers of war, and then the town was
" given

" given up to the plunder of the ſoldiers,
" with ſtrict orders to refrain from any
" cruelty or outrage. When the king
" entered Harfleur, he diſmounted from
" his horſe at the gate, his ſhoes were ta-
" ken off, and he walked barefoot with
" the devotion of a ſaint to the church
" of St. Martin, where he gave glory to
" God for this ſucceſs of his arms.

" Our next action, your honour,"—his ſmiles and animation returned,—" our " next action was the glorious battle of " Agincourt—your honour hath heard of " *that.*"

" I have, my friend—what Engliſh-
" man hath not heard of that field, where
" his countrymen reaped ſuch immortal
" honour? Were you in it?"

" It is the pride and glory of my heart
" that I was not only *in it,* but had the
" happineſs of being in the *van* of the
" glorious

" glorious line. If your honours would " not think me too tedious, I would tell " you all about it."

" If it would not fatigue you."

" *Fatigue me!* it would do me good— " it is far better for my ſpirits than my " friend Simon's nappy ale, and that is " excellent—here's your honour's good " health. After the king had regulated " the affairs of Harfleur, repaired the for- " tifications, and placed in the garriſon " two thouſand ſelect men, he called a " council of war, wherein it was deter- " mined, that as the ſeaſon was ſo far ad- " vanced, and as a great many men had " loſt their lives at the ſiege, and more " periſhed, and were daily periſhing by " diſeaſe, it was moſt adviſable to " put an end to the campaign, ſend the " ſick and wounded to England, with " part of the army, and place the reſt in " ſafe and convenient winter quarters, for

" which

" which Harfleur was deemed improper;
" its ſituation being unwholeſome, and
" proviſions and forage ſcarce; it was
" determined therefore to leave it with the
" garriſon only, and put the troops into
" Calais and the villages round:" " But,
" ſaid the gallant Henry, the French ſhall
" not ſay that after taking one town, we
" ſilently drew off in fear of the army they
" are aſſembling againſt us; we will not
" go by ſea to Calais, but march boldly
" through their country; we will paſs
" the Somme, where it was once forded
" by my great-grand-father, Edward the
" third; and we will, my boys, if it
" pleaſe God to bleſs us, rival that great
" warrior's fame.

" Accordingly, part of the army, ſeve-
" ral ſick noblemen, with the noblemen
" and governor of Harfleur, and the ſick
" and wounded ſoldiers, were ſent to
" England under the command of the
" duke of Clarence. Fifteen days after

" the

" the ſurrender of Harfleur, we began
" our march from thence to Calais, and
" a perilous march it was; for the roads,
" from a vaſt quantity of rain, were deep
" and fatiguing; a multitude of ſmall
" rivers croſſed the country, the bridges
" over which were all broken; the cauſe-
" ways over the marſhes were deſtroyed;
" the country ſo waſted, that very little
" proviſions and forage could be had;
" every village was up in arms againſt us;
" d'Albert, with a choice body of troops,
" watched our motions, haraſſed our
" march, and cut off our ſtragglers, and
" detached parties; and that fatal diſeaſe
" ſtill purſued us, and carried off every
" day ſome of my brave companions.

" All theſe difficulties we ſhould have
" been unable to ſtruggle through under
" any other leader; but the ſmiles of our
" gracious king cheered our hearts, and
" his wife example animated us; for he
" partook every hardſhip, and even aſ-
" ſiſted

" ſiſted us in our moſt laborious exer-
" ciſes, and with him we went cheerfully
" and boldly forwards.

" We began our march along the
" coaſt of Normandy; but that narrow
" track being incapable of ſupplying our
" army with proviſions, we took our
" courſe farther up the country, the king
" prohibiting us, upon pain of death,
" from committing any violence on the
" inhabitants.—I come not, ſaid that
" good prince, to make war on women,
" and children, and defenceleſs country
" people, but upon armed enemies:—
" and I remember a ſoldier was im-
" mediately hanged that ſtole a chalice
" from a church, and the king would not
" move his enſigns till that juſtice was
" executed. No violence was uſed but
" for contributions for proviſions, and
" very little was neceſſary for that pur-
" poſe; for our orderly behaviour ſo plea-
" ſed the country people, that they very

" readily furniſhed us with what they had,
" and even entertained us at their houſes.

" But when we reached the ford of the
" Somme at Blanquetague, which Ed-
" ward the third had paſſed when he
" gained the great victory of Creſſy, to
" our great diſappointment we found the
" French had rendered the paſſage im-
" practicable, by driving ſharp ſtakes into
" the river; and there was alſo a ſtrong
" body of forces poſted on the other ſide.
" Any other general would have been
" alarmed at thoſe difficulties and dangers
" which were at every ſtep increaſing,
" and would have returned back to Har-
" fleur whilſt it was yet in his power,
" from whence we might have been eaſily
" tranſported to Calais: but our daunt-
" leſs commander panted to emulate the
" glories of his grandfather, and the more
" of danger the greater was the ſpur to
" encounter it; and animated by our be-
" loved monarch, there was not a ſoldier

" in

" in the army whoſe heart did not burn
" with the ſame ardour. We proceeded
" higher up the river to the bridge at
" Pont de Remy, which we found too
" ſtrongly guarded to attempt; and at the
" bridge of St. Maxence, a body of thirty
" thouſand men were drawn up on the
" other ſide in order of battle; but con-
" tent with preventing our paſſing the
" bridge, they drew back, and ſuffered
" our handful of men to go quietly on.
" We paſſed Amiens, and encamped at
" Bonne for two days, where the people
" were making wine: we were, as your
" honours may well imagine, very gree-
" dy of the rich juice, but were not ſuf-
" fered to indulge in it: this we were
" inclined to think a hardſhip, and one of
" the officers ſpoke to the king about it,
" ſaying, that it might be convenient
" for the good fellows to fill their bot-
" tles; to which the king laughing,
" anſwered,—That they had his leav
" to fill their bottles, but he ſtrictly

" prohibited them from making bottles " of their bellies. Near this village " was a little caſtle on a rock, the cap- " tain of which ſent eight great baſkets " of bread to the king, (an acceptable " preſent) for the country was ſo de- " ſolate, we were very ſcantily ſupplied " with that article; and, indeed, except " by an indulgence in new wine, there was " very little danger of our ſurfeiting with " an over-abundance in any thing. At " Corbie, the people of Picardy defended " a narrow paſs very valiantly, againſt the " foremoſt of our troops, and took the " ſtandard of Guyenne, which was very " bravely retrieved by a maſter Bromley, " a Staffordſhire gentleman.

" Between Corbie and Peronne, it " was we paſſed the Somme, upon a " bridge made of ladders, and the timbers " of ſome houſes, which were pulled " down on purpoſe, and laid acroſs the " river: the king himſelf aſſiſted at the

" work, as well as the meaneſt ſoldier,
" from eight o'clock in the morning till
" afternoon; at which time, it being
" ready, the foot paſſed over firſt, and
" fixed the ſtandard; then the horſe,
" and then the rear-guard. Though it
" was dark night when all the army
" were got over, the king would not ſpend
" the night there, but marched in the
" dark till he came near Athies, where
" he lodged.

" For ſeveral following days, we
" neither heard nor ſaw any thing of
" the French army, though we marched
" through ſeveral narrow paſſes, where
" they might have ſtopped us with great
" advantage: but when we reached
" Blagny, where we had a ſmall river to
" croſs, we found a detachment very buſy
" in breaking down a bridge; we ſoon
" beat them off, and paſſed over. The
" duke of York, aſcending a very high
" hill, deſcried the country every where

" full

" full of ſoldiers, and his ſcouts informed
" him, that the army were marching in
" immenſe bodies towards Rouſeauville
" and Agincourt, places cloſe to where
" we were, and unavoidable in our route
" to Calais.

" Hearing the enemy were ſo near,
" the king imagined they had intercepted
" our march to give us immediate battle.
" —He commanded the horſemen to
" alight, and the whole army to kneel,
" and implore the Divine aſſiſtance.—
" We were then drawn up in order of
" battle, and ſo continued till ſun-ſet,
" in momentary expectation of being
" attacked: but the French, ſecure of
" us, as they ſuppoſed, marched to Agin-
" court, and there planted their ſtan-
" dards, and encamped in the open
" fields. The conſtable d'Albert was
" there with the royal ſtandard of France,
" and the army conſiſted of not leſs than
" one hundred thouſand fighting men;

" ſome have ſaid, one hundred and fifty
" thouſand. Finding the enemy not diſ-
" poſed to come to an engagement, we
" were drawn off the field, where we
" had ſtood ſo many hours, and we
" marched that night to Marſoncelles, a
" little village ſo near Agincourt, that
" the diſtance between the two armies
" was not more than three bow-ſhots.

" In the morning the king had certain
" intelligence of the immenſe forces of
" the enemy; and now he began to feel
" how very perilous was his ſituation :—
" before him, intercepting his progreſs,
" was this vaſt body of men, freſh,
" healthy, vigorous; well ſupplied with
" proviſions, and neceſſaries of every
" kind : his own army not a fifth of their
" number, and thoſe few weakened by
" ſickneſs, exhauſted by the fatigues of a
" long march, deſtitute of every accom-
" modation, and half ſtarved. To re-
" treat, was impracticable; for, with an

" army

" army behind, it would be impoſſible
" to repaſs the Somme.

" Theſe were difficulties, your honour,
" which ſeemed inſurmountable: our
" good king, unwilling to ſacrifice his
" brave fellows againſt ſuch odds, ſent
" a herald to the French general, offering
" to reſtore Harfleur, to repair all the
" damages he had done in France, and
" even engage never more to invade it,
" if he might be allowed to paſs unmo-
" leſted to Calais.

" This offer they rejected, and re-
" quired, that he and his army ſhould
" ſurrender at diſcretion; but the pro-
" poſal met with the diſdain it merited.
" Then the conſtable, the duke of Or-
" leans, and the duke of Bourbon, ſent
" each a herald, to defy the king to
" battle, leaving him to fix the time
" and place. The heralds were enter-
" tained honourably, and returned with

" marks of generoſity; but the king
" ſent an anſwer by two of his own. He
" ſaid, That if they had wiſhed to have
" decided the quarrel between the two
" kingdoms by a general battle, they had
" it in their own power to chuſe their time
" and place, from the moment of his
" leaving Harfleur; he never, in the
" whole march, having put his troops
" into any place of ſtrength, but always
" encamped in the open fields. That,
" circumſtanced as he was at preſent,
" his army reduced in number, and thoſe
" few fatigued by a long march, and
" weakened by ſickneſs, he confeſſed he
" did not wiſh to encounter ſo vaſt a ſu-
" periority of freſh troops; he deſired only
" to be permitted to march to Calais.
" But though he was not ſolicitous for an
" engagement, ſo neither would he refuſe
" it, if offered him. Another herald then
" came from the French princes, to ſig-
" nify that they would give him battle
" on the Saturday following; and the
" king

" king generouſly rewarded him for his
" intelligence, by a preſent of two hun-
" dred crowns and a rich robe.

" It was on a Monday when this meſ-
" ſage arrived; ſo that there were five
" days to prepare for the battle; and that
" time was not loſt by our king. On
" many of the officers he conferred the
" honour of knighthood; to others he
" promiſed honours and dignities; to
" ſeveral of the knights and noblemen
" he preſented, as marks of his appro-
" bation, collars ſtudded with golden
" S.S. The common ſoldiers were en-
" couraged by the proſpect of plun-
" dering the rich, gay Frenchmen, and
" every one was to be allowed the bene-
" fit of all the priſoners he took, the
" king only reſerving to himſelf the
" higher orders of nobility. All the
" weapons and the armour were exa-
" mined and repaired; the archers had
" orders, each to provide himſelf with a

" long wooden pike, well ſharpened at
" both ends; and the king was on horſe-
" back from morning till night, buſy in
" ſeeing every thing put in order, and
" in encouraging his troops. He remind-
" ed us of the great victories gained in
" France by our forefathers: he aſſured
" us, that the enemy, though numerous,
" were moſt of them raw, and undiſci-
" plined; and that the light armed, and
" nimble archers would, when they came
" to cloſe fight, have greatly the ad-
" vantage over the moſt formidable part
" of their force, their men at arms, who,
" loaded with heavy armour, would ſoon
" be tired and out of breath.

" Theſe cheering words, and the good
" humour and affability with which they
" were ſpoken, had a wonderful effect
" upon the whole army: we deſpiſed
" the number of our enemies, forgot
" our own enfeebled ſtate, our diſeaſes,
" and our wants; and all panted for the

" hour

" hour in which we ſhould have an op-
" portunity of diſplaying our affections
" for our darling prince, and either con-
" quer for him, or glorioufly die in the
" attempt.

" The French were differently em-
" ployed. Secure of victory, they were
" ambitious to join battle before the arri-
" val of the duke of Bretagne with twelve
" thouſand men, and the lord marſhal
" of France with ſix thouſand men at
" arms, who were on their march towards
" them. They even debated whether
" the common ſoldiers ſhould ſhare the
" glory of the day, or only thoſe who
" wore gold ſpurs; and, indeed, there
" were enough of knights and noblemen
" in that great hoſt to have effected the
" purpoſe: they diſpatched meſſages to
" ſeveral cities to prepare grand re-
" joicings; they buſied their fancies in
" contriving a chariot, in which to diſ-
" play the captive king; they occupied

" all their leiſure time in playing at dice
" for the priſoners; and they had even
" the inſolence to ſend a herald to our
" king, to treat for his ranſom.—Good
" God! what an effect this had upon
" the ſoldiers! It fired us all; and
" hand was joined in hand throughout
" the whole camp, to revenge this af-
" front to a prince we adored.

" Never, your honours, can I forget
" the night before that memorable day:
" the two camps were ſo near, that the
" noiſes made in either were heard by
" the other. It was bitter cold for the
" time of year, which was the 25th of
" October, and great fires were kindled
" in both camps: that of the French
" was filled with noiſe and tumult; but
" they had no warlike muſic, and it was
" remarked by ſome of their ſoldiers,
" that not one horſe was heard to neigh.
" I have always thought that extremely
" ominous, your honour. Among us

" was

" was no hurry, no diſorder; for though
" we were weakened by illneſs, fatigue,
" and, I may ſay, hunger, for our pro-
" viſions were very ſhort, we ate nuts
" inſtead of bread, and had no other
" drink but water, yet no one thought
" of ſleep, but all, with compoſed ſpirits
" and firm reſolution, prepared for the
" morning; whilſt the cheerful and en-
" livening ſounds of our drums and
" trumpets echoed throughout the camp.
" In the middle of the night we had an
" alarm, occaſioned by the approach of
" two thouſand bacinets * and archers;
" but, after ſome few arrows ſhot at
" random, we ſoon made them retreat.

" At break of day our glorious king,
" armed all over but his head, heard
" maſs, which was thrice celebrated:
" after which he called for his helmet,
" the creſt of which was a crown of

* Men armed with helmets.

 " gold:

" gold: and then, without any hurry or
" confuſion, he drew out his army in
" order of battle; and I think, I may
" venture to aſſert, that there was full as
" great ſuperiority of ſkill on our ſide,
" as of numbers on the other.

" The ground which our excellent ge-
" neral had choſen was narrow, and a
" range of woods on each ſide guarded
" our flanks. This ſituation, ſo happy
" for our ſmall army, was very diſad-
" vantageous to the immenſe one of the
" enemy; for, it rendering them inca-
" pable of extending their line, that vaſt
" body was ſo crouded in its ranks, that
" many of the banners of their princes
" were obliged to be furled and carried
" off the field, there being no room to
" diſplay them; and the men were or-
" dered to ſhorten their lances, that they
" might manage them more compactly.

" The French were drawn up in three
" lines; and there was a prodigious diſ-
" pute

"pute among their great ones, who "ſhould lead the van; for as they were "certain the Engliſh muſt be routed at "the firſt onſet, all were eager to ſhare "the triumphs of the victory: at laſt it "was determined, that d'Albert ſhould "lead them, but all would be there with "him to partake the honour of beating "us, ſo that in the firſt line was all the "nobleſt blood of France.

"Whilſt they were buſied in ſettling "theſe matters, our king detached four "hundred lances to the wood on the right "flank of the enemy, and two and fifty "choice archers to that on their left, who "were not to begin the aſſault till a ſig- "nal given: and they wheeling off "behind the troops, and taking a com- "paſs round, were ſafely ſtationed with- "out being perceived by the enemy: in- "deed, they had ſo thorough a con- "tempt of us, and were ſo perfectly aſ- "ſured of victory, that they were not the "leaſt attentive to our movements.

"The

" The gallant Henry now appeared in " the center of his line, on a ſtately white " courſer, his armour bright and daz- " zling, and his golden crown flamed " in the ſun, which ſhone with unuſual " ſplendor on that glorious day. Four " royal banners were unfurled before him, " one was that of the Trinity, one of St. " George, one of St. Edward, and the " other the arms of England; a great " number of led horſes richly capariſon- " ed followed, and he was ſurrounded by " all his chief officers and noblemen: I " had the happineſs with a battalion of " archers to be ſtationed in the van, under " the king's uncle, the duke of York, " who had intreated he might lead it. Our " battalion were only in waiſtcoats; our " bows were very long, and by our ſide " we had a ſword, battle-axe, and dag- " ger: we had leather caps; ſome of our " archers wore ozier ones, with an iron " croſs on the top; and on that day we " carried the long wooden pikes, which " the king had ordered us on purpoſe.

" Thus, then, your honour, both ar-
" mies ſtood oppoſite to each other in
" order of battle; between us was a
" large plowed field, with having been
" ſoftened by a great deal of rain, was on
" the ſide of the French army, ſo poached
" up by the horſes which the ſervants
" and pages had led about all night, that
" it was a deep mire, which they could
" hardly drag their legs out of; and their
" men at arms with their heavy coats of
" armour, with greaves down to their
" feet, ſunk into it, ſo that they moved
" with great difficulty; and it was
" ſcarcely poſſible for them to march
" without breaking ranks.

" After ſtanding ſome time, and per-
" ceiving the French did not ſtir, the
" dauntleſs Henry reſolved to make the
" firſt onſet: he rode along the front of
" the battalions, and by his looks and
" words cheered our very ſouls: he made
" a long ſpeech; I forget what he ſaid,
" but

" but the effect was ſo great upon all the
" army, that we intreated that moment
" to be led towards the enemy. In this
" diſpoſition, he made us all kneel, to
" implore the aſſiſtance of God Almighty,
" and the good biſhop of Bangor gave us
" all his holy benediction. Your honours
" can ſcarcely conceive how theſe devout
" exerciſes, and this bleſſing, inſpired us:
" we roſe from our knees, our hearts
" light, our confidence firm, impatiently
" waiting the ſignal to advance. The
" king alighted from his horſe, deter-
" mining on foot to ſhare the fatigues and
" dangers of the day with the meaneſt
" ſoldier. Sir Thomas Erpingham gave
" the ſignal for battle, by throwing up
" his truncheon.

" The ſtandards were then commanded
" to be taken up, and the archers from
" the right to the left to advance. This
" we did with a ſhout, to nearly the mid-
" dle of the plain; where the king, fear-
" ing

" ing we ſhould be out of breath, order-
" ed us to halt, and plant our pikes. This
" we performed, and then with another
" ſhout, we advanced a few paces beyond
" them. This ſhout was anſwered by one
" from the archers in ambuſh; it was the
" general ſignal to ſhoot, and we all made
" ſuch good uſe of our bows, and drew
" them with ſuch ſtrength and good will,
" that our arrows a yard long, and deeply
" barbed, did great execution.

" This provoked the French: a thou-
" ſand ſelect horſe advanced furiouſly,
" plunging through the mire, but with-
" out any order, the hind moſt ranks preſ-
" ſing on the foremoſt, a confuſed heap of
" men! for their horſes, which had been
" ſtung by our arrows, were mad, and
" wholly ungovernable: on their ap-
" proach, we retired behind our pikes.

" Theſe horſemen, inclining their
" heads to avoid being dazzled by the
" ſun,

" ſun, which ſhone brightly on their
" faces, and to prevent alſo our arrows
" ſtriking through the vizors of their hel-
" mets, in the heat and eagerneſs of their
" advance, either not ſeeing our pikes,
" or diſregarding them, ſpurred their
" horſes ſo furiouſly againſt them, that
" they being ſet aſlope, and very ſharp,
" entered by dreadful wounds the breaſts
" of the beaſts: the creatures in pain,
" flounced and flung about, tumbled on
" the pikes, and impaled their riders by
" throwing them upon them.

" Good God, your honours, what a
" fight was there! numbers of both
" horſes and men deeply gored; ſome
" entirely ſtruck through their bodies,
" ſome hanging by an arm or a thigh—
" the clattering of the armour of ſo many
" men tumbling in heaps—the clang of
" our arrows falling upon ſteel breaſt
" plates, helmets, and greaves—the cries
" of the wounded—the groans of the dy-
" ing—

" ing—altogether formed ſuch a fight,
" and ſuch a ſound, as is impoſſible to be
" conceived by thoſe who have only been
" in common battles.

" Thus terribly ſhattered, the few that
" were left of this troop retreated in ſuch
" hurry and diſorder upon the main
" body, of which the foot being heavy
" armed, advanced ſlowly, that they
" broke all their order; and we ſeeing
" their ranks opened, threw away our
" bows, and with ſword or battle-axe in
" hand, haſtened to a cloſe fight, or ra-
" ther bloody execution; for though the
" men at arms repulſed us at firſt with
" great bravery, yet being diſordered
" and broken, they could not ſuſtain a
" ſecond charge: beſides, they had no
" room to move, but incumbered each
" other by their numbers, ſo that it is
" certain the multitude of them contri-
" buted to their own defeat; they were
" entirely routed, and the greateſt part
" of them ſlain.

" This

" This was the fate of the firſt line
" under d'Albert, who had reckoned up-
" on us as ſo eaſy a conqueſt: but
" though the conſtable, with a great
" number of officers was killed, the bat-
" tle was far from being decided, for the
" ſecond line, commanded by the duke
" of Alençon, ſtood firm and eager to
" engage. Our battalion was ordered to
" retire behind the main body, and form
" anew; and our glorious king led up
" the ſecond diviſion to the charge, who,
" animated by our ſucceſs, and the pre-
" ſence of the king, performed prodi-
" gies of valour. But who ſhall ſpeak
" the proweſs of the gallant Harry him-
" ſelf? in the conduct of war the firſt of
" generals, in action the moſt valorous
" of ſoldiers! His exceſs of courage made
" him too much hazard a life on which
" depended the fate of the whole army;
" yet the moſt timid caught fire at the
" example, and who could think of turn-
" ing his back upon the enemy, when the

" king

" king levelled himſelf to the loweſt of " the ſoldiers, partook equally their fa- " tigue and their danger, and fought in " the front of his battalion as a common " man?

" His perſon thus expoſed, on whom " the enemy by this time found depend- " ed the fortune of the day, eighteen " French knights combined to kill him, " or periſh in the attempt. With ſword " in hand they hewed their way to the " place where he was fighting; one of " them with a battle-axe ſtruck him a " furious blow on the helmet, and in all " probability that ineſtimable life would " have fallen a ſacrifice to the horrible " aſſociation, had not in the moment " captain David Gam, that gallant " Welſhman, and two more of the ſame " country, ruſhed between, received the " wounds intended for their prince, and " glorioufly given their lives for his.

" When

" When the king recovered the blow,
" he beheld them bleeding by his ſide,
" dying, but yet ſenſible; he had then
" but one way of teſtifying his gratitude,
" and he cheered their parting moments
" with the honour of knighthood—the
" *higheſt* honour a ſoldier can receive
" when it is the meed of valour.—
" Alas! ſaid he, my valiant preſervers!
" my ſoul is wrung with anguiſh, that
" this empty form is all the recompence
" which is in my power.

" This danger ſeemed to ſtimulate him
" to freſh exploits; he, with his brother
" Gloceſter at his ſide, charged the ene-
" my with redoubled fury; they plunged
" into the thickeſt of the battle, but found
" themſelves ſeparated from their troops,
" and the duke of Gloceſter was felled
" to the earth with a mace. The king,
" the moſt affectionate of brothers, co-
" vering him with his ſhield, ſuſtained
" the ſhock of a whole hoſt of enemies,

" when

" when the duke of York, who, with our
" battalion of archers, was again return-
" ed to the ſcene of action, came in that
" moment to his relief; and a fortunate
" moment it was, for in the inſtant we
" came up, the king had received a blow
" upon his head, which made him ſtag-
" ger and fall upon his knees; but he
" ſprang up, and laid the daring knight
" dead at his feet.

" Upon hearing of the king's danger,
" new fury ſeiſed the troops, and they ruſh-
" ed forward with ſo much impetuoſity,
" that the French ranks were every where
" broken, the men flying, and regard-
" leſs of their officers, who endeavoured,
" but in vain, to rally them. The duke
" of Alençon perceiving all loſt without
" a deſperate puſh, put himſelf at the
" head of a choſen band, and cutting his
" way to the king, exclaimed that he was
" the duke of Alençon, and in the ſame
" moment lifting up his ſword, he with

" a fu-

"a furious blow cleft in two the royal
"creſt of the helmet. Henry was not
"long ere he returned the rough ſaluta-
"tion, he brought the duke to the
"ground, and ſlew two of his followers.
"The king was eager to ſave the life of
"Alençon, but the ſoldiers were ſo en-
"raged that they would hear nothing,
"and cut him to pieces in a moment.

"Thus was the ſecond line routed;
"yet there was one line ſtill entire, and
"that diviſion far out-numbered the
"whole Engliſh army. Had they ad-
"vanced, they would probably have
"ſnatched the victory from us, for they
"had never been in action, were freſh
"and vigorous, whilſt our *whole* army
"had been for hours engaged, and were
"juſt fainting with fatigue. But it pleaſed
"the Almighty, whoſe ſuccour our king
"had implored, to make faint their hearts:
"they were intimidated by the fate
"of the two other lines, and the ſcene of

" blood before them; they refuſed to
" obey the command of their generals,
" and retired from the field."

The veteran pauſing for a little breath, Simon, who had not quite ſo much pleaſure in liſtening to the hiſtory of battles, as his old friend had in reciting them, thought the ſtory ſomewhat tedious, and reminded his gueſts of the time of night, which was beyond that to which Philip had been reſtricted; he remonſtrated againſt late hours, as prejudicial to all, but particularly injurious to invalids, and drew off his talkative companion to the room where he meant he ſhould ſleep. Our heroine retired to her little cabin, and left Philip to his repoſe.

CHAP. X.

THE favourite converſation of Philip was military achievements, and he had peculiar pleaſure in hearing recited the deeds of the warlike Henry; ſo that he equally gratified the old ſoldier and himſelf by the next day renewing the topic of the evening, and making the veteran fight over all his battles, and give the moſt minute account of every action he had witneſſed. But I muſt be excuſed particularizing a conference intereſting only to themſelves; for I confeſs myſelf of the ſame mind with Eleanor, who, tired of the ſubject, diſguſted with a continued ſcene of war and carnage, panted for nothing ſo much as the tranquil pleaſures of peace; and to relieve her ſpirits, propoſed a walk in the afternoon, imagining that,

that, as the country was now cleared of both armies, ſhe was perfectly ſafe: and Philip, who liked no place when ſhe was abſent, having nearly exhauſted the tales of the veteran, would accompany her.

The weather was froſty, clear, and cheerful; both enjoyed the freſhneſs of the air, after being ſeveral days ſhut up in a little cottage; Philip thought himſelf much ſtrengthened by it, and they prolonged their walk till the day was declining, when they returned.

Their path lay acroſs the church-yard; and they had advanced to about the middle of it, when the ſound of ſobs and groans to their left hand engaged their attention; they looked round, and at ſome little diſtance deſcried a venerable figure, with long ſilver locks, proſtrate on the ground.

They haſtened towards him, ſuppoſing that he needed their aſſiſtance: but too

much immerſed in ſorrow to hear their footſteps, or heed their approach, they ſtood ſome time near him, unobſerved ſpectators of the frenzy of his grief, and Eleanor knew him for the unhappy father whoſe cottage ſhe had looked into after the battle.

He had thrown himſelf acroſs the grave of his ſon, was embracing paſſionately the damp earth, and kiſſing the green ſod: he then raiſed himſelf on his knees, the tears ſtreaming down his wrinkled face, his breaſt heaving with ſighs.—"Oh, my ſon!" he cried, "let theſe "bitter agonies expiate my guilt—let "theſe tears waſh away my ſin, unnatural "father as I am! oh, let theſe groans "from my torn heart compenſate for thy "dying ones—let me pay the immenſe "debt of pain, and then lay me down in "the ſame grave.—I will ſeek thee, my "ſon, in the earth—I will dig a paſſage "to thee whom they have cruelly buried

"from

"from me, and on thy poor mangled
"body—mangled by a *father*——O
"God! on thy poor mangled limbs will
"I offer up my worthleſs life."

He tore off the ſods which covered the grave, when Philip and Eleanor interpoſed, and with great difficulty prevented his proceeding. The humane and ſympathiſing ſoftneſs of Eleanor's manner, the harmony of her voice, and the divine arguments ſhe brought to conſole him, had at length their effect; ſhe perſuaded him to leave the place, and ſhe and Philip conducted him home, where they found his wretched wife weeping in complicated grief, and the unhappy young woman affianced to the ſon, ſinking under her woes, and with every appearance of ſoon following her lover to the grave.

Even the rugged boſom of Philip was affected at this melancholy ſcene: indeed,

his whole character, from the mild converſation of Eleanor, appeared ſoftened and humaniſed: her features, and the ſound of her voice ſo much reſembling the daughter of de Longueville, the obligation he was under to her, her ſuperlative merit, her amiable manners, even the circumſtance of her leaving Margaret, for the barbarous treatment of the duke of York (for of that Eleanor had acquainted him) all together bound her ſtrongly to his heart; he felt for her ah enthuſiaſm of friendſhip, which could not ſupport the idea of ſeparation, which our heroine ſometimes ſuggeſted: "No, Jaſper," ſaid he, "we will *never* part. If "thou haſt no friends, no connections, "thou ſhalt ſuffer me to ſupply theſe to "thee, as far as I am able; for do I not "owe all to him who ſnatched me from "the grave? Thou ſhalt eat of my bread, "and drink of my cup—thou ſhalt, Jaſper, partake with me whatever fortune "the will of God ſends me."

Though

Though the heart of Eleanor did not beat reſponſive to his warm attachment, yet was her regard for him much heightened by his improving virtue: ſhe knew not what courſe of life to purſue in preference to this; and ſhe determined to continue with him for the preſent, till ſome more eligible ſituation might offer.

CHAP. XI.

THE time was expired when Eleanor might with all reaſon have expected the return of the young man from Grafton, and ſhe became uneaſy that no tidings of him had been received: unwilling to leave the village till ſhe heard the ſucceſs of his embaſſy, ſhe had to combat the impatience of Philip, whoſe health was nearly reſtored, and who was anxious to be gone: ſhe could not inform him of her real reaſons for ſtaying, for ſhe had carefully concealed the whole affair from him, which muſt have led to dangerous inquiries and ſurmiſes; ſhe would have perſuaded him to have left her, but that he would not hear of with patience.

It was a few evenings after the rencontre with the unhappy father, that as Philip

Philip and our heroine were again taking their walk, croſſing the highway, a man who was riding faſt, ſeeing Philip, ſtopt ſhort, ſurveyed him for a moment, then threw himſelf off his horſe, ran towards him with an exclamation of joyful ſurprize, and Philip immediately recognized a ſervant of his father's.

The man then acquainted him with the extreme anxiety St. Julian had been in ever ſince the battle, and that after the moſt diligent inquiries, learning no tidings of him, he had ſorrowfully concluded he was among the ſlain, or, perhaps, what was nearly as bad, a priſoner; for ſuch was the extreme cruelty exerciſed in the unnatural war on both ſides, that being taken priſoner, and being put to death, were nearly equivalent terms to people of any diſtinction.

From him they alſo learned the ſtate of the public affairs; he confirmed the ac-

count they had before received that the young duke of York had defeated the detachment ſent againſt him under Jaſper Tudor; had taken priſoner his father, Owen Tudor, the huſband of Catharine, the relict of Henry the fifth, and beheaded him. He added, that Margaret's own diviſion of the army, on its march to London had been met at St. Alban's by Warwick, over whom ſhe had been enabled to gain a complete victory, by the treachery of lord Lovelace. Henry, who accompanied Warwick, fell now into the hands of his own party, with lord Bonville, and ſir Thomas Kiriel, both of whom continued with him, after they found the fortune of the day was on the ſide of Lancaſter, at his own earneſt requeſt, he giving them the moſt ſolemn aſſurances of good treatment from the queen, in return for their attentive and benevolent behaviour to himſelf: but ſo little did Margaret reſpect the engagement of her huſband, that ſhe commanded

both

both their heads to be ſtruck off by the common hangman. That on preparing to continue her march towards London, ſhe found her progreſs impeded by the duke of York, who having advanced with his troops, and collected the remains of Warwick's army, appeared in great force againſt her: that finding his army greatly ſuperior to her own, ſhe had declined an engagement, and retreated once more towards the north; and that Edward was now on his full march to London, where every one expected he would be acknowledged king.

An ardent deſire of witneſſing the glory of his young patron, added to that of ending his father's anxieties, determined Philip to leave the village in the morning; nor could Eleanor reſiſt his eager ſolicitations to accompany him, though ſhe wiſhed to remain there till the young man's return from Graſton: horſes were provided, the ſervant carried her harp,

and ſhe performed her journey with perfect eaſe.

They reached London a few hours after Edward's army had entered it, and found every token of the moſt extravagant joy at that event, for the whole city was devoted to the houſe of York: it was with difficulty they made their way through crowds of the populace, who filled the air with acclamations of triumph. They went immediately to the houſe of the earl of Warwick, called Warwick's inn, where with that nobleman they found St. Julian.

The reception which St. Julian gave his ſon, can be much better portrayed by the imagination than by words. The firſt raptures were ſcarcely paſt, when Philip preſented the minſtrel, with a ſhort but very comprehenſive eulogium: and Eleanor, who had dreaded St. Julian's ſuſpicious and piercing eyes, was relieved by per-

perceiving that though he acknowledged in very high terms their obligation, he had very little attention for any object but his ſon, and that her features ſeemed to be unremarked by him.

Philip next preſented her to the noble earl, recounting at the ſame time her motive for leaving Margaret, with whom ſhe was in high favour, and had a comfortable eſtabliſhment. This information was ſufficient to enſure her the affection of the whole party; they made her minutely deſcribe the circumſtances of York's death, the particulars of which had not before with any certainty reached them. But Eleanor found them ſo irritated at her recital, that ſhe repented making it; for though ſhe deteſted Margaret, ſhe did not wiſh to ſtir up vengeance againſt her, as ſhe had great reverence for Henry, and a ſincere affection for his ſpirited and amiable ſon; and ſhe lamented that their fates were unavoidably connected with

one,

one, who by the inhumanity of her conduct, muſt draw down upon her the judgement of Heaven.

The next morning all the chiefs of the York party ſat in council. No longer with-held by the prudent caution and moderation of the deceaſed York, they threw off all reſerve; and affecting to look upon the oppoſition of Margaret, as the act of Henry, by which he violated the ſtipulation of the parliament in his favour, and in ſo doing, by the adjuſtment of the two houſes in ſuch caſe, gave York an indiſputable right to aſcend the throne, they determined that Edward ſhould take immediate poſſeſſion of it.

To wait the moſt legal method by aſſembling the parliament, was to ſuffer the preſent ferment of the fluctuating multitude to ſubſide, and they wiſhed to have the appearance of the general concurrence of the people; the army was there-

therefore ordered to aſſemble in St. John's fields, whither alſo people of all ranks repaired.

At the head of his nobles and chiefs, on a fine prancing ſteed, richly capariſoned, the graceful heir of York made his entry, and placed himſelf in a ſituation conſpicuous to the whole multitude; while his partiſans, opening the way to the people's view of him, ranged themſelves behind and on each ſide.

Edward, then in the bloom of youth, was the handſomeſt and fineſt formed man in the kingdom; his air lofty, bold, intrepid; his manners courteous, affable, inſinuating; paſſionately adored by the women for his perſonal graces, not leſs ſo by the men for his warlike and enterpriſing ſpirit; the air was rent with ſhouts of applauſe, and bleſſings from every tongue were poured upon him.

The biſhop of Sàliſbury then in a long and eloquent ſpeech, calculated to awaken the deteſtation of the multitude againſt what he called the *uſurpation* and tyranny of the rival family, and to excite their admiration and affection towards the houſe of York; when he had raiſed their paſſions to the proper pitch, inquired, whether they would ſtill acknowledge Henry for their king. Groans, hiſſes, every mark of diſlike and diſapprobation, was the anſwer received.

The biſhop, then turning to the fine figure of Edward, and pointing him out to the populace, demanded, whether they would acknowledge *that* youth, the heir of the murdered York, for their ſovereign.

An univerſal ſhout of conſent and applauſe filled the air.

Edward gracefully bowed his thanks, diffuſed around his faſcinating charms, and

and attempted to ſpeak his gratitude; but his voice was drowned in the acclamations of the multitude: they were charmed with the effort, but their approbation was too noiſy and obſtreperous to ſuffer any to be heard but themſelves.

Edward then and his partiſans, the magiſtrates of the city, the nobility and people of diſtinction, with the biſhops, adjourned to Baynard's caſtle, the noble houſe of the York family in Thames ſtreet, and there all ratified in form the popular election: the evening concluded with the utmoſt feſtivity, and in the morning the new king was proclaimed with great pomp, by the title of Edward the fourth.

All now was feaſting and riotous joy. Thoſe ungovernable ſpirits, turbulent and ferocious in war, equally diſtinguiſhed themſelves by an unbridled indulgence of their paſſions in their bacchanalian revels; and the gentle and modeſt ſpirit of Elea-

Eleanor found the ſcenes of their pleaſures ſtill more diſguſting than thoſe of their animoſities; ſhe was conſtrained, under pretence of illneſs, to ſhut herſelf up in her chamber to avoid them; for in the houſe of the earl of Warwick ſhe was in the midſt of the higheſt exceſſes.

That mighty baron, who could diſpoſe of crowns, and overawe princes, lived with the retinue and ſtate of a monarch, ſurrounded, beſides his menial train, by a crowd of gentlemen, and the firſt military characters in the kingdom: ſix oxen were ſlain every morning for their breakfaſt; and he commanded, that at the numerous taverns round Warwick-inn, where the partiſans of York had taken up their reſidence, that every gentleman ſhould have as much of his meat, either boiled, or roaſt, as he could take away upon the point of his dagger. When he went out upon ſtate occaſions, ſix hundred ſervants attended him, in liveries

of

of fine ſcarlet cloth jackets, with the creſt of the Nevils, the bear and ragged ſtaff, embroidered in ſilver, on their backs and breaſts. His hoſpitality was ſo great, that at his various houſes and caſtles, forty thouſand men were daily fed at his expence.

His intereſt with all ranks of men became thus unbounded. But Warwick was not only rendered popular by his magnificent and princely ſpirit, but alſo by the amiableneſs of his manners: open and frank, his undaunted ſoul ſat upon his brow, and ſpoke with unqualified ſincerity from his lips: yet was there as much humanity as true bravery in his heart; as much affability as fearleſsneſs in his manner. His preſents were not only regarded for their intrinſic value, but diſplayed with pride as teſtimonies of the attention of a man whom all ſo highly venerated: his approbation was received with tranſport, for all knew he never ſpoke aught but his genuine ſentiments;

and

and his ſlighteſt promiſe was deemed equal to the oaths of others, for Warwick would ſtir heaven and earth rather than falſify his word.

By this exalted character, Eleanor was beheld with an eye of favour: her compaſſion for York firſt introduced her to his notice; her converſation charmed him, and he liſtened delighted when to her harp ſhe ſang the mighty deeds of our forefathers. "This boy," ſaid he to Philip, one day when ſhe had juſt quitted the room, "is an amiable creature, "but not happily ſtationed; he is too "gentle, too tender, for the ſociety of "ſoldiers:—I have an inclination to beg "him of you, and ſend him into the "north to teach my daughters on the "harp. What ſay you, Philip? will "you yield him to me?"

"With pleaſure, my lord."

Eleanor

Eleanor was in raptures at the news: there was nothing ſhe longed for ſo much as to be again among her own ſex; and the intelligence which was juſt received of the queen's being afreſh in force in the north, accelerated that wiſhed event; for Edward and the earl of Warwick were preparing to meet her: it was propoſed that our heroine ſhould go with the army, and then be ſent forward to Weſtmorland, where the counteſs of Warwick and her daughters then reſided.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

AS the ſtay of Eleanor in the metropolis was to be very ſhort, Philip, who parted from her with infinite regret, ſacrificing his own inclinations to a regard for her happineſs, ſolicitous to give her as much pleaſure as poſſible, propoſed her ſeeing every thing in the city and its environs worthy of notice, and carried her himſelf to his favourite diverſion at the bear-garden in Southwark.

Suppoſing my fair reader never to have partaken that ſublime amuſement, for the gratification of her curioſity I will deſcribe it as I collect it from the words of an old author:

"Well, ſir, the bears were brought "forth into the court, and the dogs ſet to "them

" them to argue the point face to face.
" There were no lazy lookers on, but
" both ſides eager in argument: if the
" dog in pleading would pluck the bear
" by the throat, the bear with traverſe
" would claw him again by the ſcalp.
" This with fending and proving,
" ſcratching and biting, by plain tooth
" and nail, on one ſide and t'other,
" ſuch a loſs of blood and leather was
" there between them, as a month's lick-
" ing, I ween, will not recover, and yet
" they remained as far out as ever they
" were. It was ſport very pleaſant of
" theſe beaſts to ſee the bear with his
" pink eyes leering after his enemy's ap-
" proaches, the nimbleneſs and watch-
" fulneſs of the dog to take his advan-
" tage, and the force and experience of
" the bear to avoid his aſſaults. If he
" was bitten in one place, how he would
" ſhrink in another to get free: and if he
" was taken once, then what ſhift, with
" biting, with clawing, with roaring,

" with

"with toſſing, and tumbling, how he "would work to wind himſelf from "thence; and when he was looſe, to ſee "him ſhake his ears twice or thrice, "with the blood and ſlaver about his "ſiznamy, was matter of goodly re-"lief."

As Philip was much occupied in the military preparations which were hurrying on with great expedition, he introduced Eleanor to the acquaintance of a benedictine monk, who promiſed to conduct her to thoſe places which were worthy her obſervation, particularly the churches and convents, and the ſhrines and relics of the ſaints.

He carried her firſt to the priory of St. Bartholomew, founded, as he informed her, by one of her own profeſſion, Rahere, the minſtrel of Henry the firſt. The monk told her a long ſtory of the wicked life of Rahere, and his converſion by a horrible

horrible dream, in which he was warned o make atonement for his evil deeds, by building this priory, and its church; there he laid his bones, and the benedictine pointed out to her the monument which was erected over them.

He next conducted her to St. Paul's church, in which were depoſited the remains of that renowned prince John of Gaunt, and his firſt wife Blanch; his immenſe ſpear and ſhield hanging as trophies on his monument. There Eleanor ſaw the high altar glittering with gold and gems, the gifts of various princes; and alſo the holy ſhrine of St. Erkenwald, to which innumerable devotees had performed pilgrimages, and where they had left tokens of their veneration in rich preſents. John of France, when priſoner in England, had offered to the ſhrine of this ſaint four baſons of ſolid gold.

"But, O my ſon!" cried the benedictine, "that thou wert here but in proper ſeaſon, to ſee the moſt jovial offering made to St. Paul, that ever was made to any ſaint! Twice in the year, a fat doe in winter, and a fat buck in ſummer, is brought by ſome of the family of ſir William de Baude to the church, where it is received upon the ſteps of the high altar by the dean and chapter, attired in their ſacred veſtments, and crowned with garlands of roſes. After being preſented in form upon the altar to the ſaint, the body of the doe is, by this holy company, ſent to the cook's to be dreſſed for their dinner; and the head being fixed upon a pole, is carried before the croſs in proceſſion round the church, till the cavalcade reach the weſt door, where ſtands the keeper, who immediately blows with his horn the death of the ſtag, and is anſwered by all the horns of the city; the enlivening ſounds of

"which

" which muſt needs be very pleaſing to
" the ſaint. The keeper is then preſented
" with money for the dean and chapter,
" and a conſecrated loaf, with St. Paul's
" picture upon it, and diſmiſſed.

" Indeed," continued the loquacious benedictine, " you ſee London in the
" very worſt time of the year for ſplen-
" did ſhows: upon the converſion of St.
" Paul, fifteen hundred tapers are lighted
" up in the church, and fifteen hundred
" poor people fed in the chapter-houſe-
" yard. Upon Chriſtmas-day a boy
" from St. Paul's ſchool is elected bi-
" ſhop, who officiates that day as a pre-
" late: all the ſcholars are obliged to at-
" tend at the church to hear him preach;
" and they muſt each of them give him a
" penny. But of all the diverſions which
" London affords, none, in my opinion,
" equal the myſteries—they are plays
" made from ſome ſacred ſtory, and
" acted at Chriſtmas, by the boys of St.

" Paul's; and at Whitſuntide, at St. " John's Clerkenwell, by all the pariſh " clerks. It is not eight years ago that " the laſt mentioned performed the crea- " tion of the world; it took up eight days, " and moſt of the nobility and gentry " of England were ſpectators. But I " have not ſhewn you the painting on " the chapter houſe wall, the dance of " death, which is thought wonderfully " fine; there is a long train of all orders " of mankind, from the pope to the " beggar, with his partner death, ſha- " king his tremendous and warning " hour-glaſs."

Another day the benedictine took our heroine to view Weſtminſter-abbey, that beautiful church dedicated to St. Peter. As they paſſed the Strand, Eleanor admired the fine ſituation of the great men's houſes; which placed in a ſingle range, and open to the water, with each a garden down to the margin of the river, adorned

adorned with obeliſks, ſtatues, and every decoration which taſte and wealth could give, added infinite beauty and magnificence to the ſcene.

The benedictine pointed out to her obſervation the memorial which Edward the firſt had erected, of the place where the body of his beautiful and affectiopate queen Eleanor of Caſtile reſted, in the way to its interment; it was called Charing-croſs, and was a kind of obeliſk, of an octagonal form, the upper ſtage ornamented with very fine ſtatuary, eight beautiful female figures perſonifying the virtues of that princeſs; whoſe magnificent tomb the benedictine ſhewed our heroine when they reached the abbey: it was of the fineſt marble, in form of an altar, on which reclined the figure of the queen in copper, but gilt and burniſhed ſo highly, that it looked like ſolid gold. There Eleanor ſaw likewiſe the magnificent tomb of our third Edward, and his

queen Philippa; that of the imprudent and unfortunate Richard, and his firſt wife Anne; and alſo the coſtly one of our fifth Henry, on which was placed by his widow, Catharine of France, his image cut from heart of oak, and overlaid with the pureſt ſilver.

After viewing all the ſepulchral curioſities, the monk and our heroine having performed their devotions, were permitted to view and kiſs thoſe ſacred reliques which are depoſited in that holy place: there were a piece of the veil of the ever-bleſſed Virgin; and, encloſed in a ſmall chriſtal vaſe, ſeveral drops of milk from her ſacred breaſt: there was a whole blade-bone of the right-ſhoulder of St. Benedict, and half the left jaw-bone of St. Anaſtaſia, a thumb of St. Alphage, and the entire head of St. Maxalla.

Our adventureſs, as well as her compaion, being by this time conſiderably fatigued,

tigued, the benedictine procured ſome refreſhment from an acquaintance in the cloiſters, and they ſat down upon a ſtone near one front of the church to reſt themſelves. The exquiſite beauty of this inimitable Gothic ſtructure attracted the extreme admiration of Eleanor, and ſhe aſked her conductor many queſtions concerning it. The monk was no niggard of his knowledge, and he readily acquainted her with as much of its hiſtory as his information reached.

"Where the church now ſtands," ſaid he, "my ſon, there ſtood in the days of "our idolatrous anceſtors, a temple to "Apollo; which, when chriſtianity be-"gan to dawn on the land, after a dark-"neſs which had overſpread it from our "Saxon conquerors, it pleaſed the Al-"mighty to throw down by an earth-"quake. Sebert, then king of the weſt "Saxons, had married a French prin-"ceſs; ſhe was a chriſtian, and indefa-

" tigable in her endeavours to convert
" her huſband: ſome tremendous cir-
" cumſtances which accompanied the de-
" molition of the temple, aided her pi-
" ous purpoſe; the king was baptiſed,
" and on the ſpot where ſtood the temple
" to the heathen deity, he erected one to
" the worſhip of the true divinity, and
" declared his intention of dedicating it
" to St. Peter. This mark of reſpect
" highly pleaſed the ſaint; it was the firſt
" compliment of the kind he had receiv-
" ed in England, and he determined to
" ſhew his ſatisfaction, by performing
" the ceremony of conſecrating it him-
" ſelf. When the church was finiſhed,
" therefore, he deſcended from heaven;
" but the night happening to be a very
" ſtormy one, and it being the firſt time
" of his viſiting England, he miſtook the
" ſide of the river on which the church
" was placed, and made his deſcent on
" the Surry ſide. This miſtake was for-
" tunate for one Edric, a poor fiſher-
" man,

" man, whoſe cottage was near, for to
" him St. Peter diſcloſed himſelf; and
" he gladly undertook, though the ſtorm
" was great, and his boat a mere cockle-
" ſhell, to waft him acroſs the river.
" A hoſt of angels were in the church
" ready to receive the ſaint; they had il-
" luminated it with innumerable wax ta-
" pers, and Edric ſaw through the win-
" dows, a blaze of light brighter than
" the noon-day ſun. All due ceremonies
" were then performed, after which the
" angels flew back to heaven; but St.
" Peter choſe to reward Edric by return-
" ing with him in his boat acroſs the ri-
" ver, into which he ordered him to
" throw his nets; the man obeyed, and
" was aſtoniſhed at a wonderful draught
" of ſalmons. The ſaint then commend-
" ing his readineſs to oblige, told him
" this was a reward for it; and that he
" and his ſucceſſors ſhould never fail of
" ſuch a draught, if they would punctu-
" liouſly give every tenth ſalmon to the

" church they had juſt viſited. St. Peter
" then took his leave, after commanding
" him to go the next morning to the bi-
" ſhop of Melitus, to inform him that
" there was no farther need of conſecra-
" tion; and as a proof that he had him-
" ſelf ſpared the prelate the trouble, he
" would find in the church the drop-
" pings of the wax tapers, and the chriſm
" which had been uſed for the ſacred oil.
" There the good biſhop actually did
" find them, and diſplayed them to the
" aſtoniſhed king, who ordered that they
" ſhould be preſerved in precious veſſels,
" as memorials of the ſingular condeſcen-
" ſion of St. Peter. Unhappily the
" church was burnt down, and theſe ſa-
" cred reliques were deſtroyed with it, by
" thoſe impious invaders the Danes. It
" was re-erected by Edgar, under the di-
" rection of the chaſte St. Dunſtan. Fall-
" ing afterwards into decay, it was laſtly
" re-built by that pious and continent
" prince, Edward the confeſſor, to whoſe

" wiſdom

" wiſdom England is indebted for the " compilation of its laws, and the ſanc- " tity of whoſe touch cured the diſtemper- " ed of the ſcrophula."

Having now reſted and refreſhed themſelves, the benedictine and Eleanor looked into Weſtminſter-hall, an immenſe room built by Richard the ſecond, who, after it was finiſhed, kept his Chriſtmas there in 1399, entertaining with his uſual profuſion ten thouſand people, by whom were devoured each day, twenty-eight oxen, and three hundred ſheep, beſides fowls, and other delicacies out of number.

Theſe viſits, as well as many others to different churches and convents, were made by Eleanor for the gratification of her curioſity; but there was one viſit ſhe wiſhed to make in conſequence of her vow on the night of her departure from Longueville caſtle. In the church of

Allhallows Barking, was an image of the bleſſed Virgin, ſo highly venerated, that pilgrimages were made to it from all parts of the kingdom, and an indulgence of forty days given to all thoſe who viſited it. It was erected by Edward the firſt, when prince, in conſequence of a viſion, admoniſhing him ſo to do; and giving him an aſſurance that if he had ſuch an image formed, and viſited it punctually, five times a year, he ſhould be victorious over all nations, particularly Scotland and Wales.

To this holy image of the Virgin, Eleanor determined to pay her vowed honours; the benedictine was again her conductor, and proſtrate at the feet of the conſecrated repreſentative, her heart ſent forth its grateful effuſion of prayer and praiſe to the divine original. The diamond croſs was preſented; and after going through all due forms, and rewarding

ing liberally the priests for their attendance, our heroine left the sacred place, with a heart lightened by the consciousness of having performed a duty.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

EAGER to eſtabliſh his aſſumed title, by finally cruſhing the Lancaſtrian party, Edward, and his indefatigable friend, Warwick, were by this time ready to meet Margaret, who, though ſhe infuſed averſion and terror into the city of London, and, indeed, into all the ſouthern provinces by her cruelty, and the licence in which ſhe indulged her troops; yet on the northern, to which ſhe had returned, that expected licence and plunder, added to the univerſal rancour which pervaded all ranks of both parties againſt each other, which made them not only forget that their opponents were their countrymen, but taught them to regard them as their bittereſt enemies; that ſanction of violence that gratified at once their avarice

avarice and revenge, brought multitudes to her ſtandard, and ſo quickly and powerfully recruited her army, that ſhe was as eager as Edward to meet in the field.

Impelled thus by one deſire, Margaret from the north, with thirty thouſand men, and Edward from London with forty thouſand, met each other at Touton, in Yorkſhire.

No one can be ignorant of the event of that deciſive day, ſo fatal to the houſe of Lancaſter. Long and bloody was the conteſt, thirty-ſix thouſand Engliſhmen, ſlain by their brethren, ſtrewed the plain of Touton with their dead bodies. The heads of the duke of York and the earl of Saliſbury were taken from the gates of York; but not to be outdone in horrible ſpectacles by the oppoſite party, they were replaced by others of diſtinguiſhed nobility.

Having

Having now nothing to apprehend from Margaret, who, with her ſon and Henry, were fled into Scotland, Edward determined to ſummon a parliament to ſettle his government; and in the interim, till it ſhould meet, he accepted the preſſing invitation of Warwick, to accompany him into Weſtmorland, on a viſit to his family.

With a grand retinue, Edward and his brothers, Gloceſter and Clarence; attended by St. Julian, Philip, and our heroine, left York with the earl of Warwick, and arrived at Malarſtang caſtle, where their reception befitted their high rank.

The counteſs of Warwick, though her beauty was now in its wane, remained graceful and amiable; her daughters were infinitely charming; nor did the fair Elizabeth Lucie, then on a viſit to the caſtle, yield to either of the young ladies in lovelineſs.

After

After paying every due honour to their amiable hoſteſs, the eyes of the three princes found irreſiſtible attractions in the younger part of the company; and it ſeemed in the choice each made, as if a parity of years was requiſite to form the ſympathy of love; for the duke of Gloceſter, then about ſeventeen, attached himſelf to the almoſt infantine charms of the lovely giddy Anne, the youngeſt daughter of Warwick; the duke of Clarence, who was about a year older, became deeply enamoured of the blooming Iſabel the eldeſt; whilſt the amorous and voluptuous Edward felt more inclination for the ripened beauties of Elizabeth.

Nor could the fair Elizabeth remain inſenſible to the charms of her royal lover, then in his twenty-ſecond year, and the handſomeſt man in England. Alas! ſhe knew not that thoſe charms had already been too ſeductive of the female heart: ſhe was ignorant that under that enchant-

enchanting ſoftneſs of addreſs, that bewitching tenderneſs of manner, lurked an unfeeling and cruel ſoul; that he ſpoke but to deceive; that his vows of eternal love were made and broken with equal facility.

George of Clarence yielded to his brother alone in beauty of perſon: but deficient in Edward's ſoftneſs of manners, he poſſeſſed more real tenderneſs of heart; he was leſs amiable, but he was more ſincere. He felt acutely; he was as little able to conceal as to repreſs his feelings; prudence ſhould ſometimes have taught him the one, and reaſon the other, but not poſſeſſing a ſuperabundant ſhare of either, he was generally impelled to action by the caprice of the moment; and the honeſty of his nature, the warmth of his paſſions, and the haſty deciſion of his judgement, rendered his conduct unſtable and inconſiſtent, for he was conſtantly liable to be duped by the ſuperior artifice of others.

He

He was ſincerely in love with Iſabel; with tranſport perceived the paſſion reciprocal; and with all the honeſt openneſs of his character, made overtures to her father, who could form no other objection to the union than the extreme youth of the parties, and upon that account only was the marriage poſtponed, to the mortification of the impatient lover.

Hiſtorians have been copious in their deſcriptions of the perſon, and the character of Gloceſter: in his character it is impoſſible to be miſtaken, for that is ſufficiently elucidated by his actions. But it is with great reaſon doubted by many if his perſon was as diſguſting as is generally repreſented; and whether deteſtation of his heart, did not heighten every natural imperfection, and prejudice caricature a countenance not beautiful, and a ſhape void of grace, into an uglineſs of deformity infinitely beyond the truth.

He

He certainly was not near ſo handſome as his two elder brothers; for they reſembled their mother, who was the greateſt beauty of the age, as Richard did his father, who, though not remarkable for perſonal graces, was neither ugly nor deformed.

Early conſcious of his inferiority, and poſſeſſing from nature an underſtanding ſuperior to both, Richard ſought to diſtinguiſh himſelf by mental beauties: but unhappily poſſeſſing more judgement in diſcriminating what was amiable, than goodneſs of heart to impel him ſeriouſly to become ſo, he found it much eaſier to aſſume the appearance of virtue, than to acquire virtues; to wear an air of blunt frankneſs, than to be ſincere; to drop a tear on hearing a tale of diſtreſs, than to feel compaſſion for the unfortunate. He laughed and romped with the ſpirited and giddy Anne; and much more penetrating eyes than her's did not perceive under

der the appearance of careleſs and ſportive humour, a heart cold to all intereſts but his own, and torn by every malevolent paſſion.

Yet hypocrite as he was in other reſpects, he was ſincere in his love for Anne; ſuch love as hearts like his could feel—ſelfiſh—ſuch as the epicure poſſeſſes for a delicious morſel. His love remained latent in his ſoul amidſt the predominance of ambition, and was at laſt gratified after the death of her firſt huſband, the ſon of Henry, whom Richard and his brothers cruelly murdered. But his paſſion ſatiated, ſelf-intereſt, ever the predominant principle, becoming the enemy of Anne, ſhe fell a ſacrifice to his endeavours to ſtrengthen his tottering throne by a marriage with his niece, Edward's eldeſt daughter. That Anne felt an early predilection for Gloceſter, can alone account for her accepting him as a huſband under all the circumſtances which ſhould have

have forbidden an union. So difficult, perhaps impoſſible is it, to eradicate from the heart the early impreſſions made there by the paſſions.

The moſt noble and ſincere of men, the frank and open-hearted Warwick, fond of the progeny of his friend, and alive to their intereſt, careſſed them all with unbounded affection; little ſuſpecting that the eldeſt meditated the ſeduction of his niece; and unable to foreſee, that the younger would plunge into the deepeſt miſery his two beloved daughters. Happy blindneſs of futurity!—but for thee, how would the felicity of the preſent moment be ſwallowed up in the bitter anticipation of future evils!

In this deſirable ignorance, mutually pleaſed and pleaſing, the hours glided ſwiftly over the heads of Warwick and his royal gueſts; and buſineſs, faction, war, were forgotten in the charming re-

treat. The ſpring was forward and lovely; they ſometimes rambled through the gardens and woods, ſometimes walked to the neighbouring villages, ſometimes made excurſions on horſeback into the adjacent country, and in the evening they liſtened to the melodious voice of our minſtrel, or danced to the ſound of a variety of muſical inſtruments.

But all in this ſociety were not happy alike: Philip would often bemoan to our heroine in the confidence of friendſhip, his hapleſs love; bitterly regret the flight of Eleanor, and generouſly vow, that if he could diſcover her, his intention was to re-inſtate her in the honours of her family, and leave her without conſtraint to her own determination, to reward or neglect his diſintereſted affection.

But far different ſhe found was the conduct of St. Julian: ſhe diſcovered that he had ſolicited and obtained of the king a con-

a confirmation of his father's grant to him of the wardſhip of Eleanor, a reiterated command to take Philip as her huſband, enabling him to aſſume the dignity of her family; or in caſe ſhe was diſcovered to be dead, St. Julian was empowered to ſeize her domain.

Theſe were arbitrary proceedings, but they were lawleſs times; and Eleanor found, unleſs ſhe could determine to marry Philip, it behoved her to be more careful than ever of diſcovery. But though he had much advanced himſelf in her eſteem, her affection for him was not yet ſufficient to overcome the averſion ſhe felt for his father, and ſhe determined to remain in her preſent ſituation, which was now grown tolerably comfortable; for as ſhe became more known by her frequent converſations with the different parts of this ſociety, they diſcovered, that admirable as were her muſical talents, they were ſtill leſs extraordinary than her mental

mental accompliſhments; that the moſt lively and ſparkling wit was united to the moſt nicely diſcriminating judgement, and an information beyond the promiſe of her years. They were charmed alſo with her elegant manners, and the propriety and modeſty of her conduct. She now was always deſired to make one in their parties, and no pleaſure was thought perfect unleſs ſhe partook it.

But among the ladies, no one diſtinguiſhed her ſo much as lady Elizabeth Lucie, who being herſelf a proficient in muſic, better underſtood her merit in that ſcience; and whoſe underſtanding, ſuperior to, and more mature than her companions, enabled her more readily to diſcern the exquiſite beauties of Eleanor's mind.

Eleanor's heart was not deficient in a reciprocal affection for the charming Lucie, who was as amiable in mind as

lovely in perſon; and whoſe conduct would have been as faultleſs as her face, had not one baneful paſſion—ambition—intruded into her heart. The idea of being queen captivated her ſoul, as much as the accompliſhments of the gallant and gay Edward; and the dazzling image blinded and led aſtray her better reaſon.

That inſidious youth, amidſt the moſt ardent vows of everlaſting paſſion, the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations of honourable love, never failed to inculcate the abſolute neceſſity of keeping their mutual attachment from the knowledge of Warwick, who was extremely ſolicitous that he ſhould, by a foreign powerful alliance, ſtrengthen himſelf on the throne; and Edward declared that he dared not, in the preſent unſettled ſtate of public affairs, run counter to the advice of a perſon, who, by his own abilities, his vaſt popularity, and extenſive intereſt, was

as

as able to dethrone him, as to raiſe him to royalty.

Theſe plauſible reaſons were ſufficient to ſilence the pride of Elizabeth, which at firſt revolted at liſtening to a clandeſtine addreſs; and as to prevent their frequent meetings from being perceived by the reſt of the family, it was neceſſary to have the aſſiſtance of ſome one whom they could truſt, Elizabeth's partiality to our heroine induced her to make her the confidante.

Eleanor, unacquainted with the licentious principles of Edward, believing his profeſſions of honourable love ſincere for ſo charming a woman, who would have given luſtre to the diadem of an empire; and thinking his reaſons prudent for wiſhing it to remain a ſecret at preſent: ſuppoſing alſo, that though the diſintereſted and generous ſpirit of Warwick would prefer the political benefit of Ed-

ward to any accumulation of honour on his own family, yet that he would not be mortally offended at ſeeing his niece on the throne, ſhe determined that no good offices of her's ſhould be wanting toward realiſing the ſplendid proſperity of her friend, in whom ſhe intended to repoſe a reciprocal confidence, and by her intereſt with Edward, cruſh the graſping ſchemes of St. Julian, and procure herſelf to be re-inſtated in her family fortune, and honours.

For the purpoſe of teaching the young ladies on the harp, without interruption, Eleanor had a ſmall, but exceedingly pleaſant room aſſigned her, apart from the family, which had a door into a private garden. Elizabeth, who played incomparably on the guiterne, expreſſed a wiſh to lady Warwick that the minſtrel might be permitted to teach her on the harp. In conſequence of this requeſt, at a certain hour, when the greateſt part of the family

family were engaged, and the young ladies had received their leſſons, Elizabeth viſited our heroine, and Edward having procured the key which opened a little gate out of that garden into a grove, met her there: the door into the houſe was then locked, to prevent the intruſion of impertinent viſitors, and Eleanor walking in the garden left the lovers to themſelves.

But though not in their immediate preſence, yet as ſhe was never far diſtant, the minſtrel was an effectual check to the impetuoſity of Edward; he was therefore obliged to be content with the advantages he had gained, and wait for an opportunity more favourable to his wiſhes: he had preſſed lady Warwick to bring her blooming family to court; and amidſt its gaieties and amuſements, he hoped to divert the watchful eyes which ſurrounded Elizabeth.

The lovers had met ſeveral times in this manner with perfect ſecurity; but on the day preceding that on which the royal brothers were to return to London, lady Warwick, wanting to ſay ſomething to Elizabeth, and knowing it was her hour of viſiting the minſtrel, went to Eleanor's apartment to ſpeak to her there. She was ſurpriſed at not being able to open the door; ſhe rapt, and heard a buſtle within, which evidently increaſed on her calling loud to have it opened: indeed, her voice had ſo alarmed Eleanor's gueſts, that they ſcarcely knew what they did. Edward flew into the garden, called to Eleanor to join lady Elizabeth, and eſcaped at the gate; whilſt Elizabeth, with trembling fingers, hampered, inſtead of turning back the lock, and her trepidation was the greater, as lady Warwick expreſſed her impatience in a pretty high voice.

At length the door was opened; but nothing could exceed the rage of the counteſs at the ſuſpicious circumſtance, and the extreme confuſion evident on Elizabeth's and Eleanor's countenances, which ſhe with the utmoſt appearance of reaſon conſtrued into conſcious guilt: ſhe poured on them a torrent of reproaches. Elizabeth threw herſelf at her feet in tears, and with a thouſand aſſeverations of innocence, endeavoured to exculpate herſelf and her companion. The counteſs a little ſoftened, and ſenſible of the dangers of diſcloſing ſo diſgraceful an affair, appeared to believe her, but ſtrictly forbade any future viſits, under the penalty of diſcovering the matter to the earl.

This was a promiſe which Elizabeth readily made, for the abſence of Edward would render the pretence of ſeeing the minſtrel unneceſſary; and the reſt of the day was ſo occupied in preparation

for the departure of her lord, that lady Warwick had no leiſure to reflect upon what at the moment gave her ſo much pain.

The three royal brothers the next morning, with almoſt equal reluctance, took their ſlow leave of the fair inhabitants of Malarſtang caſtle, accompanied by their noble hoſt, St. Julian, and his ſon: the two latter purpoſing, after giving Edward their voice in parliament, to retire to Northamptonſhire, and commence a ſtrict inquiry after Eleanor: they had procured a mandate from the king to ſearch any convent where it was ſuſpected ſhe was concealed, giving as a reaſon for the violation of that ſanctuary, that ſhe was in the wardſhip of the crown, to which ſhe had proved herſelf refractory, and alſo a command to the abbeſs of ſuch convent, to give her up to the royal authority.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

AFTER the departure of her royal gueſts, the counteſs of Warwick had leiture to reflect on the ſtrange incident of the preceding day. The circumſtance of two young people, of different ſexes, being locked up together in a private apartment, and the confuſion apparent n their countenances and manner, appeared to her in ſo ſuſpicious a light, that though ſhe affected to believe their aſſeverations of innocence, ſhe thought it of the utmoſt importance to watch them with the cloſeſt attention; though at the ſame time ſhe put on an air of confidence in both, as if ſhe had entirely forgotten the affair.

This apparent good humour and freedom from diſtruſt had its intended effect;

the young people became unguarded, and ſhe perceived a ſecret intelligence in their eyes and manner. The letters from the king to Elizabeth were to be ſent under cover to the minſtrel. A courier had arrived late one evening, and Eleanor did not receive her letters till the family were ſeparated for the night. She knew Elizabeth's impatience, but there was no opportunity of ſeeing her in private, and ſhe dared not make a ſervant the meſſenger; Eleanor was therefore obliged to whiſper the intelligence to the fair Lucie, when they aſſembled to breakfaſt, and ſlip the letter into her hand, when ſhe thought the general attention otherwiſe engaged.

Neither the whiſper nor the action were unperceived by the watchful counteſs; prompt and deciſive, ſhe in the inſtant formed her reſolution, without permitting her indignation, by a word or look, to be viſible.

Impa-

Impatient to read her letter, Elizabeth retired, the moment breakfaſt was ended. The counteſs then withdrew, and ſent one of the officers of the houſehold, on whoſe fidelity ſhe could rely, to the minſtrel's apartment, to ſignify to her, that the counteſs had no farther need of her ſervices, and commanded her to depart the caſtle immediately. By this man, notwithſtanding her reſentment, the generoſity of the counteſs ſent a handſome preſent of money for the immediate ſubſiſtance of our heroine, but ſtrictly ordered him not to loſe ſight of her, till ſhe was ſome way from the caſtle gates, and not to ſuffer her to ſee or ſpeak to any one of the family.

Her orders were obeyed with ſcrupulous exactneſs; and without any of the family ſuſpecting her diſmiſſion, much leſs the cauſe of it, the aſtoniſhed and grieved Eleanor, who an hour before thought herſelf ſecure of an honourable

aſylum, till ſhe was enabled to claim from St. Julian her own fortune, now found herſelf once more an outcaſt from ſociety, condemned to wander in a wild and mountainous country, very thinly inhabited, where ſhe knew not a ſingle creature out of the family ſhe had been with, and was totally unacquainted with the ſituation of the towns and villages.

It was about noon in a cloudleſs day in June, when Eleanor left the caſtle. The height and fierceneſs of the ſun induced her, as ſhe had no particular plan, to direct her ſteps to that part of the country which promiſed her in the diſtant view moſt ſhade. After a long fatiguing walk over a burning plain, ſhe reached the confines of an immenſe wood; and throwing herſelf at the foot of a ſpreading oak, ruminated on the conduct it would be beſt for her to purſue.

After

After much thinking, ſhe found that her ſituation could be connected with no regular ſyſtem; that a deſultory, unſettled, wandering life ſeemed deſtined to be her portion. She appeared to be thrown upon the hand of chance, and her heart involuntarily lifted itſelf in prayer to that great Being, who governs chance and accident as inſtruments of his own good providence; who has promiſed to be the father of the orphan, and the guardian of thoſe who have none to help them.

The heat increaſing, the deep umbrage of the foreſt invited her into its cloſeſt paths; where, delighted with that refreſhing ſhade, which ſhut out the ſcorching ſun-beams, and caſt the pleaſing gloom of evening over the glaring hours of mid-day; liſtening to the interrupted reſponſive notes of the birds, who, like herſelf, had taken ſhelter from the heat, and were hopping in the underwood,

wood, ſhe walked on for ſome time, ſuppoſing that the path ſhe was in, though intricate and winding, would at length conduct her through; and as the wood was very extenſive, to a part of the country diſtant from that by which ſhe entered.

After having preſſed on thus a long while, the ſtrength of her limbs began to fail: ſhe found herſelf faint with hunger, as well as fatigue. She was ſtill in the mid-wood ſhade, without perceiving any end to her walk; for the path ſeemed to wind back upon itſelf. She ſighed and blamed her own imprudence, which, to avoid the inconvenience of the heat, had engaged her in a toilſome, uncertain, and perhaps dangerous peregrination; for ſhe reflected, that either in this vaſt wood ſhe was ſhut out from the world, without means of recruiting her exhauſted ſtrength, to enable her to trace its winding way; or if it had inhabitants, they were

were probably of a kind moſt to be ſhunned, ruffians—banditti.—"Thus," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "will it ever be, "when we giddily yield to the impulſe "of the preſent moment, and inconſide- "rately ſnatch at preſent pleaſures, "without reflecting on their fatal conſe- "quences!"

Still ſhe walked forward, though ſlowly, and almoſt deſpairing of reaching the end of the wood, when a beautiful glade which the path croſſed, invited her to repoſe her weary limbs on the dark green graſs. The cool ſequeſtered ſcenery of the glade was charming; and the cooings of a ſtock-dove at a little diſtance ſoothed her melancholy by its plaintive ſounds. She liſtened—it ceaſed for a time: then, as if ſtruck by ſome cruel remembrance, in a louder tone it reſumed its plaint, and made the air reſound with its note of ſorrow.

A note

A note ſo reſponſive to her own feelings, affected Eleanor: "Poor bird!" ſaid ſhe, "hath ſome cruel archer ren-"dered thee, like me, ſolitary and "friendleſs?"

She touched her harp—its ſtrings vibrated to the ſenſations that oppreſſed her heart; their melody was ſolemn, plaintive, affecting, whilſt her fine eyes ſwimming in tears were lifted to heaven.—Suddenly the ruſtling of leaves diſturbed this luxury of grief; and to her unſpeakable conſternation, ſhe ſaw a man breaking his way to her, through the thick-woven branches of the trees.

Her fright, however, was in a few moments diſſipated, on a nearer view of its object, which was much better calculated to inſpire veneration than terror—it was a hermit, who had been liſtening to the impaſſioned ſounds of her harp, and

whoſe curioſity impelled him to a nearer view.

He greeted her in the gentleſt terms, inquired what chance had conducted her to that unfrequented ſpot; and on hearing the reaſons which Eleanor thought proper to aſſign, offered her an aſylum in his hermitage, as long as ſhe choſe to reſide there: he ſaid it had ſeveral cells, one of which was occupied by a hermit much older than himſelf.

A hermitage had few charms for Eleanor, but any thing was better than ſleeping in the foreſt, and ſhe with expreſſions of gratitude, accepted the good father's offer and guidance; he aſſuring her that his reſidence was not more than two miles diſtance, though he confeſſed the path was rugged and uncouth; and after this little reſt, ſhe thought herſelf very able to undertake this farther walk.

By

By a ſtraiter path than that which Eleanor had taken, they ſoon found themſelves on the outſide of the wood, but nothing could be more frightful and deſolate than the appearance of the country which they entered: our heroine ſaw nothing before her but lofty and deſart mountains, or rather rocks, thrown together as it were by the hand of diſcord, and laid waſte by the piercing blaſts of the north; their brown heads loſt in the clouds, and their ſides, to appearance, inacceſſible to all but the winged tribe.

The hermit conducted Eleanor, who was wondering how they were to ſcale the declivities, to a kind of path which ran along the ſide of an almoſt perpendicular mountain: above them enormous projections of ragged rock hung over their heads, and threatened to cruſh them: far below a rapid torrent tumbled headlong over its rocky bed, and foaming, bellowing, excited a terror in the

ſoul

ſoul which language cannot deſcribe. Not a ſingle ſhrub, not a blade of graſs by its verdure enlivened the dreary waſte, but the whole mountain appeared one vaſt blaſted rock.

With palpitating heart our trembling minſtrel followed the ſteps of the hermit, wiſhing every moment ſhe had remained in the foreſt, and again blaming her own inconſideration; but it was now too late to recede, and the father often turned to exhort her to courage. Courage, however, is never the effect of reaſon; and if it were, the terrors of the path would have far outweighed all the good father's arguments. Eleanor was juſt ſinking with extreme fatigue, and increaſing horrors, when by a ſudden winding, ſhe found herſelf entering a valley, which by the contraſt of the way which led to it, appeared an elyſium.

This charming valley was about a mile in diameter, and of a circular form; ſurrounded by ſtupendous mountains, whoſe tops towards the north and eaſt were loſt in the clouds, as if to ſhut from it the keen and blighting winds of thoſe points; but towards the ſouth and weſt, their heads were lowered, by which the enlivening beams of the ſun had freer admittance; and the ſides of theſe mountains by their ſingular contraſt heightened the beauty of the ſcenery.

Thoſe, the aſpect of whoſe declivities were denied the all-prolific ray, exhibited a picture of deſolation, a dreary waſte of naked rocks, and tremendous precipices: yet had this ſcene its peculiar decoration; from about the middle of one diviſion of the mountain, trickled a rill of the pureſt water, which, meandring in a labyrinth of a thouſand windings down the ſides, and accumulating in its courſe, at length reached the bottom, where, gliding

gliding away in a ſilvery ſtream, it about the middle of the valley ſpread itſelf into a beautiful lake.

From another part of the mountain, a ſheet of water was precipitated from the top, in an impetuous torrent down the ſteep; and falling from rock to rock, flaſhing, whitening, foaming, formed a caſcade infinitely ſublime, which daſhed on the rocky bottom, roſe high in a miſt, and then falling again in a perpetual ſhower, its raging wave ran off amidſt the ſhaggy rocks and ſcattered fragments, with maddening rapidity, till it reached the lake, and then paſſed with fury through that placid ſtream, into the paſſage between the mountains, by which our adventureſs entered.

But the ſides of theſe mountains which hung towards the ſun, were ſmiling with a lovely verdure, and glowing with a thouſand tints of blooming ſhrubs and climb-

climbers; while among them the honeyſuckle and ſweet briar perfumed the air with their ſweets. The valley carpeted with the richeſt emerald, the borders of the lake adorned with a profuſion of aquatic plants and flowers, the whole ſcenery ſo delightful, ſo unexpected, its beauties ſo heightened by its dreary and tremendous entrance, ſo aſtoniſhed Eleanor, that ſhe uttered a loud exclamation of mingled pleaſure and ſurpriſe, which gladdened the heart of her benevolent conductor.

"I am charmed," ſaid he, "at perceiving you ſo ſenſible of the beauties of this ſequeſtered ſpot. Shut out from the world and its ſolicitudes, I and my companion reſide here in primeval ſimplicity. The ſides of the rock are ſcoopt into large receſſes, and caverns, which afford habitations not incommodious; the lake affords us fiſh, which would delight the epicure; its pure ſtream

" ſtream a beverage more wholeſome
" than the vintage; and the luxuriant
" ſoil of the valley many pleaſant and
" healthful vegetables.—But here comes
" my friend: he is without doubt much
" ſurpriſed to ſee I have a companion,
" let me lead you towards him." He did ſo; and addreſſing him by the name of father Anthony, preſented the minſtrel, with a ſhort hiſtory of their meeting.

Father Anthony ſcarcely heard him, for he was intently gazing on the face of Eleanor. " Have I not ſeen thee be-
" fore?" he ſaid, at laſt; " Didſt thou
" not loſe thyſelf in Northumberland,
" near the ſea, in company with the ſon
" of Henry?"

" I did," replied Eleanor, " looking
" in her turn upon him: and ſurely you
" are the good father to whoſe hoſpitality
" we were ſo much indebted."

" I aſ-

" I aſſuredly am; and I account it a " happineſs. I will not inquire what " misfortune can have driven one ſo " young from the haunts of cheerful ſo- " ciety, but moſt welcome ſhalt thou be " to partake with brother Mathias and " myſelf the pleaſures of this peaceful " vale."

" Our young companion is fatigued," ſaid father Mathias, " perhaps hungry " alſo; let us conduct him where he may " reſt his feeble and trembling limbs, " and I will dreſs ſome newly caught fiſh " for his refreſhment."

Eleanor was uſhered into a hollow, or rather a dent in the verdant part of the mountain, which the honey-ſuckle and ſweet-briar over hanging in front, had wildly formed into a bower, and nature lined with its own vegetable arras, the green ſoft moſs. At a little diſtance glittered the chryſtal lake: oppoſite tumbled

bled the foaming caſcade: the ſun was ſetting, and a ſoft and pleaſing gloom ſpread itſelf over the landſcape.

Whilſt father Mathias was preparing our heroine's ſupper in a cave near, which ſerved as a kitchen, ſhe converſed with father Anthony; for weary and exhauſted as ſhe was, ſhe thought it right to endeavour by a cheerful countenance and animated converſation, to requite the benevolence of her venerable companions, and teſtify her gratitude for their hoſpitality. Yet the attention with which the father beheld her, the eager avidity with which he caught her words, and the diſtracted manner in which he anſwered, ſurpriſed her greatly; and ſhe felt relieved when father Mathias appeared with ſome very well-boiled fiſh.

By the time the ſupper was ended, the dazzling light of day had given place to the mild beam of the moon, which riſing

above the tops of the mountains, threw a ſoftened radiance over the beautiful ſcenery of the valley: a thouſand nightingales were warbling their evening ſong, and the fathers ſolicited the minſtrel to join her harp with the melodious concert of nature.

Eleanor readily complied, for ſhe felt that it would be much more pleaſing to her to play, than converſe, where ſhe was nearly the only ſpeaker; where ſhe was attended to with an avidity which embarraſſed her; and where ſhe evidently awakened in both their minds ſome diſagreeable remembrances, for their anſwers were generally accompanied with ſighs; and it was more than once, that father Anthony had ſtarted from his ſeat, as if ſtruck by ſome ſudden pang, walked a few haſty turns in the valley, and then reſumed his former poſture.

She ſwept her fingers over the harp—a thouſand reverberations from the hollow of the rocks, like ſo many other inſtruments broke on the ear, and deſtroyed the harmony. She joined her voice, but its ſound, as well as ſweetneſs, was loſt in the clamour of the echoes, and deafened more than delighted: ſhe was conſtrained to deſiſt, and ſhe entreated to be ſhewn to a place of repoſe.

She was conducted by her venerable hoſt to a cavern, where was a bed of ſoft and fragrant moſs; and both giving her a fervent benediction, took their leave.

But her lodging-room and couch had, in her ideas, much more of novelty than pleaſure or convenience to recommend them. The door could ſcarcely have ſecured her from the intruſion of any animals that inhabited the mountains; much leſs, as there was no faſtening, could it exclude her companions, and ſhe dread-

ed ſleeping, leſt their curioſity, of which they ſeemed to poſſeſs ſuch abundant ſhare, ſhould bring them to her bed-ſide ere ſhe woke in the morning; beſides this, the materials of which her bed was compoſed, by no means invited her to undreſs: ſhe threw herſelf in her cloaths upon it, becauſe unable any longer to ſit up; but had immediately in her imagination a million of inſects crawling upon her.

When ſhe endeavoured to exclude theſe unpleaſing ideas, thoſe of more importance, more painful, took their place—the hermits were venerable, and ſeeming good men; yet their extreme attention, their embarraſſing gaze, diſpleaſed her—it might be exceſs of their hoſpitality, their ardent wiſh to ſerve her, yet ſhe would have preferred the moſt ruſtic and unceremonious civility. The more ſhe reflected on their manner, the more repugnance ſhe felt to remain with them: there

there was ſomething ſhe thought in their eyes and air, particularly in thoſe of father Mathias, which was at variance with their character.—" Perhaps," ſaid ſhe, after long thinking, " they are banditti " diſguiſed in this holy habit."——She ſtarted up at this ſuppoſition; a thouſand tumultuous imaginations ſucceeded: their manner led her to ſuppoſe they ſuſpected her to be a woman—this thought was deciſive of her conduct—ſhe reſolved to leave this dangerous place immediately—the path by the edge of the precipice, and overhanging the torrent, was no longer tremendous.

Suppoſing the hermits were by this time retired to their cells, which ſhe knew were ſo ſituated that ſhe had not to paſs them, ſhe tied on her harp, and ſtepping ſoftly a little beyond the entrance of the cavern, ſhe hearkened attentively, but could hear no ſound except

the wild daſh of the water. With quick and light ſteps ſhe paſſed the valley, and reached the winding path through the mountain; the broad and cloudleſs moon affording her a light as ſufficient for her peregrination as the meridian ſun. She re-paſſed the formidable way without terror, and again found herſelf in the ſkirts of the foreſt, which ſhe did not chuſe to enter, leſt ſhe ſhould again loſe herſelf in its winding paths, but traced along its edge, ſo delighted at having eſcaped all the dangers which her imagination had painted in the valley, that ſhe ſcarcely thought of the real ones of her houſeleſs, and friendleſs ſituation.

At length ſhe perceived a great road croſs her path, which ſhe concluded led to ſome town. Pleaſed to find herſelf once more in the haunts of ſocial beings, and by this time extremely fatigued, ſhe

ſtept

ſtept among a cluſter of cloſe-growing trees by the road ſide, and laying herſelf down on the graſs, inſenſibly fell into a profound ſleep.

CHAP. XV.

THE ſun was advanced ſome height, ere Eleanor ſtarted from her ſingular couch by the road ſide. Her dreſs was ſoon adjuſted, but the ſound of a horſe's feet alarmed her, and ſhe ſquatted again into her place, as a hare into its form.

The horſe drew ſlowly nearer. His rider ſeiſed either with a ſudden fit of devotion, or a deſire to entertain himſelf, began in a deep baſs voice to roar the matin ſong to the virgin.

Pleaſed with a ſubject which was in uniſon with her own heart, Eleanor nicely touched her harp in accompaniment; the man who had a better ear than voice, ſurpriſed and charmed, ſtopped; and after

after the hymn was ended, entered into converſation.

After having replied to his queſtions in what manner ſhe thought proper, ſhe ſoon learned that he was an itinerant eccleſiaſtic; a travelling vender of pardons and indulgencies from the pope. He took care to inform her that he was but lately returned from a pilgrimage to Rome; and as a token of it, ſhewed her a miniature picture of Chriſt, which was ſewn into his cap, and which he aſſured her, was an exact copy of one which was miraculouſly imprinted on a handkerchief, and preſerved in St. Peter's church. He alſo informed her, that the bag he carried ſo carefully before him, contained pardons and indulgences, which he had himſelf imported freſh and new from the pope's own hands; as alſo a great number of moſt valuable and ſacred reliques. He ſaid he was going to a large town a few miles off, where he meant to preach

the next day, which was Sunday, and that if ſhe was going the ſame way, he ſhould be glad of her company.

Eleanor not knowing how otherwiſe to diſpoſe of herſelf, and unacquainted with the country, accepted his offer; he rode ſlowly on, and ſhe walked by the horſe's ſide, while they beguiled in cheerful converſation the tedious way.

Eleanor by this intercourſe of ſentiment, diſcovered him to be a man of ſtrong underſtanding, who had ſeen much of the world, was well verſed in its cuſtoms, perfectly acquainted with mankind, with an open and keen eye to their foibles and prejudices; of which upon a farther knowledge of him ſhe perceived, he could with conſummate art avail himſelf for his own emolument.

As the day advanced, our adventurers found they ſtood in need of ſome refreſhment:

ment: a large farm-houſe was in ſight, to which they bent their courſe; father Simon aſſuring our heroine of a welcome under his auſpices.

The itinerant alighted from his horſe, tied it to a poſt, took his bag in his hand, and walked into the houſe, followed by Eleanor, who touched her harp as ſhe entered the door; they found the family ſitting round a large table, plentifully ſpread with homely viands, but good of their kind, and cleanly in their appearance.

After a little flouriſh with the harp, by which the minſtrel announced herſelf, father Simon in a long harangue made known *his* profeſſion, and exhorted them with much energy to take this happy opportunity of purging their ſouls from all the guilt they had ever contracted; or if they could afford to purchaſe ſuch indul-

gences, all they ſhould contract for ſeveral years to come.

The effect of this ſpeech was very great upon its hearers: the morſel half-lifted to the mouth, ſtopt in its courſe, and hovered in mid-air; whilſt the mouth which was opened to receive it, continued in that poſition, as if to take in the more deſirable food of promiſe which the father offered them, and their eyes, opened to the utmoſt extent of their lids, gazed with ſtaring wonder.

At length they were deſired to ſit down and partake the meal; and after it was finiſhed, whilſt Eleanor entertained the children with her harp, father Simon found an excellent market for his pardons: all were deſirous of waſhing their conſciences free from offence, and the ſervants as well as their principals crowded round him, exchanging for his precious merchandize all the money they poſſeſ-

ſed;

ſed: the women alſo giving beſides their finall caſh, the few valuables they had, ſuch as broches, thumb-rings, &c. and and he ſold a relique to the farmer which was to preſerve his ſheep from the rot, for a weighty conſideration.

He placed with ſolemnity all their names in his tablets, which he aſſured them was a ſacred regiſter, and would infallibly be copied into the book of life: thus laden with the ſpoils of the credulous family, he took his leave, as alſo did Eleanor.

But no ſooner were they out of ſight, than father Simon took his tablets from his boſom, and with a triumphant laugh at his own ingenuity, rubbed out every one of their names. Having ſwallowed ſeveral horns of the farmer's ale, which baniſhed all reſerve, he converſed with the moſt unreſtrained freedom; and Eleanor, who was diſguſted at his hypocriſy,

criſy, when he was amongſt his penitents, was now greatly ſhocked at his avowed impiety.

The country was thinly inhabited, and the ſun was declining before they reached another houſe, and that was only a poor cottage, where the father of a numerous family lay ſick, and every thing round wore an aſpect of extreme want. The rapacity of the itinerant was here likely to remain unſatisfied, but yet as the moſt abject generally hold *ſomething* they deem precious in reſerve, which the deepeſt diſtreſs can ſcarcely wring from them, he did not deſpair; but ſeating himſelf by the bed-ſide of the poor ſick man, whoſe ſpirits were lowered at once by want and diſeaſe, he preached on the heinous nature of ſin, enumerating its various kinds, and in his catalogue placing even the natural infirmities of human nature: he then expatiated very copiouſly, and painted very vividly, the dreadful

puniſh-

punishments which awaited it in another life. And having thus awakened the remorse of the wretched object before him, and alarmed his fears, he next set before him the blessed effects of those indulgences and absolutions he had to dispose of, in so strong a light, that the poor man was convinced he must be eternally miserable without one.

But what was to be done?—money he had none—goods none that were portable—his children were crying to him for bread, and these precious absolutions were not to be had gratis. "Given without *some* compensation," said father Simon, extolling the compassion and tenderness of his heart;—"given for "nothing," said he, with a deep sigh, "it would avail you nothing; such is "the decree of his holiness the pope; "otherwise, God knows my pity for you, "you should freely have my whole "stock, much as they cost me; for "what

" what are the riches of this tranſitory
" world, what all its moſt ſplendid poſ-
" ſeſſions when compared with the ever-
" laſting happineſs of one precious
" ſoul?"

A melancholy ſilence enſued. " Alas!
" father," ſobbing, ſaid the woman,
" what is to be done to ſave my dear
" huſband?"

" You have a wedding ring on your
" finger."

Her eyes filled with tears, ſhe looked mournfully on the poor ſick man, " It
" was the pledge," ſaid ſhe, with a deep ſigh, " of my huſband's love in his hap-
" pier days."

" And thou giveſt it now," ſaid the father, " as a proof of thy conſtant affec-
" tion in the days of his wretchedneſs."

She

She put her thumb and her finger upon it, and drew it ſlowly and reluctantly from its place.

The poor man eagerly eyed her—he ſunk on his pillow with a deep ſigh; "Alas! my wife," he cried, "what is the "poſſeſſion of any earthly good, when "put in the ſcale againſt eternal happi-"neſs?"

She ſnatched it haſtily off, and was giving it to the father, when Eleanor with her ſpread hand put it back.—"Put "it on," ſhe ſaid, "and take this mo-"ney, which will procure peace to your "huſband, and proviſion for your chil-"dren."

The woman eyed the gift which ſhe held open in her hand, with eager tranſport; ſhe fell at the feet of the minſtrel—but her rapture was too great for words, ſhe even in that moment of joy forgot her

her ring—then recollecting it, ſhe thruſt it on her finger with an expreſſion on her countenance of ſuch unutterable pleaſure, as delighted the benevolent ſoul of her benefactreſs. She gave a piece of money to the father, heard with ecſtacy the abſolution and benediction pronounced on her huſband, kiſſed with unaffected fervour the holy reliques; and then expreſſed ſo much impatience to be gone, to procure ſomething comfortable for her huſband, who much needed it, and ſome food for her half-ſtarved children, that our adventurers, who did not wiſh to detain her, finding ſhe was going to the ſame town where father Simon meant to preach the next day, determined ſhe ſhould ſerve them as a guide thither, and taking a haſty leave of the good man, they all departed.

Eleanor found ſome difficulty in keeping pace with the hurried ſteps of their guide, in the two miles they had to walk.

At length they reached the town, and the woman conducted them to the beſt inn, where Eleanor calling for ſome wine, made her drink a little herſelf, and gave her a bottle for her huſband, together with ſome cordial confections which the hoſteſs procured.

The hoſteſs of this inn was a widow, a jolly roſy dame, whoſe leering eye gave no ſublime ideas of her modeſty. Father Simon ogled her with great freedom, and ſhe was by no means backward in returning the compliment: ſupper was ſerved to our adventurers, and Eleanor being greatly fatigued, ſoon retired to her apartment.

The next morning being Sunday, they all roſe pretty early; father Simon prepared himſelf to preach with ſpirit, by ſome hearty draughts of ſtrong ale, after his cold chine; ſo that if he was not abſolutely

tolutely intoxicated, it muſt be confeſſed he was very near it.

Eleanor followed him to church, accompanied by the hoſteſs, who in her Sunday habiliments made no ordinary appearance. Her gown and her ſtockings were of ſcarlet; her ſhoes ſharply piqued at the toes, and laced high on the ancles; her *chemiſe* as white as milk, was plaited into a black ſilk collar, and faſtened at the breaſt with a broch almoſt as large as a buckler; her broad girdle was of ſtriped ſilk, at which hung a leather purſe, with ſilk taſſels, and ornamented with braſs in the ſhape of pearls; her head-cloaths were large and full, with a black fillet and tapes; and ſhe wore a large hat to preſerve her complexion from the weather.

Behind her walked her tapſter, in his beſt cloaths, and red ſtockings; and deſirous of being particularly well dreſſed, he

he wore his tippet bound about his head inſtead of a cap.

Father Simon aſcended the pulpit without the ceremony of aſking the leave of he pariſh prieſt; but as a juſtification of his intruſion, he immediately diſplayed his bulls, with the ſeal of the pope on them: thus ſhewing his warrant for preaching, that, as he ſaid, no man, either prieſt or lay-man, might diſturb him in Chriſt's holy work.

Prayers being ended, and the offertory ſung, he ſtood forth in the pulpit to give the ſermon.

After a grand flouriſh of bulls and popes, biſhops and cardinals, patriarchs and St. Peter, interlarded with ſome latin ſentences, to make the people ſtare at his learning, he began a warm declamation againſt thoſe two crying and deteſtable ſins, avarice and intemperance;

proving by ſad examples, both from ſacred and prophane hiſtory, their fatal tendency to the ſubverſion of every virtue, to be the inlet of every vice. He ſhewed how by gluttony our firſt parents loſt Paradiſe; by drunkenneſs, how Lot became guilty; and many a dire example he brought to prove, how the love of money corrupted the human heart, rendered it inſenſible to the tears of the widow, the cries of the orphan, ſteeled it againſt all the finer feelings of humanity, and became the parent of violence, rapacity, injuſtice. Theſe vices, he ſaid, heinous in all, were particularly atrocious in thoſe men whoſe ſacred profeſſion it was to ſerve God at his altars; Moſes having ſtrongly pointed out its danger by forbidding the Jewiſh prieſts to drink wine on the day they were to ſerve in the temple.

Having declaimed a long time in this manner, with all the energy and ſpirit his

ale

ale had inſpired, he next diſplayed thoſe precious reliques he had juſt brought from Rome. The firſt was a ſhoulder-bone of one of thoſe goats, which had been the wages of Jacob, when he ſerved Laban after his marriage; which ſhoulder-bone, poſſeſſed the moſt uſeful as well as wonderful virtues; for if it was ſteeped in any well where cattle drank, it would not only cure them of all diſtempers, but would render them moſt abundantly prolific. He had ſand gathered from the bed of the river Jordan, which having been bleſſed by his holineſs the pope, would, if ſcattered over the moſt barren land, cauſe it to bear crops of an hundred fold.

Many other reliques he diſplayed equally miraculous in their effects with theſe; but what he ſeemed to value himſelf moſt upon, and which he recommended with moſt eloquence to his congregation, was part of a black leather

ſhoe,

ſhoe, which had once been the property of Mary Magdalen; of which if a ſmall piece was boiled in broth, and eaten by the moſt jealous man living, he would ceaſe from that moment to have any ſuſpicion of his wife, nor would he feel any uneaſineſs, though her piety ſought by frequent confeſſions to enſure peace to her ſoul, and it *might* ſo happen that her confeſſor was young and handſome.

Having expatiated very diffuſively on theſe miraculous fragments, he exhorted his hearers with great energy to make their offerings abundant; but forbidding at the ſame time all thoſe to approach, whoſe conſciences were burdened with crimes ſo enormous that they dared not confeſs them in ſhrift: above all, he forbade the approach of any unmarried woman, who knew herſelf guilty of impurity; or any married man or woman, who had committed the moſt heinous and crying ſin of adultery.

All

All heard the good man's caution, but never was there a more innocent aſſembly; for the whole congregation, man and woman, approached in their turns, made their offerings, and ſaluted the reliques: nor was the ineſtimable ſhoe of Mary Magdalen forgotten. It ſhould ſeem as if the huſbands of that town were much given to jealouſy, for father Simon ſnipt it out in ſuch abundance, that but a ſmall part remained for him to carry back to his inn. This wonderful ſhoe however had, for the benefit of the world, the aſtoniſhing property of renovating itſelf, of which he took care to inform all who were preſent; ſo that if any woman who had been ſo unfortunate as to miſs this opportunity of ridding her huſband of the moſt unquiet and tormenting of all paſſions, would attend him at his inn, ſhe might there furniſh herſelf with this invaluable ſpecific. At the ſame time he renewed his caution, that none ſhould apply to him for that, or any other re-

lique, whoſe conſcience was burthened with ſecret crimes.

The ſhoe had now an admirable opportunity of diſplaying its ſelf-renovating virtue, for three times did father Simon cut it out in ſmall bits to the inhabitants of ——, and thrice the next morning was the piece found as large as ever.

The wealth of father Simon abundantly increaſed, and with it what he called his *temperate* enjoyments: he indulged himſelf in every luxury the place afforded, and ſo ingratiated himſelf with his hoſteſs, that nothing in her power was wanting which could contribute to his happineſs. But his ſociety by no means ſuited Eleanor; his groſs converſation, and groſſer manners ſhocked her: ſhe wept her cruel deſtiny which had ſubjected her to ſuch diſguſting company, and was half inclined to put an end to this vagrant life, by giving herſelf to Philip.

But

But ſtill, averſion to the father proved an unſurmountable barrier to the happineſs of the ſon; and though ſhe determined to leave this place, ſhe could not reſolve to turn her ſteps to Longueville caſtle.

CHAP. XVI.

ONE morning, whilſt father Simon was ſleeping off the preceding evening's intemperance, and before the hoſteſs made her appearance, Eleanor, who did not think a formal leave of either neceſſary, paid what was due for her entertainment into the hands of the tapſter, and left the inn, with an intention, as ſhe was condemned to this wandering life, to make the tour of the kingdom.

She proceeded ſlowly from the northern parts of England along its weſtern border. Summer was now in its prime; and avoiding the intenſe heats of the midday, ſhe performed her ſhort journeys in the morning and evening; ſometimes repoſing in the humble cottage, alluring the

the kind offices and affections of its inhabitants by her ſweet notes; hearing their complaints, conſoling their ſorrows, counſelling them in their difficulties, and adminiſtering to their neceſſities.

Sometimes ſounding her harp at the moated caſtle of ſome proud baron, ſhe found admittance into the hall, where, placed below the deis at the inferior table, ſhe made the high roof echo with the warlike deeds of Arthur, and his gallant knights; or, called upon by the fair dames for a ſofter lay, tuned her harp to a tender tale of love, or excited their tears by one of woe.

In melting plaintive ſtrains, ſhe would then recite the ſad ſtory of Elgiva's hapleſs fortune, the beloved wife of the youthful Edwy, faultleſs in face, in form, in mind; torn from her royal huſband's circling arms by the harſh, unfeeling, though ſainted Dunſtan; her marriage

by a far-fetched conſanguinity pronounced criminal; her fair form branded with the fouleſt reproach; her beauteous face, ſeared by her inhuman enemies, with burning irons, and ſhe, unprotected and forlorn, baniſhed to the wilds of Ireland.

Yet in that barbarous, uncultured clime, ſhe found hearts which compaſſionated her woes, ſkilful hands that healed her wounds, obliterated the ſeaming ſcars, and reſtored her priſtine beauty. Secretly ſhe returns to England, and haſtens to her longing huſband.—Alas, ſhe is diſcovered! Thrown into the deep damp dungeon, where, to ſatiate the fury of the monks for daring to be beloved of the king without their ſanction, ſhe is tortured, mangled, ham-ſtringed, and in agonies unſpeakable expires.

This wandering life was ſupportable while ſummer and mild autumn held their

their reign, but on the approach of winter, Eleanor found it would be impoſſible to purſue it. Her lodgings in the ſummer ſhe had regarded with indifference; ſhe was content if they afforded her a place of repoſe uninterrupted, though the bed was ſeldom ſuch as ſuited her delicate frame, being generally a ſtraw pallet, ſometimes with coarſe ſheets, but oftener without any, the rough ſtraw running through the canvas, and wounding her ſkin, and a round log of wood was frequently her pillow: a flock bed, and a ſack of chaff for a bolſter were luxuries ſeldom to be met with, but in the houſes of the ſuperior yeomanry. But this lodging, uncomfortable in the warm ſeaſon, became intolerable in the cold, when in the generality of houſes, formed with watling, and plaiſtered with thin clay, the inclement and damp air found entrance through the ill-guarded walls.

Another very offenſive circumſtance which the winter pointed out to her, was

the continual ſmoke in which every family was enveloped, and which, though they deemed it extremely wholeſome, and even medicinal in ſome diſorders, was to her inſupportable; for there being few houſes in any town built with chimneys, unleſs thoſe belonging to the ſuperior orders of barons or prieſts, the fire was made againſt a large log of wood on one ſide of a room; or if the room was large, and the family ſo likewiſe, then there were two or more ſuch fires, where the ſeveral parties warmed themſelves, and dreſſed their repaſt, and the ſooty exhalation was left to evaporate, or find its way out, as it could, at the roof, or door, or windows. Nor did the cleanlineſs of the floor diſgrace the reſt of the building, for a paved or ſtone flooring to theſe houſes was ſeldom ſeen, but the damp and dirty clay was ſometimes upon grand occaſions ſtrewed with aſhes, to hide the complicated naſtineſs which overſpread it.

Yet

Yet notwithſtanding theſe diſagreeable circumſtances and inconveniencies, our poor minſtrel, not knowing how otherwiſe to diſpoſe of herſelf, continued her wandering, deſirous of finding ſome ſafe place of refuge; but unable to do ſo, ſhe had croſſed from the weſtern borders of England into the midland provinces, and coming one ſtormy day in December into a little village in Oxfordſhire, being cold and wet, ſhe preferred a ſmall inn to any of the cottages which appeared miſerably poor. She had dried her cloaths, and ſat down to the ſimple fare the place afforded, when her hoſt, who was exceſſively talkative and buſtling, brought in a paper.

"Here," ſaid he, "maſter, read this, "you, who are a great traveller, may "have ſomewhere met with the lady "this paper deſcribes." Eleanor took it. But what was her conſternation at perceiving it related to herſelf, was mi-

nutely deſcriptive of her perſon, and offered for her diſcovery a very conſiderable ſum! It was fortunate for her that her hoſt was too buſy and attentive to his own converſation to remark her confuſion; ſhe ſoon regained ſome placidity of countenance, and inquired of him what the young lady had done to have a price ſet upon her like a criminal, or a traitor?

"Lack-a-day, maſter," he replied, "I never aſks any queſtions. This is "not a time for poor men to open their "mouths. We dare not even ſpeak an "innocent joke in our own houſes, for "fear ſome ſpy ſhould overhear and "make treaſon of it. Why now 'twas "but t'other day that a couſin of mine, "as honeſt a fellow as ever broke bread, "and dearly loved to be merry, and ſay "things ſo comical that we were all "ready to burſt with laughing at them; "this couſin of mine lived in London,

"at

" at the ſign of the crown; it was his own
" houſe, and he one day, in his droll
" way ſaid, he would make his ſon the
" heir of the crown.—As ſure as you are
" alive, maſter, ſome curſed tale-bearer
" told the king of it, and ſaid my poor
" couſin was making game of his title to
" the crown—and he was directly tucked
" up—hanged, maſter—poor George!—
" No, no, I never talks of what don't
" concern me, nor never will joke again
" ſo long as I live. The king has cured
" us all of joking, I warrant—and yet he
" loves his jeſts and his gibes, and his
" pretty laſſes.—Poor George had not a
" handſome wife or daughter—ſo much
" the worſe for *him*, maſter.—But that is
" no buſineſs of mine, any more than
" that all the citizens are in a fair road to
" Heaven, if ſome ſort of folk go there—
" ha, maſter!—but that is no buſineſs of
" mine. But in regard to this young
" lady, if I could find her out, it might
" turn out a very pretty buſineſs, you

"know, maſter, and the heavy purſe of
"marks would make me a rich man as
"long as I live.—If you could inform
"me any thing about her, we might go
"ſnacks, ha? What ſay you? Did you
"ever ſee ſuch a young lady as this paper
"deſcribes? pale auburn hair? fair
"complexion?—By St. Martin, I believes
"as how, you know ſomething about
"her, for you bluſh confoundedly—
"I am *ſure* you knows ſomething of
"her."

"Indeed, not I," ſaid Eleanor gravely, endeavouring by a frown to repreſs his familiar impertinence; "Tell me what
"is to pay."—"Lawk-a-day, don't be
"angry now," he cried, "why, you
"had better ſtay here all night, it is ten
"miles to L——, where you ſay you are
"going, the road very deep and miry,
"and the path-way through a foreſt,
"where you may chance to loſe yourſelf
"in the dark, and it will be dark in
"another

"another hour—'tis bitter cold, and go
"ing to ſnow—you had better ſtay here
"all night, and tell me what you knows
"of this young lady.—Eh!"

He peered in her face as he ſpoke this, and Eleanor, conſcious it was ſuffuſed with another bluſh, haſtily turned from him, ſaid ſhe had buſineſs of the utmoſt importance which obliged her to be at L—— that night, threw down the money for her dinner, and hurried out of the houſe, glad to get rid of her tormenting hoſt, though ſhe encountered the moſt inclement ſky, and a lodging in the mazes of the foreſt.

The day ſoon cloſed, the moon was in its laſt quarter, and a thick gloomy atmoſphere excluded the glimmering of every ſtar: the path ſhe was in branched out into ſeveral others, and the light was too imperfect to diſcern the marks by which ſhe had been informed that to

L—— was to be known; obliged to chuſe at random, ſhe took the wrong, and in a very ſhort time had completely bewildered herſelf: ſhe turned back again, hoping to regain the path in which ſhe had firſt ſet out, but ſhe was in a ſhort time enveloped in pitchy darkneſs; the wind roſe almoſt to a ſtorm, which ruſhing between the trees in howling blaſts, tearing from them the remains of their withered foliage, waving their broad heads, and bending their tough trunks, terrified her inexpreſſibly; ſcarcely was ſhe able to ſtand againſt it. At length it ſeemed a little to have exhauſted its fury, for which ſhe was bleſſing herſelf, and hurrying forward, though ſhe knew not whither, when a ſhower of ſnow and ſleet drove full in her face, rendered her almoſt breathleſs, and benumbed her weary limbs with cold.

Her ſpirits now ſunk: ſhe turned her back to the pelting of the ſtorm, which ſeemed

ſeemed to blow through all her garments, and univerſally chilled her frame. She ſtood a few minutes hopeleſs, deſponding, and was upon the point of throwing herſelf upon the earth, and reſigning to her fate, when the ſound of a bell ſtruck her ear.

Its ſtrokes vibrated upon her heart, and gave it force to repel the fear which overwhelmed it—it was a convent bell, ſhe thought, ringing for veſpers, and by its ſound, at no great diſtance. With ſharpened ſight, directed by her ear, ſhe endeavoured to pierce the gloom which ſurrounded her, and to her infinite joy eſpied a light glimmering through the leafleſs branches: to that ſhe turned her ſteps, with quickened pulſe, and renovated ſpirits.

Obliged to comply with the windings of the path, the thick underwood forbidding all deviation, ſhe ſometimes had the

the light in view, ſometimes loſt it; agitated alternately by hopes and fears, ſhe preſſed forward; the bell had ceaſed; at length the light ſeemed to be entirely vaniſhed, and again her heart was oppreſſed with apprehenſion. She ſtopt a moment, and looked again round—a violent ruſtling in the buſhes added to her alarm, and a faint ſcream ſucceeded—ſhe ſunk down in affright, concluding ſome unhappy traveller was then murdering—inſtantly a light creature bounded over her, and in the next moment a barking gave her reaſon to imagine that what ſhe had heard was a dog purſuing a hare.

Smiling at her own folly ſhe roſe, and after going a few paces, perceived herſelf out of the foreſt: but though now in the open air, all objects were from the deep darkneſs as imperceptible as before, and ſhe could not diſcern the leaſt ray of that light which ſhe ſo eagerly ſought. She

ſtood ſtill, uncertain which way to direct her ſteps; ignorant what kind of place ſhe was in, the idea of bogs, pits, precipices, darted acroſs her thoughts, and with-held her from walking forwards. Another ſtorm now came up, and the ſleet and ſnow drove thick upon her, which the piercing wind congealed almoſt to ice. Benumbed, fatigued, diſheartened, ſhe threw herſelf in a paſſion of deſpair on the wet earth, when the ſtriking of a great clock almoſt cloſe to her right hand, revived her to life and hope.

She jumpt up, and ran towards the ſound with ſuch velocity, that encountering the wall it beat her down; ſhe, however, ſuſtained no hurt; and now walking more cautiouſly, ſhe groped round the wall till ſhe found the gate, and at laſt diſcovered the bell: in a tranſport of joy ſhe pulled it with ſuch a ſpring as alarmed the whole convent.

Though

Though from the ſhortneſs of the days, and the gloomineſs of the weather, it had been ſome hours dark; it was not yet midnight, and but few of the nuns had retired to their cells. The portreſs, who was alone in her apartment, unlocked her own door, paſſed into the court, and through a little wicket, inquired who diſturbed the peace of the houſe at that unſeemly hour?

Eleanor told a ſhort but pathetic tale, of being loſt in the foreſt, amidſt the darkneſs of the night, and the driving of the ſtorm; and implored, in a tone of irreſiſtible energy, the ſhelter of the roof till morning.

The good-natured portreſs coming out of a well-warmed room, was perfectly ſenſible of the ſeverity of the cold, as well as incommoded by the ſnow; ſhe pitied the perſon who had ſo many hours been expoſed to it, and unlocked the outer-

gate:

gate: but telling Eleanor ſhe dared not admit any one, particularly a *man*, into the ſacred incloſure, without the leave of the prioreſs, ſhe directed her to ſtand for ſhelter under the piazza of the cloiſters, whilſt ſhe went to requeſt her permiſſion. "But be of good cheer," ſaid ſhe to our drooping heroine, "the prior-"eſs will give leave, I doubt not; ſhe "is the moſt tender-hearted lady in the "world, and weeps at the death of a "mouſe—be of good cheer, I ſhall ſoon "return with good news."

Siſter Catharine, however, had over-rated the humanity of the prioreſs, whom ſhe found at ſupper with ſome particular favourites, and who reproved her much for opening the gate to ſuch vagabonds as were found wandering from their houſes at ſuch unſeemly hours.

In vain the portreſs urged the exceſſive cold, which ſhe declared cut her face and

and hands when ſhe opened the gate; the intricacies of the foreſt, the danger of the poor creature's periſhing by the inclemency of the weather; all were urged in vain, and the diſtreſſed Eleanor would have been turned from the inhoſpitable roof, to certain death, had ſhe not fortunately at laſt ſaid, that the poor petitioner was a minſtrel. Siſter Winifred, the deareſt friend of the prioreſs, doated upon muſic; it was ſeldom ſhe could be gratified, and ſhe ſnatched at this occaſion: one word from her was ſufficient, and ſiſter Catharine ran back with the joyful tidings of admittance.

But when, half palſied with the keen air, and dropping with wet, Eleanor entered the portreſs's warm apartment, the ſudden tranſition from cold to heat affected her ſo much, that after a few involuntary ſighs ſhe fainted away.

Siſter Catharine was in a great fright. Some nuns had followed her to the door,

where

where they ſtood wrapt in their veils, peeping at the minſtrel: ſhe called to them, they aſſiſted her to looſen the harp, and lay it aſide; it was next thought neceſſary to unclaſp her collar, to give the fainting perſon air; when the lovely boſom of Eleanor thus expoſed, diſcloſed to the ſurpriſed eyes of the nuns, that the minſtrel was a woman.

Their officiouſneſs upon this diſcovery did not abate, and by their aſſiduities ſhe was ſoon recovered to ſenſibility. But a cold ſhivering ran through her veins; a darting unequal pain, like the flaſhings of a flame, ſhot through her head; her brain was confuſed; and ſhe had ſcarcely underſtanding ſufficient left to implore their pity.

She had it, however, without aſking: theſe good ſiſters commiſerated her forlorn ſtate; they gave her ſome cordial medicines; they freed her from her wet habi-

habiliments, and put her into Catharine's bed; then leaving the good-natured woman to take care of her, they haſtened to the prioreſs to inform her of the incident.

But that humane ſuperior did not ſee things in the ſame light as her ſimple nuns: ſhe reproved them with much warmth for their indiſcreet zeal for one, who, ſhe obſerved, it was evident, from her aſſuming the dreſs of a man, and being wandering abroad at ſuch an improper ſeaſon of the year, and ſuch indecent hours, muſt be one of the moſt abandoned and wicked of her ſex. She expreſſed a horror at having their ſacred walls contaminated by ſuch an inmate: and though, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had in her *extreme* compaſſion given leave for the wretch to ſhelter there for the night; ſhe inſiſted that in the morning, let her pretend ever ſo much illneſs—and ſuch creatures, ſhe remarked, had *conſummate* art—

let

let her put on the *appearance* of ever ſo much diſtreſs, ſhe ſhould be thruſt from the walls of their holy houſe, dedicated to purity and virtue.

This command, reſulting, no doubt, from habitual nicety and decorum, could not however be obeyed; for the unhappy Eleanor, after a very reſtleſs night, in which the good Catharine ſat up with her, was the next morning in the delirium of a high fever; and the prioreſs, much againſt her inclination, and not without ſeverely upbraiding the nuns for their indiſcretion, was conſtrained to let her remain in the convent.

Siſter Catharine, whom misfortune had driven into this retreat, as an aſylum from the ſorrows ſhe had experienced in the world, and who poſſeſt the tendereſt and beſt of human hearts, nurſed Eleanor, aſſiſted by another nun as compaſſionate as herſelf, with the ſolicitude of friend-

friendſhip, for a fortnight, in which the fever continued with great violence. Nor was ſhe without medical aſſiſtance, for the confeſſor of the convent acted as phyſician; and his medicines, conſiſting of ſuch ſimples as their own garden afforded, were faithfully prepared and adminiſtered by apothecary Catharine.

The fever at length left our heroine, whether driven away by the ſkill of the doctor, or the youth and natural excellent conſtitution of the patient, remained problematical: but its ravages had reduced her to ſuch a ſtate of extreme debility, that it was the general opinion ſhe could not live; and father Martin reſuming his own function, thought it neceſſary ſhe ſhould be confeſſed, and receive the laſt ſacrament.

With her confeſſion of the few ſins with which her imagination, rather than her conſcience, was oppreſſed, and among which

which her partiality to her father's murderer ſtood the moſt eminently conſpicuous, for ſhe felt that even in death ſhe loved his memory, and cheriſhed his idea. Eleanor gave, both to the confeſſor and the nuns, an epitome of the hiſtory of her life. Then taking the holy ſacrament with the trueſt devotion, in all its affecting forms, ſhe, like a wearied traveller, arrived in proſpect of his place of reſt, ſunk down upon her pillow with a placid ſmile, in tranquil expectation of that moment, which, diſencumbering her ſoul from its mortal companion, ſhould enable it to wing its way to the regions of eternal joy.

The perfect ſerenity of her mind communicated its kindly influence to her frame; ſhe fell inſenſibly into a quiet and undiſturbed ſleep, in which ſhe continued ſome hours; and awoke in a ſtate of convaleſcence.

CHAP. XVII.

THE recovery of Eleanor was now as rapid as had been the progreſs of her illneſs: in a ſhort time after ſhe had been thought dying, ſhe was able to totter, with the aſſiſtance of the benevolent Catharine, to the apartment of the prioreſs, to make her grateful acknowledgements for her hoſpitality.

Acquainted now with her quality, the heart of that lady was much ſoftened towards her. She was received, however, with great dignity and much cold form: the ardent effuſions of Eleanor's gratitude for the tender care which had been taken of her, the merit of which certainly reſted in the compaſſionate portreſs, ſeemed to be regarded by this ſtately ſuperior, as the

ſhe payment of a debt due alone to her *own* ſuperlative merit; and ſhe intimated very explicitly to her poor feeble viſitant, that as ſoon as ſhe found herſelf capable of travelling, ſhe ſhould leave the convent.

Eleanor threw herſelf at the feet of this prim and ſtately piece of cold formality, entreating in the moſt pathetic and energetic terms, that ſhe might be permitted to ſpend the remainder of her days in this holy retreat.

"And who," ſaid the prioreſs, "is to "pay your penſion?"

Eleanor then explained to her, that could ſhe be ſecured from the machinations of St. Julian, ſhe could then effectually claim her fortune, which, as the ſole heireſs of her father, was very large; and ſhe gave her honour to ſettle the greater part of it on that houſe.

The tender-hearted prioreſs pauſed on this propoſal: her crimpt lips relaxed to ſomething like a ſmile. She raiſed Eleanor from the floor, where ſhe had been all this time ſuffered to kneel; ſhe even called her a dear unfortunate child; but added, that it was neceſſary to conſider on what had been ſaid, before ſhe could give a deciſive anſwer; and ſhe diſmiſſed our heroine with ſome expreſſions of unwonted kindneſs.

To Eleanor, diſguſted with the turbulent ſcenes ſhe had witneſſed, wearied with a deſultory wandering life, the calm, the quiet, the harmony of this peaceful retirement had peculiar charms, and ſhe ardently wiſhed here to repoſe herſelf for the remainder of her days, thinking the Almighty had providentially pointed out to her this haven of reſt from the ſtorms of her adverſe fortune. She haſtened therefore to her friend Catharine, as faſt as her feeble limbs would carry

carry her, to acquaint her with the favourable diſpoſition of the prioreſs; and that good mother, as ſhe called her, and who really ſeemed to feel for her a maternal affection, rejoiced exceedingly in the hope of ſuch an addition to their ſociety.

A cabinet council of ſome of the choice ſiſters was now held, to which the confeſſor, father Martin, was alſo called; the prioreſs laid before them the propoſals of Eleanor, and requeſted their opinion and advice.

The father ſaid, that no doubt the fortune of the earl de Longueville would be a moſt noble acquiſition, but it behoved the prioreſs to conſider whether it was probable ſhe could ever ſecure it. Theſe ſeemed to be times in which there was a ſuſpenſion of all ancient order; and the eccleſiaſtical, as well as the civil law, was totally diſregarded. It was not likely

the feeble claims of a convent ſhould be attended to, when they were oppoſed by a perſon of ſo much influence as St. Julian, who had proved by what he had already done, what lengths he was capable of going to effect his purpoſes: and it was rather to be imagined, that the king would gladly ſnatch at the opportunity of Eleanor's becoming a nun, to puniſh her as a refractory ward of the crown, by allowing her a ſmall penſion as a mere maintenance only, and reward cheaply to himſelf a zealous partiſan, by giving St. Julian her fortune. If the good prioreſs, from motives of *charity* and *compaſſion* would admit her ——

The good prioreſs purſed up her mouth. She mincingly, and in a ſoft and delicate voice, ſang forth the *extreme* tenderneſs of her own heart; her *exquiſite* feelings for *all* the creatures of God: and with eyes devoutly caſt up to heaven, ſhe proteſted by the bleſſed Virgin, that nothing could afford

afford her ſoul ſuch rapturous pleaſure as adminiſtering ſuccour to the diſtreſt; but here, unhappily, and ſhe fetched a deep ſigh, her pity for *one individual* claſhed with her duty to that *community* which heaven in its great goodneſs had committed to her care; and the narrowneſs of her income, and the low ſtate of her treaſury, forbade her incurring new expences; ſhe could not therefore *dare*, great as her inclinations were, to afford her an aſylum—ſhe *dared* not, it was inconſiſtent with her *duty* to ſacrifice to *one* perſon, the convenience and happineſs of a whole *ſociety*.

The father pleaded for Eleanor, but his pleadings were in vain; for he unhappily marred all his arguments by ſaying that her *extreme beauty* rendered her unſupported ſtate exceedingly dangerous. This was touching a ſtring which jarred with the whole ſiſterhood. The prioreſs, ever upright, craned her head to the utmoſt

extent of her neck; the plaits of her mouth were drawn closer, and with a double portion of formality, she said, that even had the young woman a proper pension, she should be unwilling to take the trouble of such a *beauty*, as it must prove a very arduous undertaking to wean her thoughts from the world, and fit her for the holy vocation.

"Ah!" said sister Agnes, "she "would make a most insufferable com- "panion; we should have her, instead "of repeating her ave marias, recount- "ing her conquests."

"True," said sister Winifred, "and "I think as her uncle is still willing to "restore her fortune, on the condition "she marries his son, it would be doing "her a most essential service to give her "up to him, for from what can her ob- "jections result but caprice?"

"You

"You are perfectly right," ſaid ſiſter Bridget, "and it becomes us to teach "ſuch fooliſh chits their duty—the mo-"ney which accrues may be chari-"tably diſpoſed of in our impoveriſhed "houſe."

"I think," ſaid their ſuperior, with a little twang through her noſe—"I think, "my good girls, ſome angel, watchful of "the *real* benefit of this child, though "like a child ſhe is inſenſible to what *is* "for her real benefit, and would fool-"iſhly ſpurn it from her; yet ſurely her "guardian ſpirit has ſuggeſted this ad-"vice; and it is without doubt my duty "to give up this refractory girl to thoſe "whom the laws of her ſovereign have "appointed her directors.—You, father, "will have the goodneſs to procure me "a meſſenger to count St. Julian; and "alſo write him a letter, to inform him, "that deeply ſenſible of the reſpect due "to the civil laws of my country, I wave

" the holy privilege of ſanctuary, and give " up to him his rebellious niece. You " will likewiſe," added ſhe, with an affected air of indifference, and in a low voice, which was, however, perfectly articulate—" you will juſt *mention* the pro- " claimed reward. I ſhould not," ſaid ſhe, deeply ſighing, " have thought " about it, but for the extreme indigence " of my houſe, and in conſideration of " thoſe precious ſouls which the holy " Virgin has given to my care."

" But we muſt be ſecret, father," ſaid ſiſter Winifred, " or this weak girl, blind " to her own intereſt, may find ſome " method to elude our endeavours for " her benefit. Her plauſible and inſi- " nuating manners have gained her " many friends; ſiſter Catharine is quite " faſcinated; and even *you*, father, are " not without your partiality—*you* are " ſtruck with her extreme beauty."

" *I* par-

" *I* partial!—am *I* ſtruck?—alas, ſhe " is a child—a perfect infant.—Could my " heart, devoted as it is to the charms of " the mother of God, could it ever be ſen- " ſible to mortal beauty, it muſt be to " that of a woman of maturer form, of " more ripened age; one that could " unite the attractions of mind to perſon, " and attach at once my underſtanding " and my affections—but this puny " thing!—a lovely infant merely!— " you do injuſtice, daughter, both to " my ſenſe and my taſte.—I pity, I con- " feſs, her misfortunes; I would wil- " lingly aſſiſt in extricating her out of " them, which I perceive cannot be ſo " effectually done, as in the equally " wiſe and humane plan you have ſug- " geſted—and I will immediately ſet " about it."

He withdrew, and in a few hours wrote and diſpatched a perſon in whom he could confide, to St. Julian, with po-

ſitive orders, if he or his ſon were not at home, to follow them into whatever part of the kingdom they might be in.

So diligent was the meſſenger of father Martin, and ſo eager was St. Julian to benefit by his intelligence, and agreeably ſurpriſe his ſon with Eleanor, on his return, for he was then with the king, that it was but the eve of the fifth day, from that on which the conſpiracy againſt our heroine had been entered into, when a violent knocking at the convent gate alarmed all its inhabitants which were not in the ſecret, and threw a party of nuns into no ſmall conſternation, who were aſſembled in the portreſs's apartment after veſpers, to hear Eleanor ſing and play on the harp.

The nuns ſcudded ſilently to their different cells; the portreſs ran to open the wicket of the outer gate, and inquire what was the matter; and our heroine

was

was under great alarm, though she knew not for what reason, for the prioress had been profuse in her expressions of friendship since she had solicited a vocation in the house, though she had not positively granted her request: alarmed, however, Eleanor followed her friend to the wicket, but what was her consternation, when in answer to the portress's interrogation, she heard the well-known voice of St. Julian, who bid her tell the superior that a gentleman attended her in consequence of father Martin's letter!—The whole plot instantly darted itself into her imagination.

Sister Catharine, entirely unsuspicious of what had been concerted against her friend, did not observe the change in her countenance, but bidding St. Julian wait till she had informed the prioress, and hastily telling Eleanor that a whole company of soldiers were at the gate, she ran to deliver the message.

The

The prioreſs having a great cold, and a rheumatic pain in her right-hand, had gone unuſually early to bed; but on hearing ſiſter Catharine's intelligence, ſtarted up, determining to tranſact this momentous and profitable buſineſs herſelf: but having diſmiſſed to bed the lay ſiſter, whoſe office it was to attend her, ſhe detained the portreſs to aſſiſt her in dreſſing; and this important matter not being eaſily adjuſted, for ſhe was deſirous of looking as *nice* as poſſible, her long preparation for appearance gave our heroine an opportunity of eſcaping from her treachery.

Nothing doubting her being betrayed, the ready and prompt ſpirit of Eleanor, the moment ſhe was left to herſelf, ſuggeſted the means of eluding the machinations of her enemies. Her minſtrel's dreſs was in the room, a moment equipped her in it, and faſtened on her harp. The keys of the church into which the

por-

portreſs's apartment alſo opened, hung on a nail; ſhe ſnatched them thence, unlocked the door, paſſed quietly through the church to the door which opened into the country, which ſhe alſo unlocked, and then locking it again, and throwing the keys at ſome diſtance, ſhe with tranſport perceived herſelf at liberty.

There was no moon, but it was a froſty evening, and the ſtars twinkled with uncommon brilliancy; ſhe ran and walked with ſuch alacrity, that ſhe was entirely inſenſible of the cold, and ſcarcely felt fatigue, though, eager to get as far as poſſible from the convent, ſhe continued her hurrying pace till morning.

As the day ſlowly broke, and the ſun looked dimly through the miſty thick air, her apprehenſions of being deſcried at a diſtance by her purſuers—for ſhe had no doubt of being purſued the moment ſhe was miſſed, directed her hurried ſteps to a caſtle

a caſtle which ſhe ſaw on a riſing ground at ſome little diſtance before her; and which from its appearance, many of the towers and battlements being broken, ſhe imagined, though it was not abſolutely in ruins, was uninhabited.

Of this place ſhe judged very properly: it formed one of the many memorials of the devaſtation of that fatal war, which had devoured the bowels of this unhappy nation, depopulated the country, almoſt annihilated the nobility, and ruined ſuch a multitude of individuals.

It had, before theſe inteſtine diſcords, been in the poſſeſſion of a noble and opulent family; the laſt of whom, ſir Philip du Camp, being warmly engaged in the intereſt of the houſe of Lancaſter, had been beſieged in this caſtle by the York party. It was taken by them, ſir Philip and his two ſons ſlain, the manſion deſpoiled by the ſoldiery of

every

every valuable, and its domain given to the uſe of one of their own partiſans. Another change in public affairs had occaſioned a change alſo in the maſters of this caſtle. Theſe again being diſpoſſeſſed by the preſent predominant party, and its late proprietors ſlain, it lay in its preſent deſolate ſtate, not only neglected but forgotten, none of the favourites of the preſent day appearing either to claim or beg it.

Eleanor lightly paſſed the broken drawbridge over the half-choaked moat into the firſt court, from thence through a breach in the wall into the ſecond, and then into the hall, which was but little impaired by the depredations of its aſſailants; and as its ornaments afforded no gratification to their avarice or rapacity, it ſtill retained all the marks of its priſtine ſolemn grandeur; all the trophies of the gallantry of its original poſſeſſors—broken hel-

helmets, battered ſhields, hacked ſwords, and tattered banners.

The high-raiſed deis marked where once in proud ſtate had ſat the haughty baron and his compeers: and the large Gothic windows reluctantly admitted the light through the gaudy blazonry of his armorial honours. Small time had Eleanor to moralize on the reverſed ſolitary ſcene, far differing from what ſhe ſuppoſed had formerly been exhibited here, or on the frail tenure by which humanity holds all the pomps and pageantry of life, ere her meditations were interrupted by the ſound of horſes' feet.

Not doubting but they were thoſe of her purſuers, ſhe dared not look round, but flew like a frighted bird, out at another door into a large room, and there ſeeing a ſpacious ſtaircaſe, ſhe ran up it, into a long winding gallery, and

per-

perceived that the internal part of the caſtle had ſuffered ſcarcely at all, but that it was the broken walls of the courts, and the demolition of ſome turrets and outer towers, which gave it ſo much the appearance of a ruin, for that the inner apartments were perfectly entire.

Not thinking herſelf ſafe till ſhe was at the utmoſt diſtance from her purſuers, ſhe ran up ſeveral ſtaircaſes, till ſhe reached the upper floor of the caſtle, immediately under its roof, the cieling of which having been injured, diſcovered in many places the leaden covering.

The clatter of horſes ſeemed to increaſe: ſhe adventured to draw near a ſmall window, and in that moment ſaw St. Julian enter, accompanied by a train of ſervants, to whom ſhe heard him give directions for a ſtrict ſearch, as there was no doubt of her being there, her foot-

ſteps

ſteps being ſo exactly traced in the hoar froſt.

Her heart ſunk at hearing this; ſhe knew no place would be left unexplored by him and his aſſiduous followers; ſhe blamed her own precipitation that had hurried her up to the top of the houſe, from whence there was now no retiring, and in which ſhe muſt be caught as in a trap; whereas in the cellars and receſſes of the caſtle, ſhe might poſſibly have found ſome hiding place. She had run through all the upper apartments of this attic ſtory, and the walls of the caſtle impeded her farther progreſs.

She liſtened in an agony of diſtreſs—the ſound of voices, the noiſe of footſteps reverberated through the large empty apartments: ſhe looked round—no method of eſcape preſented itſelf—ſhe dared not return, that was certain dif-

diſcovery, and a thick wall ſtopt her from proceeding—ſhe plainly heard them aſcending the ſtairs—deſpair ſeized her—ſhe looked wildly round—below—above—an aperture in the ceiling, made by the falling of the plaiſter, met her eyes—without a ſecond thought ſhe drew an old table under it, and getting upon it, ſhe crept into the hole with great difficulty, for the harp incumbered her, and that ſhe dared not leave behind, as it would have evinced her being near at hand.

She now found herſelf under the leaded roof of the caſtle, which being disjointed in ſeveral places, gave her ſufficient light for her ſingular peregrination. She walked cautiouſly along the beams and joiſts of this large building, to a conſiderable diſtance from the place where ſhe entered; and hearing very plainly men's ſteps aſcending the upper ſtories, ſhe crouched down behind a large piece of timber in the

the darkeſt part, where ſhe ſat with trembling limbs and palpitating heart, as the noiſe of thoſe who were ſearching for her, drew every moment perceptibly nearer.

She heard them paſs through every room in the attic ſtory, as they no doubt had before done through every other part of the houſe: their hoarſe and ſavage voices echoed to her with double harſhneſs; among which ſhe plainly diſtinguiſhed the authoritative tone of St. Julian.

After a conſiderable time, the voices and ſteps ſeemed dying off to a greater diſtance; yet for a long time, and till the day was declining, ſhe heard them from various quarters, as if, not believing it poſſible but ſhe muſt be there, they had ſearched the caſtle over and over again.

At length, to the infinite ſatisfaction of Eleanor, ſhe heard them depart, wearied with their fruitleſs ſearch, and eager to repair by a haſty purſuit the time loſt here. She ſaw them through the crevices of the roofing paſs the draw-bridge; nor did ſhe quit them with her eye till they were far advanced into the adjacent country, and diſperſed in various directions.

With lightened heart, Eleanor endeavoured to return back from whence ſhe came, but the innumerable timbers, like a pathleſs wood, bewildered her in an inextricable labyrinth, and ſhe walked backwards and forwards without perceiving any place at which ſhe could get down, except where the walls and turrets had been battered, which opened to her in horrid chaſms, or frightful precipices.

Night

Night was coming on, and our poor heroine had no other proſpect but ſpending it in this place. She ſtill walked about, and but the more bewildered herſelf. The room from which ſhe entered, ſhe well knew was next to the caſtle wall, and ſhe had courſed along very carefully round a great part of that wall to no purpoſe.

It began to grow dark, there was no moon, and the ſky from the thickneſs of the air ſeemed ſtarleſs. Still ſhe groped her way along the wall, and at laſt found a conſiderable breach, but feeling the air at the ſame time blow near her, though not immediately from the place, and imagining this was like ſome other openings ſhe had ſeen, ſhe dared not enter it.

Wearied with her long walking, faint with hunger, oppreſſed with grief and diſappointment, Eleanor, hopeleſs, ſet

herſelf down upon a piece of timber which croſſed her path, and eaſed her full heart by a flood of tears; whilſt deep and almoſt convulſive ſighs, at the peculiar cruelty of her deſtiny, heaved her boſom. She wept till the ſource of her tears ſeemed exhauſted; her head grew heavy, ſhe reſted her throbbing temples againſt a beam; ſleep inſenſibly ſtole over her ſenſes, and afforded her for a few hours a happy oblivion of all her ſorrows.

The dazzling rays of the ſun darting through an aperture in the war-worn roof on the bright eyes of Eleanor, awoke her from a pleaſing dream to a painful recollection of the ſingularity of her ſituation. She ſlowly roſe, for her limbs, benumbed with cold, and ſtiffened with fatigue, almoſt refuſed their office; ſhe crawled towards the breach at which ſhe had ſtopt the preceding night, and, to her unſpeakable joy, found it gave en-

trance into a room which had been formed in an upper round tower of the caſtle. Not doubting but from this place ſhe could get down into the lower apartments, ſhe ſqueezed herſelf between the ragged and broken ſtones into it. It was dark, except a glimmering of light through ſome boards, which Eleanor, on examination, found was a ſhutter to a ſmall window; ſhe attempted to open it, and ſucceeded.

She looked round—how great was her aſtoniſhment at perceiving what conſtituted the furniture of this room! large cheſts of maſſy plate—bags of gold coin—cabinets of exquiſite workmanſhip, with jewels of priceleſs value.

Her aſtoniſhment was great, but not the faineſt deſire roſe in her ſoul to appropriate to her own uſe theſe evidently unmaſtered treaſures, though utterly excluded from her legal property, and wan-

wandering in houſeleſs indigence: unmoved by their ſplendour, ſhe ſought only for a paſſage from this room to ſome other, and at laſt diſcovered a door concealed behind ſome coarſe hangings, which, on opening, ſhe found led to a narrow winding ſtaircaſe.

She cloſed again the window of the treaſury, ſhut the door, and deſcended the ſtairs, which, after a very conſiderable deſcent, winding in utter darkneſs, ſhe found ended in a kind of landing-place, and her farther progreſs was ſtopt by a door, but ſo faſtened, that ſhe knew not how it could be opened.

After fruitleſsly trying for a long time, and beginning to deſpair of ever being able to reviſit the lower regions of this manſion, ſhe fortunately preſſed a ſpring as ſhe was feeling round it, and it inſtantly opened. She now found herſelf

behind ſome tapeſtry, which lifting up, ſhe entered a ſmall cloſet.

Elated with being once again as ſhe hoped at liberty, ſhe cloſed carefully the door by which ſhe had come in, that no accidental depredators might rob the legal owners, if there were any ſuch exiſting, of theſe ſo happily concealed riches; and ſhe obſerved that the door was ſo artfully made, that when ſhut, it was ſcarcely poſſible to diſcern it. She then went forward into a large apartment, in which ſtill remained the magnificent canopy of a coſtly bed, which the plunderers of the place had not given themſelves the trouble of taking down, though its curtains and ornaments were torn from it. The large bedſtead alſo remained, and even ſome of the uſual accommodations, and likewiſe ſome chairs, diveſted of their rich velvet coverings.

On

On one of theſe, overcome with fatigue, and long faſting, Eleanor dropt her weary trembling limbs, and conſidered what it was beſt for her to do. Hunger impelled her to leave the caſtle, and ſeek the neceſſary ſuſtenance of nature in ſome neighbouring cottage: yet dread leſt St. Julian, who ſeemed ſo poſitive he had traced her footſteps, had left ſome of his ſervants near to watch, made her fearful of venturing.

However, after ſitting a ſhort time, with timid ſteps ſhe walked down ſtairs, and entered the hall, where, with pleaſure inconceivable to thoſe whoſe affluence has held them in happy ignorance of the keeneſt ſenſation of nature, ſhe perceived that St. Julian had not travelled without proviſions—he had, indeed, whilſt the caſtle was under examination, ſent a ſervant to the neighbouring village for ſome for himſelf and attendants. She

ſaw on the large table the fragments of their repaſt.

The half-picked bones, the gnawn cruſts, were beheld with eager eyes by our half-famiſhed heroine; and the only child and heireſs of one of the moſt opulent barons in England, devoured the leavings of her uncle's menial train with an avidity, a keenneſs of appetite, which a beggar ſeldom knows: a horn, which had been forgotten, half filled with ale, completed the feaſt.

Eleanor found herſelf wonderfully refreſhed by the moſt delicious repaſt ſhe had ever made, and ſeated on the ſtep of the deis, reflected, that as the day was far advanced, it would be prudent to remain one night more where ſhe was, when ſhe hoped that if St. Julian had left any of his ſervants to watch the caſtle, they would ſuppoſe ſhe could not be there,

there, and would, by the next morning, have left their ſtation.

The time dragged heavily on, without one occupation to give wings to the hours; ſhe was afraid to touch her harp, leſt it ſhould betray her to ſome inſidious liſtener; nor dared ſhe, for the ſame reaſon, gratify her curioſity by rambling through the rooms of this ſpacious building: ſhe thought it better to return to the large chamber, for from thence, if ſhe heard any alarming noiſe, ſhe could retire into the cloſet, and ſo up the ſecret ſtaircaſe of the treaſury.

To this room therefore ſhe repaired, and amuſed herſelf as well as ſhe was able, by looking out of the window, which afforded an extenſive proſpect into the adjacent country. But though a large tract of land was in view, the proſpect was far from being a pleaſing one; the leafleſs trees, the uncultured fields, the

ruinous cottages, all ſeemed to partake the deſolation which marked the ſtately fabric ſhe was in. Yet, for want of other employment, there ſhe ſtood, till night gradually veiled the face of nature, and the landſcape at length faded from her eye.

She then threw herſelf on the bed to indulge an inclination to ſleep; the weather, happily for her, was become mild for the ſeaſon, ſo that the coverings which ſhe found, kept her comfortably warm, and ſhe continued in a quiet repoſe till midnight, when ſhe was ſuddenly waked by a noiſe in her apartment.

She lifted up her eyes—thought ſhe ſaw the room blazing with uncommon light, and a figure ſtanding by the ſide of her bed, with all the features of St. Maur.

Terror inconceivable ſeized her ſoul; ſhe ſnatched the bed-covering over her head,

head, whilſt every terrifying idea of ſhrouded ghoſts, and unquiet ſpirits, flitted through her hurried and confuſed imagination.

The wind had riſen to a great height: it entered, in unequal blaſts, through the broken window, and ſhook the arras of the room: the doors clattered, the night-birds ſcreamed, and the door of her apartment was thrown to with a ſound that reverberated through all the caſtle.

Half dead with fright, Eleanor lay ſome time; ſhe then adventured to uncover her head, and peeped out—the light was vaniſhed—no ghoſt to be ſeen—the wind ſtill continued, but the deepeſt darkneſs reigned around.

Her pulſe was too tumultuous, her mind too much agitated to think again of ſleeping; and tired of her hard lodging, ſhe wiſhed to riſe and walk about; yet a

dread of the re-appearance of the ghoſt detained her where ſhe was: ſhe liſtened to every noiſe, ſhe endeavoured to pierce through the darkneſs to ſee if it remained in the room; ſhe ſhut her eyes, and it ſwam before her; ſhe opened them again, the indiſtinct glimmerings of light on the firſt dawn of day, aided the illuſions of her diſturbed imagination; ſhe gazed round on the uncertain objects; ſhe thought ſhe ſaw him, and with a faint ſcream ſhe ſunk panting on her hard couch.

Never was day more welcome to mortal eye. As ſoon as it was fully light, Eleanor roſe, ſlung her harp by its chain, walked with trepidation down the ſtairs, hurried through the hall, and felt her heart lightened at every ſtep ſhe took from the walls of this terrifying and unfortunate place.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

ELEANOR, hurrying from the haunted caſtle, walked through unfrequented paths, till ſhe reached the charming village of Ewelme; where a beautiful church, which ſeemed not many years to have been erected, and a plain but ſpacious manſion, which a tablet in its front declared "dedicated to God, "for the relief of the poor," attracted her attention, and excited her inquiries.

She was informed they had both been built by that unfortunate favourite of Margaret, William de la Pole, the firſt duke of Suffolk; and that his ducheſs, who had aſſiſted in the pious work, reſided at a noble manſion in the village.

The perſon to whom Eleanor had addreſſed herſelf for information, happened to be an old ſervant of the ducheſs, and a man of much intelligence. He was loquacious in the praiſe of his noble miſtreſs, and painted her in the moſt amiable, as well as the moſt reſpectable colours. With the garrulity of age, he entered into as much of her hiſtory as had reached his knowledge; and informed Eleanor, that after the death of the duke, ſhe ſtill retained the favour of the queen, and was ſuppoſed ſo much to influence her councils, that her name was included with that of the duke of Somerſet, and ſeveral other of the miniſtry, in a petition preſented to Henry in the year 1451 from the commons, for their diſmiſſion from court.

That alarmed with this attack, and diſguſted with a public life, the ducheſs had retired to this ſeat, where, occupied in works of piety and benevolence, ſhe had

had continued ever ſince, and had neither intereſted herſelf on either ſide of the preſent political feuds, nor ſuffered her ſon to intermeddle in them, who was perhaps the only nobleman in the kingdom unengaged in thoſe civil broils. But, that this neutrality was ſuppoſed to be contrary to the inclinations of the duke, though he was too dutiful and good a ſon to act counter to the wiſhes of his mother; for being nearly related by the female line to the Beauforts, it was imagined he was warmly attached to the whole houſe of Lancaſter, of which the Beauforts were a branch.

The amiable and generous character given of the ducheſs, determined Eleanor to endeavour to acquire her protection: the old ſervant had at firſt perſuaded her to viſit the family, and ſhe with alacrity accepted the invitation, hoping that ſome fortunate chance might

introduce her to the preſence of the duchеſs.

Her new acquaintance, Francis, conducted her to the houſe, led her into the ſervants' hall, where Eleanor tuned her harp; and with its melody, and that of her voice, ſo enchanted her hearers, that her fame flew with rapid wing from the lower to the higher order of domeſtics; and a favourite woman of the ducheſs's was ſo delighted, that ſhe prevailed upon the ducheſs herſelf to hear this charming minſtrel.

Eleanor was now conducted into the great hall, whither alſo every ſervant of the family followed. The ducheſs appeared in a gallery. Eleanor, aſſuming all the air of the minſtrel, made three lowly reverences, tempered a ſtring or two of her harp with the wreſt, cleared her voice with a gentle hem, and then,

know-

knowing the ducheſs to be the grand-daughter of Chaucer, ſhe ſung, with an affecting melancholy ſweetneſs, the following lines from that father of Engliſh poetry:

SONG.

Within my true and careful heart there is
So mochil woe, and eke ſo little bliſs,
That woe is me that ever I was bore!
For all that thing which I deſire I miſs,
And all that ever I would not, I wis,
That find I ready for me evermore.

The extreme youth, as well as beauty of the minſtrel; the melody of her voice, the plaintive ſweetneſs of the ſtrain, but above all, the lines from her predeceſſor ſo affectingly ſet, intereſted the heart of the ducheſs: ſhe left the gallery, and ſent one of her attendants to ſhew Eleanor into the winter apartment, where ſhe had not been long, ere the noble Alice entered.

This graceful deſcendant of the firſt Engliſh poet was majeſtically formed beyond the middle height: ſhe had never been a regular beauty; but the intelligence ſparkling in her eyes, the united ſpirit and ſweetneſs beaming in her countenance, gave her face more attraction than mere ſymmetry of features, or brilliancy of complexion, and, united to a moſt accompliſhed mind, had acquired and preſerved her the hearts of three noble huſbands.

The dreſs of the ducheſs well befitted her rank, as well as the gravity of widowhood; it was of black velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and ornamented at the wriſts and collar with a valuable fur. A coſtly roſary was twiſted round her left arm, each ave-maria compoſed of a large topaz, each pater-noſter of an oriental pearl, ſtrung upon a chain of gold, pendant to which hung a ſparkling diamond croſs. At her girdle, which was broad

broad and embossed with pearls, hung a black silk purse, with pearl tassels, and ornamented with diamonds in stars.

With much condescending sweetness, she questioned the minstrel; and though her interrogatories were not all answered so fully as she expected, she discovered sufficient to convince her that the object of her attention was amiable and distrest—nothing more was requisite to excite her compassion; and compassion and assistance, in every possible instance, went hand in hand with this truly noble dame.

"I have," said she, "no minstrel be-
"longing to my family; it is not any
"dislike to music, but the liberties in
"which too generally those professors of
"it indulge themselves, the almost uni-
"versal dissoluteness of their lives, which
"has deterred me from taking one.—
"But as you appear unfortunate, and dis-
"trest,

" treſt, if you will accept of an aſylum
" in my houſe, you ſhall have it as long
" as I find you worthy—the duration of
" my favour ſhall depend upon your-
" ſelf."

The effuſion of Eleanor's gratitude was ardent; ſhe fell at the ducheſs's feet, and kiſſed the hem of her robe, whilſt the dazzling joy of her eyes glittered through tears like an April ſun.

With tranſport ſhe entered upon her new office; the ducheſs dined, and Eleanor enlivened the repaſt with her cheerful notes: ſhe was then diſmiſſed to the ſecond table, where ſhe found the ſquires of the houſehold, and the upper domeſtics, none of whom ſeemed to diſdain her ſociety: ſhe made it her ſtudy to render herſelf pleaſing to them all, and happily ſucceeded, for all ſeemed to be glad of her good fortune.

Like

Like a mariner, long the ſport of ſtorms and tempeſts, our heroine rejoiced at having at laſt reached a haven where ſhe could repoſe her wearied ſoul in ſecurity. The nation alſo at this juncture breathed a while from the horrors of inteſtine war. But though open hoſtilities were for the preſent ceaſed, the rancour of party was by no means allayed: the triumphant Yorkiſts inſulted with unrelenting cruelty the proſtrate Lancaſtrians. A word amiſs, an intercepted letter, with a doubtful expreſſion, were ſufficient to condemn the greateſt of that unfortunate party.

What a mixed, what a contradictory character was Edward's! at once ferocious and cruel, yet ſoft and amorous: at one moment haughty, furious, unforgiving: the next affable, gallant, faſcinating: hated by one half of his ſubjects as an unrelenting tyrant, adored by

by the other as the moſt amiable of men.

This inconſiſtency originated in the peculiar circumſtances of the times operating on Edward's predominant paſſions, which were ambition and the love of pleaſure: of which, though the latter found few reſtraints to its full enjoyment, the former ſtill ſmarted under the remembrance of diſappointed, or impeded gratification, and ſtill trembled for the permanence of its attainments. The remembrance of paſt injuſtice, therefore, and the fear of future dangers, irritated and inflamed the mind of Edward, and excited his inveterate hatred againſt every member of the unfortunate Lancaſtrian party, for each member he regarded as his own perſonal enemy. He conſidered each, not in the light of a foe armed againſt the public weal, but as a private enemy arrayed againſt his own peculiar pretenſions as an individual. And his fero-

ferocious mind, early familiariſed to ſcenes of blood, and hardened againſt every humane ſenſation; too cruel even to deſire, too impetuous to attempt by mild and gentle methods to conciliate the minds of his foes, and turn them into friends, breathed only the inhuman wiſh of utter extermination.

Nor did his implacability receive any check from the humanity of his turbulent chiefs, who had from the beginning of the war blended perſonal animoſity with political diſſenſion, and eagerly ſnatched at the opportunity of indulging private malice, by the execution of a public enemy.

Hunted on all ſides by the reſentment and jealouſy of Edward, and the malevolence of his nobles, the unfortunate partiſans of Lancaſter found no ſecurity in their retirements. Some form of law was ſtill deemed requiſite to be obſerved, but

but the ſpirit of equity was fled : ſuſpicion was equivalent to proof, trial to condemnation, and the ſcaffold inceſſantly ſtreamed with the nobleſt blood of England.

Whilſt with the moſt barbarous obduracy, Edward laboured to ſecure the permanent gratification of one paſſion, with the moſt licentious avidity he ſought the indulgence of the other. Where the intereſts of his ambition did not interfere, he appeared in the moſt amiable light. His manly beauty, his inſinuating manners, his eaſineſs of acceſs, his voluptuous courſe of life, rendered him extremely popular, particularly among the younger part of his ſubjects. His perſonal charms, added to the faſcination of high rank, made him the univerſal paſſion of the female ſex. Edward was not diſpoſed to loſe any of theſe advantages; and when reports of the cruelty and libertiniſm of the court reached Ewelme, Eleanor had

had the inexpreſſible mortification to hear that her favourite, lady Elizabeth Lucie, had been ſeduced by the king's inſidious arts, and ſhared his roving heart with half of the citizens' wives in London.

In her preſent fortunate ſituation, Eleanor would have been happy, could ſhe have taſted the Lethean ſtream, and obliterated from her memory its painful images. But the idea of her parents, and their guilty murderer, haunted inceſſantly her retired hours, and embittered all her enjoyments. The appearance at the caſtle was the perpetual ſubject of her thoughts; and ſhe could aſſign no other reaſon for the troubled ghoſt of St. Maur making itſelf viſible to her, than that the means ſhe had taken to inſure his eternal peace had failed of their effect. This imagination wrung her ſoul with agony: ſhe opened her mind to the confeſſor of the ducheſs; he adviſed repeated

peated maſſes, and tranquiliſed her ſpirit by the moſt poſitive aſſurances of their unfailing efficacy.

With a mind now ſomewhat more at eaſe, Eleanor could look around and enjoy thoſe beauties of taſte and magnificence which every where preſented themſelves in the houſe and gardens of the ducheſs of Suffolk. This ſeat was built in the moſt ſuperb gothic ſtyle, with a number of little towers, like a caſtle, with gilded vanes upon each, which glittered in the ſun as they yielded to every breath of wind. It was ſituated in the midſt of a ſpacious park, which was walled round with green ſtone, and filled with lofty and ſpreading trees, under whoſe ſhade were diſcerned large herds of the moſt beautiful ſpecies of deer. Equal to the front of the houſe was a court, with a high wall on each ſide, and a low wall in front; upon the flat ſtone coping of which were placed pots of the choiceſt flowers;

and

and its moderate height admitted the view of a viſta of noble oaks, which formed a grand avenue to the houſe. The court was alſo ornamented with a profuſion of flowers in a parterre, diſpoſed n the moſt ingenious devices.

The entrance into this manſion was by a magnificent portico, with a ſpacious and lofty hall, where the high-raiſed deis evinced the exalted rank of its noble poſſeſſor; upon the upper end of which was a chair of ſtate under a canopy, where the baron ſat on ſolemn occaſions, to receive the homage of his fiefs, or adminiſter juſtice to his villanage. Here alſo he feaſted his compeers; while at tables on the common floor of the hall, the inferior gueſts were entertained. Round the hall ran a gallery from which, on the days of feſtivity, muſic enlivened the feaſt, or animated the dancer; and two large cathedral-like windows ſhed through painted glaſs their mild and

chaſtened light. The rooms were all of the moſt ample dimenſions; ſome of them hung with tapeſtry, others adorned with carved wainſcot, beautifully painted with vermilion and green. Nothing can be conceived more ſuperb than the furniture of the bed-chambers; the ſtate-bed was of a rich black Italian ſattin, ſtriped with gold; and all the linen from the fineſt looms in Rennes. The windows were of painted glaſs, many of them exhibiting in vivid colours the ſtories of holy writ; ſome of them the legends of the ſaints, and others the pleaſing fables of the poets.

In the back front of the houſe was alſo a parterre, on each ſide of which a high and thick hedge of phillyreas excluded from view the two wings of the edifice which formed the offices, and thoſe grounds which were peculiarly appropriated to their convenience. This parterre led into a larger garden, adorned

ed with many little circular ponds formed with marble, and many beautiful ſtatues. This garden was alſo bounded on each ſide with phillyreas, but they were cut into arcades, which gave entrance on one hand into the refreſhing ſhades of a thickly planted grove, and on the other into the ingenious mazes of a labyrinth, the winding paths of which were formed with ſuch artful intricacy, that a perſon unacquainted with their clue might wander for hours within ſight of the central arbour, yet incapable of arriving at it: but as a refreſhment for his wearied ſteps, he would find in many parts of the maze, ſeats, ſhaded and perfumed by the eglantine, and other fragrant climbers.

The order and regularity of the well-governed family of the ducheſs equalled the magnificence of its habitation. At an early hour the matin bell ſummoned each individual into the chapel: the hour of dinner was preciſely eleven,

and that of ſupper ſix. After which the bell for veſpers again claimed their devout exerciſes, and diſmiſſed the family to their various apartments.

Early ſnatched from the buſy world, the duke of Suffolk had dedicated a large portion of his time to ſtudy; but the poliſhed converſation of his mother had preſerved him from contracting either the ruſt of pedantry, or the moroſeneſs and ruſticity which are too apt to grow upon the mind and manners of a perſon occupied in abſtruſe ideas, and in a ſecluſion from ſocial life. He was elegantly learned: in him were perfectly united the ſcholar and the gentleman; and he was as fond of interchanging ſentiments with an intelligent living companion, as of inveſtigating thoſe of a dead author. The converſible talents of Eleanor, as well as her muſical powers, were highly acceptable to him, as well as to the ducheſs; and both diſcovered ſuch a fund of entertainment

tertainment in them, that in a very ſhort time ſhe was ſeldom permitted to be abſent.

Converſation is a feaſt, which, to render reciprocally pleaſing, each individual ſhould contribute his proportionate ſhare. No party of the kind could be better provided than the trio at Ewelme, to give the zeſt of variety to the rich regale.

The duke's ſhare was literary diſcuſſion, and in the courſe of it he brought forward the ſentiments of the moraliſt, the reaſonings of the philoſopher, the harmony of the poet, and the ſportiveneſs of the wit. The ducheſs, educated in courts, perfectly acquainted with all the views and characters of thoſe who had for many years directed all its ſprings, and governed thoſe who governed England, was a volume of information of that great world which had recently ex-

iſted, but was now vaniſhed for ever. And our heroine, well read in polite literature, much beyond the cuſtomary bounds of female education in that age; who had converſed familiarly with the principal characters which *then* filled the ſcene; whoſe penetration was great, whoſe obſervation was minute, whoſe judgement was as nicely diſcriminating, as her wit was brilliant, formed a happy character in the medium of her companions, and was infinitely pleaſing to both.

Among the authors which paſſed in review before our little ſociety, Chaucer was not forgotten, particularly by Eleanor, who was an enthuſiaſtic admirer of his numerous beauties, while ſhe juſtly cenſured thoſe libertine effuſions of his pen, which nothing but the licentiouſneſs and groſſneſs of the age in which he lived, could be adduced to excuſe.

" With

" With what a maſterly hand," ſhe would ſay, " has he drawn the portraits " of his Canterbury pilgrims! Yet why " would he admit into their ſociety ſuch " perſons, whom to make ſpeak *character-* " *iſtically*, muſt offend all decency? We " may admire the extent and pliability " of that genius, which can diſplay a " numerouſly varied ſet of characters in " their own glowing colours; but the " wanton abuſe of ſuch powers changes " our admiration to diſdain. And in his " love pieces, why will he with a heart " evidently alive to all the exquiſite ten- " derneſs, the delicate ſenſibilities of that " paſſion, why will he, by a too frequent " groſsneſs, excite—inſtead of the ardent " plaudit of the feeling mind—the in- " dignant bluſh of injured modeſty? " Yet theſe imperfections, great as they " are, and ſufficient to blaſt the fame of " an inferior poet, are but, in his daz- " zling brightneſs, as ſpots in the ſun; " for how truly admirable is he in the

" greater part of his works! What a " rich invention diſplays its luxuriance " in the Temple of Fame, where philo- " ſophy wears the garb of pleaſantry, " and ſports with fancy! His moral " pieces, when he chuſes to be grave, " are no leſs charming; witneſs that de- " lightful little dream of the Flower and " the Leaf: and his inimitable *balade* " on true gentility ſhould be written " upon the heart of every noble youth in " the kingdom.—I have a peculiar plea- " ſure in reciting it.

A BALADE.

" The firſte ſtock, father of gentleneſs,
" What man deſireth gentyl for to be,
" Muſt follow his trace, and all his wittis dreſs
" Virtue to love, and vices for to flee:
" For unto *virtue* 'longeth dignite
" And not the reverſe, ſafely dare I deem,
" Al weare he mitre, crown, or diadem.

" This

" This firſte ſtock was full of rightwiſneſs,
" True of his word, ſober, piteous, and free,
" Clean of his ghoſt, and loved buſineſs,
" Againſt the vice of ſloth, in honeſty:
" And but his heir love virtue as did he,
" He is not gentyl though he riche ſeem,
" Al weare he mitre, crown, or diadem.

" Vice may well be heir to old Richeſſe;
" But there may no man, as men well may ſee,
" Bequeath his heir his vertuous nobleſſe;
" That is appropried unto no degree,
" But to that firſt father in majeſty,
" That maketh his heir him that can him queme,*
" Al weare he mitre, crown, or diadem."

The noble grand-daughter of Chaucer was not diſpleaſed at this free critique on the venerable bard; for the applauſe ſo liberally given, compenſated for the cenſure incurred by his too conſpicuous blemiſhes, though ſhe was rather ſurpriſed to hear them deemed ſuch by a *man:* and the duke ſmiled in ridicule at the ef-

* That forms him to his own reſemblance.

feminate objection to the ſportiveneſs of the poet's muſe. The ducheſs favoured Eleanor with the peruſal of a manuſcript which had never been publiſhed,* entitled "Chaucer's Dream," and condeſcended to give her an explanation of it.—"It contains," ſaid that lady, "a "poetical and covert hiſtory of the love "and marriage of my grandfather's "friend and patron, John of Gaunt, "as he was called, I mean the duke of "Lancaſter, the father of Henry the "fourth.

"The perpetual wars in which Ed-"ward the third was involved abroad, "left little leiſure for the young nobility "to form permanent engagements in "their own land, or to attend there to "the more ſerious buſineſs of honourable "love, in an age when virtuous ladies, "conſcious of their worth, were not

* It was not publiſhed before the year 1597.

"lightly

" lightly to be won. But though he
" had formed no durable attachment,
" John of Gaunt, like moſt of his mar-
" tial companions, gave unlimited rein
" to eccentric love; and his heart found
" a fair enſlaver wherever the chance of
" war pitched his tent, whilſt every new
" object conſtantly obliterated the faint
" traces of the former. But upon the
" two years' truce which his elder brother,
" Edward the black prince, had con-
" cluded with France, after the glorious
" battle of Poictiers, when the French
" king was brought priſoner to England
" by that youthful hero, and the nation
" breathed a while from foreign and do-
" meſtic contention, holding in hoſtage
" for its peace, two captive monarchs,
" John of France, and David Bruce of
" Scotland; it was then that John of Gaunt
" had leiſure to examine the beauteous
" inhabitants of his native iſland, where
" he was almoſt a ſtranger, and then it
" was he diſcovered among them one

" who, from the firſt interview, fixed " his roving heart, and bound the wan- " derer in adamantine chains. The lady's " name was Blanch, the only daughter " and heireſs of the duke of Lancaſter, " one of Edward's braveſt generals, and " a prince of the blood royal; for he was, " as well as the king, a great grandſon " of Henry the third.

" Reports of the licentiouſneſs and in- " conſtancy of her lover's former con- " duct had been officiouſly made to " Blanch by ſome of his rivals, which " rendered that lady cold and difficult of " acceſs to him, and reduced him to the " neceſſity of having recourſe to every " means of introducing himſelf into her " preſence, and by every intereſt he " could form, impreſſing her with more " favourable ideas of him.

" Two young ladies were the favou- " rite companions of Blanch, the daugh- " ters

" ters of ſir Payne Rouet, a brave knight
" of Hainault, and who were recom-
" mended to her notice by the queen, her-
" ſelf of that country, being daughter to
" the count of Holland and Hainault.
" My grandfather, who was about the
" ſame age as John of Gaunt, was at
" that time in love with the youngeſt of
" thoſe ladies, the fair Philippa; and
" drawn to the ſame houſe by a ſimilar
" attraction, frequently met that prince.
" Equally gay and fond of pleaſure, both
" men of ſuperior underſtandings, and
" literary acquirements, a friendſhip
" commenced between them, rarely
" found among men of ſuch diſſimilar
" ranks in life, and which ended not but
" with their lives. By the intereſt of
" John, Chaucer was made page to the
" king, and the muſe of the bard en-
" deavoured to repay the obligation;
" the firſt fruits of which was the com-
" plaint of the black knight, in which
" he makes his hero lament the coldneſs

" of

" of his lady, which he imputes to the " miſrepreſentations of malevolence and " envy. This pathetic piece he prevail- " ed upon Philippa to give into the " hands of Blanch, and it had its effect " in ſoftening the mind of that lady. But " now, though the affection of the lovers " was found to be reciprocal, obſtacles " aroſe from other quarters, which ap- " peared ſo formidable as to be deemed " unſurmountable.—The lovers in the " poem which I have ſhewn you, appear- " ed to be dead: at length you know " they were revived by a miracle. After " the death of the duke of Lancaſter, " who had been greatly averſe to the " union of his daughter with John, " by the dint of inceſſant ſolicitation and " importunity, the conſent of the king " was at length gained, a diſpenſation " from the pope obtained, the lovers " were united; and marrying the heireſs " of Lancaſter, John ſucceeded to the " honours, as well as fortune of that

" princely

" princely houſe. My grandfather was
" wedded to Philippa ſoon after, as was ſir
" Hugh Swynford, a knight of Lincoln,
" to her elder ſiſter Catharine; but ſir
" Hugh lived but two years after his
" marriage, and lady Swynford, at the
" entreaty of the ducheſs Blanch, re-
" turned to live with her.

" You will readily imagine, that as
" the buſineſs of the poem ends with
" marriage, my explanatory narrative
" ſhould terminate with it; yet I will in-
" dulge your curioſity, and my own gar-
" rulity, by a farther detail of the family
" hiſtory. The moſt beautiful, amiable,
" and accompliſhed of her ſex, Blanch,
" lived but a few years to enjoy that do-
" meſtic felicity ſhe ſo much deſerved;
" and my grandfather, after celebrating in
" one poem, which he has called a dream,
" the loves and union of the duke and
" ducheſs of Lancaſter, undertook the
" melancholy office in another poem,

" which

" which he alſo called a dream, of " ſpeaking in the moſt pathetic and heart-" moving ſtrains the woes of her afflicted " lord, and drawing in vivid, but juſt " colours, her exalted character. The " ducheſs left three children, a ſon and " two daughters; the latter of which, in " her dying hour, ſhe requeſted the duke " might be left to the care and tuition " of Catharine lady Swynford.

" The afflicted huſband, and the " mourning friend of Blanch, mingled " their tears together for her loſs; and " as they were the two deareſt perſons to " her, they felt a mutual pleaſure in be-" wailing her together, and indulging in " all the luxury of unreſtrained woe. " Alas, by what inviſible ligatures are " our paſſions connected! and what eye " can diſcern the line, where the extreme " of virtue ends, and vice begins? This " tender ſympathy of ſorrow, imperceptibly to themſelves, graduated to a ſtill

" more tender ſympathy of affection:
" each unſuſpectingly drank deep the
" poiſon of love, from the tears of the
" other; and a reprehenſible intercourſe
" commenced without any premeditated
" guilt.

" Notwithſtanding this lapſe from vir-
" tue in my great aunt—and ſorry I am
" to confeſs that what was begun in in-
" advertence, was continued in the cooler
" hours of reflection—her intellectual
" perfections, and thoſe poliſhed graces
" which diſtinguiſhed her deportment,
" preſerved her the public eſteem, and
" rendered her the moſt eligible perſon
" that could be found to form the mind
" and manners of ladies deſtined to tread
" in the higheſt walks of life: the fair
" daughters of Blanch were confided to
" her governance: with conſcientious
" care, and unremitting attention, ſhe
" diſcharged her truſt; nor did her ſoli-
" citude for the children of her friend

" abate,

" abate, though ſhe had the unſpeakable
" mortification of ſeeing their ambitious
" father forget, in the fallacious purſuit
" of a crown, the dictates of love, and
" the claims of honour, and marry the
" only daughter of the king of Caſtile.

" John was indeed deſervedly diſap-
" pointed in the dowry of his wife; for
" her father, Peter the cruel, had incur-
" red the hatred of his ſubjects, and was
" driven by their juſt reſentment from his
" throne. But the diadem with which he
" was unable to adorn his own brow, the
" duke of Lancaſter found means to place
" on the head of his daughter; he united
" the eldeſt to the king of Caſtile, the
" ſucceſſor of Peter, as he did the
" younger to the king of Portugal: and
" lady Swynford had the felicity of ſee-
" ing her two pupils, whom ſhe had ren-
" dered the moſt accompliſhed women of
" their time, adorned with the enſigns of
" royalty.

" She

" She now withdrew herſelf from all " intercourſe with the duke, retired to " her late huſband's ſeat in Lincolnſhire, " and divided her hours between the ex- " erciſes of the ſtricteſt penitential devo- " tion, and the education of her own " children.

" At length the death of Conſtantia, " the princeſs of Caſtile, leaving John " once more at liberty, he rewarded the " long tried fidelity of Catharine, and her " faithful ſervices to his children, by an " offer of his hand: they were married " when ſhe no longer poſſeſſed youth and " beauty, but the more permanent charms " of the mind remained in unfading ſplen- " dor; and though this marriage gave " great umbrage to the ladies of the " court, particularly of the royal family, " who ill ſupported the idea, that lady " Catharine Swynford ſhould be made " the ſecond perſon of the kingdom, and " take place of them all; yet by the good

" ſenſe

" ſenſe and prudence of her conduct, the
" ſweetneſs and humility of her manners,
" ſhe not only quickly reconciled them to
" her advancement, but entirely conci-
" liated their affections; and ſhe gain-
" ed ſuch an aſcendancy over the mind
" of the king, Richard the ſecond, who
" had ſucceeded his grandfather in the
" throne, that he carried her, as well
" as the duke her huſband, the year after
" their marriage, into France, at which
" time he eſpouſed Iſabel, the French
" king's daughter, then very young, and
" who was placed under the peculiar
" care of the ducheſs of Lancaſter, as the
" moſt proper perſon in the kingdom for
" a truſt of ſuch conſequence.

" Before this voyage, the duke had le-
" gitimated by act of parliament the
" children he had by Catharine, and gave
" them the ſurname of Beaufort, from a
" caſtle ſo called in Anjou, which came
" into his family by the lady Blanch of Ar-
" tois,

" tois, queen of Navarre. There were " four of theſe children, the late dukes of " Somerſet, and Exeter,* the cardinal " of Wincheſter, and the lady of the late " earl of Weſtmorland.

* The body of the duke of Exeter was, not many years ago, dug up from amidſt the ruins of the abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, in perfect preſervation: Some virtuoſi of that town took the opportunity of poſſeſſing themſelves of relics of a man who had figured with eclat on the ſtage of life full three hundred years before; and the editor of this hiſtory has beheld ſome of his graceful locks incircled with diamonds; and a handſome and gentleman-like hand, with long fingers, finely ſhaped nails, which ſhe contemplated with emotion, when ſhe reflected that that hand had lifted a ſword in the battle of Agincourt.

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THE

MINSTREL;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF

DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HOOKHAM AND CARPENTER,
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M.DCC.XCIII.

THE

MINSTREL.

CHAP. XVII.

SEVERAL months thus pleasingly winged their flight. Eleanor was an early riser; for as she thought it her duty to consecrate her days to her noble patrons, she took the early hour of morn for exercise, and her own solitary amusement; sometimes wandering round the environs of the duchess's seat; sometimes walking in her hospital, and conversing with two very intelligent priests who were its governors; and sometimes

rambling into the adjacent villages, ſhe amuſed herſelf with obſerving the occupations, and liſtening to the diſcourſe, of the harmleſs peaſantry.

One fine morning had tempted her to extend her walk beyond its uſual bounds. The air grew hot, ſhe found herſelf thirſty, and went up to a ſolitary cottage, which ſtood on the edge of a common, to requeſt the refreſhment of a little milk.

She tapt at the door, which was opened by a little boy half-naked.—She entered—what a ſcene met her eyes! On ſome ſtraw, heaped up in one corner, lay a man, whoſe pallid countenance bore the united marks of want, ſickneſs, and grief. Beſide him ſat a middle-aged woman, of an agreeable aſpect, with the deepeſt melancholy pictured on her features, and on the floor was ſeated a very beautiful girl about ſixteen, her dreſs ragged and dirty, and her diſhevelled auburn hair flowing in tangled ringlets on her ſhoulders.

ders. She held in her lap two children, endeavouring to hush them to silence, and still their cries for bread.

The nature of this wretched family's distress required no explanation: with her eyes swimming in tears, our compassionate minstrel drew her purse, and gave the boy who had let her in, a piece of money, directing him to go immediately and buy some bread for his brothers. The boy received it with a shout of pleasure, and ran off.

The man's countenance became flushed with a sickly blush, joy gleamed languidly in his eyes; the woman rose, and with a frantic air poured out her thanks, in a language and manner Eleanor thought utterly inconsistent with their appearance: whilst the young woman, without moving, contemplated with a glowing cheek, and an eye of admiration and astonishment, the heavenly countenance of the charming minstrel.

After ſome little enquiry, Eleanor found, that the late civil contentions had added this unhappy family to the many thouſands they had reduced from affluence to indigence: that by a wound ill healed, the poor man was rendered incapable of performing that labour which misfortunes had rendered neceſſary for the acquirement of daily food for himſelf and his children. The efforts of his wife and family had been ineffectual for that purpoſe, and they had been gradually ſinking into all the horrors of famine.

Eleanor wept over them; but this was not all, for her pity was of the moſt active kind; ſhe haſtened to the next village, which was at about half a mile's diſtance, ſhe bought ſome light proviſions, and ſome cordials, and thus, benevolently laden, cheered the diſtreſſed cottagers.

The man ſhe fed herſelf, leſt the fondneſs of his wife ſhould, by a too liberal ſupply,

ſupply, oppreſs inſtead of nouriſhing hi almoſt exhauſted nature. She made the woman partake, who in the ecſtatic pleaſure of beholding the wants of her beloved huſband relieved, almoſt forgot her own. The handſome maiden was not neglected, whom Eleanor, when ſhe returned, found feeding the poor children with the proviſions which their brother had purchaſed: ſhe roſe at the entrance of our heroine, and glanced her eye with a deep bluſh on her own tattered attire. Eleanor, aſtoniſhed at ſo fine a figure as well as face, beheld her with admiration, whilſt the conſcious eye of Yolante glanced perpetually towards her, and dropt, on perceiving herſelf the object of attention.

After having thus literally fulfilled the precept of the goſpel "Feeding the hungry," Eleanor gave the remaining contents of her purſe to the woman, to buy herſelf ſome neceſſaries, and render her ſituation more comfortable. She

then left them, laden with the reiterated benediction of the whole family, and took her way back to Ewelme with a light heart and agile ſteps, with ſpirits exhilarated by the conſciouſneſs of having performed the duties of humanity.

The weather becoming wet, it was ſome mornings ere Eleanor could renew her viſit to the cottage, and when ſhe did, was pleaſingly ſurprized at the agreeable alteration ſhe perceived there. The faces of its inhabitants were illumined with a ſmile of joy at the ſight of their benefactreſs; cheerfulneſs had ſpread itſelf over the languor of the ſick man's countenance; the indolence with which deſpair had overwhelmed them, was done away; the ſqualidneſs of their poverty was removed, their houſe was cleared; their habiliments were ſtill tattered, but even their rags now wore an air of neatneſs, particularly on the lovely Yolante.

Eleanor ſat down, whilſt looks of mutual ſatisfaction paſſed between her and them.

them. She had now leiſure for obſervation: in the converſation and manners of Robert and Philippa, ſhe not only found much good ſenſe, but alſo ſtrong marks of cultivated minds, and ſuperiority of ſtation; and ſhe remarked of their daughter, that though timid to exceſs, ſcarcely ſpeaking, and darting her fine eyes in quick and reſtleſs glances like a frighted deer, yet her baſhfulneſs was totally different from the ruſticity of the common villager. Theſe appearances ſtrongly excited the curioſity of Eleanor; but delicacy forbade her ſeeming to take advantage of their obligations to her, to impel them to a painful retroſpection.

Every morning that the weather permitted, the ſteps of Eleanor were directed to the cottage; and every morning ſhe had the ſatisfaction of obſerving a change for the better in its inhabitants, particularly in Robert, for whom ſhe had procured the aſſiſtance of a man eminent for curing wounds. His lameneſs, which

was occaſioned by unſkilful treatment, was happily removed by more judicious applications, and he was in a ſhort time capable of offering himſelf as a huſbandman to a neighbouring farmer.

One morning our heroine made her uſual viſit, and found Philippa by herſelf, much to her ſatisfaction, as it afforded her an opportunity ſhe had long wiſhed for, of gratifying her curioſity. She ſeated herſelf, and after ſome civil prefacings, ſaid, that, convinced by a thouſand circumſtances, that neither ſhe nor her huſband were born in the humble ſtation they now filled, ſhe found it impoſſible to reſiſt a deſire of being informed (if the recital would not pain her too much) by what misfortunes they had been depreſt to it."

Philippa heard the requeſt with a deep ſigh, " your penetration," ſaid ſhe, " my " heavenly benefactor, is equal to your " goodneſs—we were indeed both born " with expectations far different from

" thoſe

" thoſe our lot of life has realiſed.
" My tale is not long; nor, alas! is it
" uncommon; for how many families
" like us, once in affluence, now, like
" us alſo, labour under the depreſſion
" of extreme poverty!

" My father, a valiant knight of a
" noble family, reſided at a caſtle not
" many miles diſtant from this place.
" He, an only ſon, inherited immenſe
" riches from his father, which he was
" himſelf ſuppoſed greatly to encreaſe.
" Two ſons, and my unfortunate ſelf—
" unfortunate in the hour of my birth,
" for it coſt my mother her life—were
" all his offspring. My childhood paſſed
" in happineſs, my father was indul-
" gent, and my brothers affectionate.
" As my perſon was not deſpicable, and
" my fortune ſuppoſed to be large, I
" was attended by a croud of ſuitors,
" from among whom my heart ſelected
" Robert, in my eyes the moſt amiable,
" though the leaſt affluent; for his fa-

" ther, a younger brother of a noble
" houſe, poſſeſſed more honour than
" riches. From motives of paternal ten-
" derneſs, my dear parent conſented to
" the union, gave me a very conſiderable
" portion, and by the deſire of Robert's
" father, we went to reſide with him.

" For ſome years happily—oh! how
" happily! we exiſted; obliging and
" obliged, mutual affection winged ra-
" pidly thoſe hours of felicity. At
" length the ſpirit of faction lifted its
" hideous form, and ſcared domeſtic as
" well as public joy to other lands. The
" father of my huſband engaged warmly
" as a partiſan of York, my own father
" as ardently on the ſide of Lancaſter?
" my huſband, directed by *his* parent,
" became obnoxious to *mine*.

" Alas! what part in this diſtreſſing
" dilemma was allowed me to take?—
" unhappy thoſe who are involved in
" family diſagreements! whoſe duties
" jar, who are conſtrained by terrible
" neceſſity

" neceſſity to leave the one or the other
" unfulfilled! I reverenced beyond
" words my father, loved my brothers
" with fond affection, yet could I tear my-
" ſelf from the huſband of my heart, the
" parent of my children?—impoſſible!—
" For a long time I ſtruggled to re-
" main neuter, and, in deſpite of the irrita-
" tions of factions, to preſerve the right
" of nature inviolate.—Vain was the
" attempt. When my efforts had brought
" my huſband and father together, the
" time was ſpent in endeavours to con-
" vert each other: incenſed at mutual
" oppoſition, each became enraged at the
" blind obſtinacy, as he deemed it, of his
" opponent, and more tenacious of his
" own opinions. Averſion ſucceeded to
" coldneſs—they ſaw each other no
" more.—
" My heart was torn with anguiſh,
" and I was continually in tears. Ro-
" bert's father was diſpleaſed, and re-
" proved me for my grief ſo harſhly,

" that I was conſtrained to aſſume a
" cheerfulneſs I was incapable of feeling,
" and deny myſelf the poor relief of be-
" moaning my ſorrows.

" Hoſtilities at laſt commenced; our
" lands lay in the roads of the two ar-
" mies, and we found friends or foes
" equally deſtructive; our corn was
" trampled to the earth, our fences
" broken down, our houſes and barns
" burnt, and my father-in-law died
" fighting for the duke of York. His
" eſtates were confiſcated by the queen,
" and we turned as vagabonds into the
" world, little capable, from habitual af-
" fluence, of working for our bread; and
" my huſband rendered utterly helpleſs
" by ſome deſperate wounds he got in
" defence of his father.

" Wretched examples of the direful
" effects of civil war, we wandered, we
" knew not whither; chance directed our
" ſteps to this obſcure hovel, which pro-
" bably belongs to ſome ruined lord,

" for

" for no one has claimed it. Here we
" took up our melancholy abode.
" After long illneſs, occaſioned by
" exceſs of grief, I turned my thoughts
" on my long neglected father.—Bleſſed
" mother of eternal Jeſus! how did I
" ſurvive the intelligence which my en-
" quiries diſcloſed!—My father and my
" two brothers had been beſieged by
" the Yorkiſts in' his own caſtle. So
" cruel had been the general cuſtom on
" both ſides to their priſoners of note,
" that theſe dear friends, though con-
" ſcious that they were unable long to de-
" fend themſelves againſt their aſſailants,
" yet determined to die in action rather
" than be butchered in cold blood, and
" never to capitulate: they therefore
" all three fell defending each other;
" the caſtle was taken by ſtorm, its va-
" luable effects were abandoned to the
" plunder of the ſoldiery, its domains
" confiſcated, and I, the wretched
" heireſs of immenſe wealth, reduced,

" by

" by the alternate ſway of two powerful
" factions, to the moſt extreme penury,
" muſt inevitably have periſhed by hun-
" ger, with my huſband and children,
" had not the hand of Heaven, when
" we were near expiring, directed your
" benevolent ſteps, my generous bene-
" factor, to our aſſiſtance."

After a moment's muſing, Eleanor enquired particularly the ſituation of the caſtle which belonged to Philippa's father; ſhe received ſufficient information to aſſure her it was the ſame in which ſhe paſſed the night, when terrified by the ghoſt of St. Maur; and ſhe regarded her weeping hoſteſs with an eye of ſo much ſatisfaction, that the good woman perceived it—" You look pleaſed," ſhe cried—" my God! can my melancholy
" tale give pleaſure to a heart like yours?"

"I ſincerely commiſerate your ſorrows," replied Eleanor, " and the joy you might
" diſcover in my eyes aroſe from a plan
" which then darted acroſs my mind for
" your

" your eſſential relief—but more of this
" another time, when I have digeſt-
" ed it into ſome order. I muſt now
" haſten home to prepare for a journey
" which I ſhall take to-morrow, and in
" which I muſt entreat your Robert to ac-
" company me—he ſhall return to you at
" night. I muſt requeſt him to be ready
" very early; and give him this money
" to hire a horſe for him to ride upon."
Philippa aſſured her of the ready acquieſ-
cence of her huſband; and they parted.

The harp of Eleanor, all the following day, was reſponſive to her own gene-rous feelings, and ſhe gladdened the houſehold of the noble Alice with her lively and joyous notes. She requeſted the permiſſion of the ducheſs to be ab-ſent on the morrow: it was granted, to-gether with the uſe of a horſe; but ſhe declined the attendance of a groom, or a page, which her patroneſs offered her.

Summer was now in its prime; our heroine ſprang from her bed at the firſt dawn

dawn of day; a groom ſaddled her ſteed, and threw acroſs it, by her own deſire, a large pair of wallets with ſome cold proviſion; and ſhe ſallied forth with all the generous enthuſiaſm of a knight in the days of chivalry, proceeding to right the wrongs, and relieve the wants of mankind.

The grateful cottagers were juſt riſing; the countenance of Yolante beamed with a ſweet ſmile, and her cheek was doubly tinged by the living vermeil, as ſhe glanced her quick and conſcious eye on the minſtrel. Robert was ſoon prepared; they took a tender leave, and were quickly out of ſight of the cottage.

"I have a great mind," ſaid Eleanor, ſtopping her horſe, "I have an uncon-
"querable curioſity, Robert, to view the
"ruins of your father-in-law's caſtle—
"will you conduct me thither?"

The idea of ſeeing it gave Robert no pleaſing ſenſations; his grateful heart, how-

however, could not think of oppoſing the wiſh of his benefactor, and they turned their horſes heads that way.

In two hours riding the caſtle was in ſight; they paſſed the draw-bridge, tied the horſes in the court, and entered, Robert bearing the wallet of proviſions on his arm.

The deſolate ſtate of the well-known hall, once the ſeat of conviviality, affected Robert, and a long-drawn ſigh ſpoke his ſenſations. Eleanor ſaw him endeavouring to diſperſe the tears which were gathering in his eyes, and her heart exulted in the hope of diſpelling them for ever: but ſhe did not dare to diſcloſe her thoughts, leſt ſome other perſon might, like herſelf, have diſcovered the treaſures, and ſhe ſhould overwhelm him with diſappointment, at the moment when ſhe meant to ſecure his happineſs.

Impatient for the *denouement*, ſhe aſcended the ſtairs with perturbation, followed

lowed by her companion. She led into the bed-chamber—Robert heaved another deep ſigh—"this," ſaid he, "was "the apartment of ſir Philip." Eleanor opened the cloſet-door, and aſked him if he was acquainted with that place? He replied, he was not. "Then," ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile, "I believe I know more "of the caſtle than you do."

She lifted up the tapeſtry and unfaſtened the door.—Robert looked ſurprized; but much more ſo when ſhe bade him follow her up the long flight of dark and winding ſtairs. She entered the little chamber, opened the window, and eagerly looked round.—Her heart bounded, her pulſe beat high, her eyes flaſhed with joy, and a rich carmine overſpread her heavenly countenance, when ſhe perceived every thing as ſhe left it.

Exceſs of pleaſure held her ſome moments mute, whilſt Robert beheld the change in her countenance with ſilent wonder: Her eyes glanced their vivid beams

beams from the cheſts to him—ſhe pointed to them—"examine them," ſhe articulated—"THEY ARE YOURS."

He examined them with trembling haſte, and increaſing amazement; and then, with wildneſs in his manner, demanded what all this meant.

"They were without doubt," ſhe replied, "ſir Philip's, and doubtleſs alſo they "are your wife's, as heir to her father."

"My wife's—oh ye hoſt of Heaven!"—an ecſtaſy of unutterable joy ſwelled his heart, and expreſſed itſelf in ſuch frantic actions, that Eleanor was terrified at her own abruptneſs. She had been afraid of a premature diſcovery, leſt accident might have diſappointed him: and now ſhe dreaded, leſt the ſudden flood of pleaſure ſhould overwhelm him. He called her his ſaviour, his preſerver—every tender and grateful name which occurred to his agitated imagination: at length, a flood of tears relieved him.

Finding him ſoon ſomewhat compoſed, Eleanor adviſed the ſpeedy removal of the treaſures, as there was no doubt but the domains of the caſtle would quickly be given to ſome needy favourite.

The wallet, which Robert ſtill held on his arm, was now of uſe. The proviſions were taken out.—Robert could not touch a morſel, and Eleanor, after ſo rich an intellectual feaſt, had little appetite for the groſs food of ſenſe.—The wallet was filled with bags of money; they faſtened carefully the doors and window, and went down into the hall, as a place of agreeable coolneſs; Robert taking the proviſions down with him, "for," ſaid he, "my benefactor "will be faint, I muſt prevail upon him to "eat." Eleanor thought it would be moſt prudent not to return to the cottage till evening, and they ſpent the remainder of their time in looking over the building; Robert pointing out ſcenes of former happineſs.

They

They reached the cottage an hour after ſun-ſet; the children and Yolante were gone to their repoſe, and Philippa ſat alone, impatient and uneaſy at her huſband's long abſence. She heard the trampling of horſes, and flew to welcome them, expreſſing her fears leſt ſome accident had befallen them.

Eleanor replied kindly to her greetings; but Robert was too much agitated to utter a word. The horſes were tied to a little out-houſe; Robert took up the bag, heavy as it was, upon one arm, his wife held by the other; but unable to conquer his perturbations, his wife perceived them. —"Good heavens!" ſhe cried, "how you "tremble! Robert, my dear Robert, "you are very ill—Oh, ſir! my huſ-"band!"—

"Do not alarm yourſelf, my good Phi-"lippa," ſaid Eleanor, "your huſband is in "perfect health—ſome unexpected good "fortune agitates his ſpirits—he would "impart to you the pleaſing intelligence,

"but

" but his nerves have not yet conquered
" the ſurprize."

" Unexpected good fortune!—Pleaſing
" intelligence!"—ſhe exclaimed, her eyes brightening, and her colour heightened; a moment's reflexion clouded the ſunſhine, a heavy and deſponding ſigh declared her ſcepticiſm. " Fortune," ſhe cried, " can have few good things in
" ſtore for me——In my father's grave
" is buried all my expectations of her
" gifts."——

They had by this time entered the cottage. Robert let the wallet drop its heavy and cumberous weight on the floor, and ſunk into a chair. He caſt his eyes, gleaming with his ſtruggling paſſions, on his wife, who eagerly watched their ambiguous expreſſion, and impatiently waited for that explanation from his lips, which his throbbing heart, impeding his utterance, denied her. His eyes ſunk under her inquiſitive glances, they darted with beams of gratitude

titude on Eleanor: he ſtarted from his ſeat, ſeized the hands of his affrighted wife, hurried her to the minſtrel, ſunk on his knees, and drew Philippa into the ſame poſture.

"Oh! bleſs," cried he ſobbing, "bleſs "with me this angel of benevolence, in "mercy ſent from Heaven firſt to ſnatch "us from death, and then to conduct us to "riches.—Oh! Philippa, my deareſt wife! "bleſs our benefactor, and adore that "gracious God who ſent him to us."—

"Riſe, Robert," cried the agitated Eleanor, endeavouring to raiſe them from the ground, "your grateful tranſ-"ports alarm and affrighten your Phi-"lippa—riſe, explain the occaſion, and "let her partake your joy.—I cannot bear "this poſture—it becomes not creatures "to creatures—to me no praiſe is due, "I am but the inſtrument of Providence "to reſtore to you your own: and large "is my reward in beholding the hap-"pineſs it gives.—You diſtreſs me—riſe."

They

They aroſe; the panting Philippa, in breathleſs expectation of ſome wonderful tale, gazed alternately on them both. In broken accents, and half-formed ſentences, Robert dropt into her greedy ears the ſurpriſing incident.—What pencil can do juſtice to her varying countenance during the intereſting recital, as ſhe, by degrees, from a mangled ſtory, caught the tranſporting event?—or what pen to the rapid, energetic, enthuſiaſtic expreſſions of her gratitude? I muſt veil in ſilence what I am unable to deſcribe.

In the morning Eleanor was again at the cottage as ſhe had promiſed, to aſſiſt at a conſultation on the beſt mode of concealing the treaſure: and after ſome deliberation it was reſolved, to take up the flooring of an inner room, which ſerved as a bed-chamber, and which by ſome unaccountable caprice *had* a floor, to dig a pit ſufficient to hold the cheſts, and replace the floor over them.

This

This work was not procraſtinated: the whole family united their efforts, and the treaſure was all brought home and depoſited in perfect privacy; for the cottage ſtanding by itſelf, as did alſo the caſtle, no one remarked the frequent viſits made from one to the other.

CHAP. XVIII.

ROBERT, by the advice of Eleanor, made no viſible alteration in his manner of living, which could attract the attention of the neighbourhood, or excite an impertinent, perhaps dangerous curioſity. But though he declined the appearance of affluence, it was natural, for the ſake of his wife and family, to wiſh for eaſe and convenience, neither of which it was poſſible to experience in their preſent ruinous dwelling: but he was loth to quit it for a better houſe, having in it, with ſuch ſecurity, depoſited his treaſure.

He enquired to whoſe *barony*, or in a more modern phraſe, to whoſe *manor* it belonged, and would have immediately

applied to its lord for the purchaſe; but he heſitated in fear of a refuſal from a man tenacious of power, and jealous of diminiſhing his domain; and apprehenſive, that on ſuch application, he ſhould either be obliged to quit it, or ſubject himſelf by his ſtay to the condition of villanage, a ſtate the moſt abject and deplorable.

Far, very far diſtant was the condition of the peaſantry of England in thoſe iron times, from the happy freedom of the preſent. *Now*, the poor man ſelecting the place of his reſidence, hires his humble cottage of the rich, and for its annual ſtipend enjoys in it every right of property, but the power of deſtruction. Secure in the ſhelter of its clay walls—his little garriſon—he fears no interruption or annoyance, but reigns the mild lord of the ſmiling family that encircles his cheerful hearth. True, he is obliged to labour for his and their daily ſubſiſtence;

but—at liberty even *here*—he labours in that calling which is moſt agreeable to his inclination, or that he deems moſt ſuitable to his education or abilities; and he boldly claims, nor dares his employer refuſe, the price of his toil.

Then, the kingdom diſtributed into baronies, each lord reigned deſpotic in his diſtrict, and the lower order of peaſants, termed *villains*, were the abject ſlaves of his arbitrary will: in him was the intire property of their perſons, and that of their children, and they were chained to the ſoil, or transferable, like beaſts, at his pleaſure. Diſtributed into ſorry cottages, with a ſmall portion of land aſſigned for their ſubſiſtence, which they were to cultivate in thoſe hours which nature required for reſt to their wearied limbs, they were called to inceſſant toil by their thankleſs tyrant, who claimed their labours in his moſt ſordid and diſguſting menial offices; and inflicted on their

their real, or ſuppoſed diſobedience, any corporal puniſhment his rage or inhumanity ſuggeſted, ſhort of death; for the feeble voice of the law forbade his perpetration of murder, yet was its interpoſition an ineffectual ſecurity to their devoted perſons, for death was often the *ultimate*, though not the *immediate* conſequence of his ſeverity.

As Eleanor, unpractiſed in buſineſs, could give Robert no advice in this nice matter, he conſented that ſhe ſhould conſult one of the ſuperintending prieſts of the hoſpital at Ewelme, with whoſe good ſenſe and general knowledge ſhe had been much charmed in her converſations with him.

" Sir Owen Fitzwalter," ſaid father Gregory, " the lord of the demeſne to " which that cottage belongs, is a young " man, whoſe fortune is ſo much ſhattered, " that he is incapable of repairing the ha- " bitations of his villanage, and many of

" them are in the ſame ruinous condition
" as that you deſcribe; ſo that I have no
" doubt, though his pride will not en-
" dure the appearance of alienating his
" domain, yet, that if your friend will
" conſent to perpetually holding the eſtate
" of him in fief, as *ultimate* proprietor of
" it, this indigent Baron will be induced
" by the offer of money, which he ſo
" much wants, to enfranchiſe it from all
" menial ſervice, and inveſt your friend
" in every real, though not nominal, pri-
" vilege of freedom and property in it.
" For this, I know, is the manner in
" which the poverty of many of our
" great barons, operating on their pride,
" has, in imitation of ſovereign princes
" granting fiefs to their great officers,
" manumitted many families from ſlave-
" ry; their pride tenaciouſly graſping the
" ſhadow of power, whilſt their poverty
" conſtrained them to part from the ſub-
" ſtance; and thus by degrees will free-
" dom ſpread her benign influence over
" the

" the lower orders of our fellow-citizens;
" for the wealth of their oppreſſors is
" every day diſſolving amidſt the enor-
" mous expences of a war, in which both
" ſides ſo eagerly engage, that each no-
" bleman brings into the field an army
" of his own vaſſals, accoutred and main-
" tained at his own ſole charge. The
" indigence conſequent on this conduct
" muſt render the emolument of enfran-
" chiſement deſirable; the oppreſſed
" multitude will gradually be emancipa-
" ted from their iron yoke, the menial
" ſlave will at length enjoy the property
" of his own labour, and the farmer will
" have enſured to him the benefit of
" his agricultural toil. This needy ba-
" ron will, I have no doubt, evince by his
" conduct the truth of what I have aſ-
" ſerted. If you will accompany me to
" his houſe, I ſhall not be afraid, by a
" perſonal application, to make the ex-
" periment, and negotiate the buſineſs
" for your friend."

This offer was too desirable not to be readily accepted; and one morning at sun-rise, our heroine and father Gregory, with each a staff in hand, set out on foot for the seat of sir Owen Fitzwalter. The rural scenes through which they passed, occupied their first attentions. The humid beauties of the dewy morning, the matin song of the feathered choir, the richness of the varying prospects, were copiously expatiated upon by them both; and each was delighted to find in the other's mind, sentiments so congenial to its own. Their mutual liking became insensibly animated. "Your mind, my "young friend," said Gregory, "has "more information than could be ac- "quired in the musical college."—— "And you, my reverend father," the minstrel returned, "I can perceive were "not always the resident of a cell."

"I was not," he replied with a deep and heavy sigh. "No, my education "was in the world; I have witnessed "many

" many of its important ſcenes, and
" experienced variety of its changeful
" ones.—I have been the reſident of a
" court, baſking in the ſun-ſhine of royal
" favour; and have been the wretched
" mendicant, ſupplicating from the ri-
" gid hand of avarice my daily ſubſiſ-
" tence."

" Alas!" cried Eleanor, her humid eyes wandering with an expreſſion of mingled curioſity and pity over his face and form, " What a cruel, what a diſtreſſing change! " What an inſtructive leſſon would your " ſtory afford, of the inſtability of all " earthly enjoyments!—Yet think not I " ſeek inquiſitively to pry into what you " may wiſh to conceal—or deſire, that " for any gratification of my curioſity, " you ſhould revive remembrances that " may pain you."

Another heavy ſigh was the only anſwer for ſome moments returned. " The " recital of my misfortunes at laſt," he ſaid, " flowing from a too common

" ſource—the quarrels and the ambition
" of princes—would afford but ſmall
" inſtruction; but as I have been a
" ſpectator of ſome memorable events,
" the public hiſtory, with which perhaps
" you are not acquainted, and with
" which my fate was inſeparably con-
" nected, may yield you ſome amuſe-
" ment, and beguile the tedioufneſs of
" the way.

" My father was a knight, born in
" the reign of our third Edward: by an
" unſhaken attachment to Richard the
" ſecond, the ſucceſſor of that great
" prince, he became odious to the houſe
" of Lancaſter, when the ſon of Gaunt
" tore the ſceptre from the hand of his
" nephew; and it was not long ere he
" felt the effects of unmerited reſent-
" ment. My father had for ſome time
" been enamoured of the only daughter
" of the lord Dartford, and had the
" happineſs of inſpiring her with a
" reciprocal paſſion. Some obſtacles

" which

" which had intervened were removed: " lord Dartford had given his conſent to " the union, when, moſt unfortunately, " two days before the nuptials were to " be celebrated, his lordſhip was taken " ſuddenly ill, and expiring in a few " hours, his daughter, who was not of " age, became, by this event, a ward of " the crown. In vain my father pleaded " the promiſes of the deceaſed baron, in " vain the lady proteſted the moſt ſolemn " engagement; ſolicitation, tears, and " complaints, were alike ineffectual: " Henry preremptorily forbade their ſee- " ing each other, and introduced to his " ward a venal nobleman of his train " as her intended ſpouſe.

" Things were in this ſtate when Ma- " nuel, the Greek emperor, viſited Eng- " land. The Turks having over-run all " the eaſtern provinces, and eſtabliſhed a " permanent monarchy, now threatened " to complete their conqueſt of the orien- " tal empire, and the extinction of Chriſti-

" anity on that ſide the globe, by attacking
" Conſtantinople itſelf, the laſt relick of
" Roman greatneſs, and very ill prepared
" for defence againſt ſo formidable a foe.
" The emperor had, by reiterated em-
" baſſies to the weſtern princes, given
" them notice of his danger, and endea-
" voured, by his remonſtrances, to awaken
" in them an active zeal for the cauſe of
" our moſt holy religion. But finding
" them deaf to the voice of his miniſters,
" he took the reſolution of viſiting the
" kingdoms of Europe, and *perſonally* ſo-
" liciting aid againſt the general enemy.
" Manuel paſſed from France to Eng-
" land, was received by the crafty Henry
" with the ſtate of a monarch, and the
" kindneſs of a friend. The uſurper be-
" wailed, with hypocritical tears, the dan-
" ger of the empire, and of religion;
" and the humble ſtate—the ſtate of a
" ſuppliant to inferior princes—to which
" that danger had ſubjected ſo great, ſo
" good a man, who had taken upon
" him-

" himſelf to be the champion of Chriſti-
" anity, the confeſſor of the faith of
" Chriſt.

" His feaſts for the emperor were fre-
" quent and coſtly; his entertainments
" magnificent; and his aſſurances of aid
" profuſe. He even aſſumed the ſym-
" bol of the cruſade, the Bloody Croſs.
" But if he was really in earneſt, and in-
" tended to appeaſe his gnawing con-
" ſcience by this pious ſervice, he found
" it would be very imprudent to leave
" his kingdom, or withdraw his forces
" from the ſupport of his tottering
" throne: and Manuel prepared for his
" departure from England, with ſome
" valuable gifts, many empty honours,
" but no aſſiſtance in the public cauſe.

" During the emperor's reſidence, my
" father had found means to be introduc-
" ed to him, and offered his ſervices as a
" ſingle knight; the offer was graciouſly
" accepted, and Henry's attention be-
" ing ſomething relaxed in the care of
" enter-

" entertaining his imperial gueſt, he met
" his lovely ward, who had conſented to
" leave the kingdom with him. A faith-
" ful prieſt performed the nuptial cere-
" mony; and having previouſly gather-
" ed what part of the fortunes of both
" it was in their power to take with
" them, they abandoned the reſt to the
" mercy of their relations, and the angry
" king. They ſecreted themſelves till
" the hour of Manuel's departure, were
" then received by that monarch into
" his ſuite, who welcomed them in
" the moſt gracious manner, diſtinguiſh-
" ed them both with peculiar favour;
" and after having for two years ex-
" hibited, in the different courts of Eu-
" rope, the humiliating ſcene of a ſup-
" pliant prince, at length the emperor
" returned to Conſtantinople, his wealth
" indeed ſomewhat increaſed by the vari-
" ous rich preſents he had received, but
" without any ſolid advantages.

" For the care of ſecuring his uſurped

" throne,

" throne, as I have ſaid, occupied all the
" the military powers of the king of
" England. Nor was France in a ſtate
" more capable of affording foreign aid;
" for Charles, its unfortunate monarch,
" though he enjoyed ſome lucid inter-
" vals, was ſubject to dreadful parox-
" iſms of furious or ſtupid inſanity, and
" the reins of government were alter-
" nately ſeized by his brother and uncle,
" the dukes of Orleans and Burgundy;
" who by their ambitious contention, and
" the ſpirit of faction it excited in the
" minds of the people, were preparing
" for that unhappy nation, not only all
" the evils of civil ſtrife, but alſo the
" invaſions of the Engliſh, and all the
" horrors of the long and bloody war in
" which it was ſo many years involved.

" Nor was Manuel more ſucceſsful in
" his application to the princes of Ita-
" ly, whoſe attention he found engaged
" in the great ſchiſm of the church;
" all their faculties being abſorbed in the

" diſputes

" diſputes of the popes of Rome and
" Avignon, who were contending for the
" throne of St. Peter. And, unfortunate-
" ly, by a refinement of policy, endea-
" vouring to conciliate the friendſhip of
" both parties, by taking part with
" neither, and abſtaining from all cor-
" reſpondence with the two rivals, he
" grievouſly offended them both, and
" of conſequence their partiſans. His
" holineſs of Avignon reſented his not
" viſiting that city. And as the empe-
" ror paſſed thro' Rome in the year of
" the jubilee, without deigning to ſolicit
" the ſalutary indulgence which is ex-
" tended at that holy ſeaſon to all who
" properly ſue for it, by which, remiſ-
" ſion of all incurred penance is grant-
" ed, pardon of all ſins paſt, and even
" a plenary indulgence for future of-
" fences to thoſe who offer liberally at
" the ſhrine of St. Peter: as it was more-
" over aſſerted, that he refuſed to wor-
" ſhip an image of Chriſt, the Roman
" pon-

" pontiff, not content with ſilent reſent-
" ment, fulminated his anathemas, and
" commanded all Italy to reject and
" abandon the impious and obſtinate
" ſchiſmatic.

" But when every effort of the em-
" peror's had proved ineffectual, all Eu-
" ropean aid denied, the ſtorm ready to
" burſt over his devoted head, the ſavage
" Bajazet begirting the city, ready to de-
" vour it as a certain prey—in that mo-
" ment of deſpondency, by an interpo-
" ſition unlooked for, by the appearance
" of another ſavage ſtronger than him-
" ſelf, was the Ottoman prince con-
" ſtrained to raiſe the ſiege, turn his
" reluctant ſteps from the half-con-
" quered city, and haſten to protect his
" own dominions from the ravages of
" a potent invader, the victorious Tamer-
" lane, who with his immenſe Tartar
" army, having over-run Ruſſia, Perſia,
" and India, threatened the ſubverſion
" of the Turkiſh monarch.

" Thus, when that zeal for our moſt
" holy

" holy religion was expired, which in
" the various cruſades had led ſo many
" millions againſt the infidels; when
" thoſe ſentiments of humanity were
" ſilent in his behalf, which ought to
" have inſpired the European princes
" with compaſſion, and haſtened them to
" the aſſiſtance of a diſtreſſed monarch,
" and a ſinking empire; Manuel was
" reſcued from the impending deſtruc-
" tion, by the operations of ambition
" and cruelty, and the peace of his reign
" ſecured by their conſequences.

" For the armies of Bajazet were
" overthrown by Tamerlane, he himſelf
" was impriſoned, and afterwards mur-
" dered; his ſons were in captivity, his
" kingdom became the prey of the con-
" queror; and, after the death of the
" Tartar king, when his unwieldy em-
" pire diſſolved in the hands of his ſuc-
" ceſſors, and the ſons of Bajazet claim-
" ed the throne of their father, yet their
" mutual animoſities and contentions

" left

" left them neither leiſure nor abilities
" for foreign conqueſts.
" Many years, in uninterrupted peace
" and proſperity, reigned the equally
" wiſe and good Manuel; my father
" was ever dear to him, and flouriſhed in
" his ſervice. The emperor aſſigned
" him a place of honour and profit;
" and on that dear parent's death, it
" devolved on me his only ſon. I had
" married a Greek lady, was bleſt with
" a ſon and daughter; they were—but
" diſtraction lies that way—let me not
" think of them"—He ſighed, pauſed,
" and then, in a broken accent, reſumed,
" Full of years and good works, the
" aged emperor deſcended to his grave,
" beloved and lamented as the father of
" his people. His two ſons, John who
" ſucceeded him in the purple, and
" Conſtantine who aſcended the imperial
" throne on the demiſe of his brother,
" both ſmiled with like kindneſs on me.
" But alas! my good fortune, hitherto
" unin-

" uninterrupted, drew to its period; for
" the fate of Conſtantinople, ſo long
" procraſtinated, approached; the clouds
" gathered heavily round, the tempeſt
" lowered, deſtined to the final deſtruc-
" tion of the Roman empire.

" The ſuperior addreſs and valour of
" Mahomet, the fifth ſon of Bajazet,
" had, after many bloody conteſts with
" his brethren, extinguiſhed all competi-
" tion for his father's throne, and united
" all the diſparted fragments of the
" Turkiſh monarchy under his own do-
" minion, which, after the death of his
" ſon Amurath, deſcended to his grand-
" ſon, Mahomet the ſecond, intire, free
" from all domeſtic hoſtility, and at
" peace with all its neighbours: leaving
" that prince with ample power, and
" full leiſure to accompliſh his ambitious
" purpoſes—for ſoon thoſe purpoſes diſ-
" played themſelves.

" That young aſpiring monarch, de-
" ſcended from a chriſtian princeſs, yet

" the

" the moſt bigoted of Muſſelmen, of
" great intellectual capacity, brave and
" learned, but of a temper the moſt ſa-
" vage and licentious, with paſſions the
" moſt furious, ungoverned, inexorable,
" ſaw with regret Conſtantinople, once
" the queen of nations, now, by the
" gradual encroachments of her ambiti-
" ous neighbours, diveſted of all do-
" main, ſit widowed on her ſeven hills,
" her empire nearly circumſcribed by
" her walls, yet ſtill maintaining her
" ſtate amidſt the hoſtile world; and he
" determined to bring the whole force
" of his kingdom againſt her, and never
" ceaſe his efforts, till he had over-
" thrown the only part of the oriental
" empire which ſtill held out againſt
" the Ottoman dominion, and the reli-
" gion of his falſe prophet.

" The emperor Conſtantine in ſpirit,
" in underſtanding, in goodneſs of heart
" more dignified than by the purple
" veſtment, ſaw the adverſe prepara-
" tions

" tions of Mahomet through the thin
" veil of his inſidious profeſſions of in-
" tentional peace, and would have timely
" guarded againſt his attempts: but
" alas! the Roman ſpirit was fled
" from his degenerate ſubjects, or eva-
" porated in religious conteſts: ſoftened
" by long peace, and enervated by luxu-
" ry, the nobles were incapable of ex-
" ertion, and by their puſillanimous, but,
" as they termed them, *prudent* coun-
" ſels, over-ruled the dictates of his
" ſuperior wiſdom, conſtrained him to
" yield to a torrent which he could not
" ſtem, and wait with unmanly patience
" the reſult.

" Such was the general infatuation,
" that the Ottoman was ſuffered, with-
" out oppoſition, to erect a fortreſs on
" the narrow paſs of the Boſphorus,
" which, in conjunction with one built
" by his grand-father on the other ſide,
" muſt—and it was impoſſible not to
" foreſee it—inevitably obſtruct the

" com-

" commerce, annihilate the very ſubſiſ-
" tence of the city; intirely exclude her
" friends, and give free and undiſturb-
" ed inlet to her enemies: yet it was
" ſuffered to be done, becauſe Maho-
" met, ſtill wiſhing to preſerve the *ap-*
" *pearance* of peace, condeſcended to
" attempt ſome excuſes for its erection.

" But this fortreſs completed, and the
" maſk of friendſhip no longer requi-
" ſite, it ſoon became evident that the
" ſultan ſought occaſions of diſpute:
" and though he found the patience of
" the imperial court almoſt invincible,
" he at length, by the moſt palpable
" affronts, reduced it to the neceſſity of
" reſentment. His conduct became
" openly hoſtile and deciſive; the au-
" tumn of 1452, cloſed upon Conſtanti-
" nople with the certainty of a ſiege in
" the ſpring; and the heavy, the diſ-
" mal enſuing winter was ſpent in pre-
" parations for it.

" This was the firſt anxious ſeaſon of
" my life, for hitherto my cup of felicity

" had

" had been as pure and unmixed as is
" conſiſtent with human life, and human
" nature. My wife, though years had
" impaired thoſe charms which had firſt
" endeared her to my heart, yet, by the
" long experience they gave of her me-
" rit and virtues, was wound more cloſe-
" ly into its innermoſt folds. My daugh-
" ter, in mind the tranſcript of her
" mother, blooming in perfect beauty,
" and the admiration of all beholders,
" was affianced to a noble youth. My
" ſon, courageous, high-ſpirited, yet
" gentle and courteous, in that ſpring
" of life when the boy emerges into man,
" gave promiſe of being as perfect in
" ſoul as he was faultleſs in form——
" My God!—and where are theſe dear
" ones?"

He claſped his hands in agony—his voice faultered—his limbs trembled, yet he ſtill continued to ſpeak, though in hoarſe and broken accents—" *All—all*
" torn from me—my Adelaide—Oh hor-
" ror! horror!— Yet—bleſt—bleſt that

" friendly

" friendly blow!—the dagger that pier-
" ced thy agonized breaſt, freed thy
" uncontaminated ſoul from thy polluted
" body, and left thee no tears to ſhed
" for the crimes of others.—No, my
" child, life to thee muſt have been in-
" ſupportable. —— My ſon too!—my
" helpleſs ſon! yet he *eſcaped* diſhonour,
" though at the expence of life—ſtabbed
" by the unnatural ſultan in the frenzy
" of diſappointed paſſion—my wife ſink-
" ing—expiring amidſt the complicated
" torments.—Oh, my God, how did *I*
" ſurvive that hour?—how exiſt, when
" every fibre of my bleeding heart was
" torn aſunder—every nerve of ſenſibi-
" lity tortured!—I ought not—'twas
" ſhame to live."

He threw himſelf on the ground in an agony of deſpair. The weeping Eleanor ſunk beſide him. She had no words which ſhe thought capable of conſoling ſuch ſorrows. Yet her ſilent ſympathetic tenderneſs was a balm more efficacious

cious to his wounded ſoul, than would have been the moſt ſtudied powers of unfeeling eloquence.

"How ſweet," ſaid he, "is the tear of "ſympathy to the unfortunate! Not al-"ways has it accompanied the recital of "my woes—but let me not too much "pain that gentle heart I meant to "amuſe, and, alas! I have afflicted thee. "—I intended to narrate the particulars "of that memorable ſiege to which I "was an eye-witneſs; but my rapid ima-"gination flew before, and anticipated "all its horrors, all its dreadful, its ex-"cruciating conſequences, which even "at this diſtance of time—for nine te-"dious years are ſince elapſed—neither "reaſon nor religion has enabled me "to look back upon with compoſure—"though well I know tears are unavail-"ing, and complaints are impious.—"Let us walk."

They went forward ſometime in ſilence, interrupted but by ſighs. At length

length the good father once more resumed his tale, though in a broken voice and tremulous accents.

" After having, in the general wreck, " loſt all that gave value to riches, and " charms to the faireſt city, the fineſt " country in the univerſe, poverty and " everlaſting baniſhment were but ſe- " condary, but trivial evils. I eſcaped " into Italy without a ducat in my poc- " ket, or decent raiment on my back, " without reſource, and without a friend, " habituated from infancy to affluence, " and breathing but in the exerciſe of the " ſocial affections. Every tie of coun- " try, of intereſt, of affection annihilated, " I, a ſolitary ſtranger, found myſelf " alone in the world, an atom in the vaſt " maſs of matter, too inſignificant for " notice: and the memory of thoſe eyes " which had once ſparkled at ſeeing " me—of thoſe voices that once in glad " accents hailed my approach, gave ad- " ditional anguiſh to the poignancy of

" neglect, added gall to the bitterneſs
" of poverty.

" Yet my mind ſtrove to throw off
" ſome of that load of ſorrow which
" oppreſſed it, and ſought by ſacred
" affinities, by holy friendſhips, to fill up
" the intolerable vacuum of my heart.
" With ſome difficulty I procured my-
" ſelf to be admitted into a monaſtery
" of Benedictines, received the tonſure,
" and felt a dawn of joy at being once
" more a member of ſociety, and ſalut-
" ed as brother by a community of pious
" chriſtians.—Alas! I diſcovered we
" were brethren but in name. Diſappoint-
" ed in the friendſhip, the fraternal af-
" fection I had fondly pictured in a ſo-
" ciety, where virtue and religion are the
" profeſſed baſis of union, man, ſaid I to
" myſelf, is ſo much the creature of ſenſe,
" that perhaps he needs a *corporeal*
" bias to incline his mind, and give the
" firſt ſpring to the more tardy attrac-
" tion of ſoul to ſoul : ſome accidental

" early

" early connexion is neceſſary to pre-
" pare the mind for the ſeal of friend-
" ſhip; or the partiality for kindred
" blood is requiſite, to give the firſt
" genial warmth to the ſeeds of affec-
" tion. I muſt ſeek in England, where
" my family has no doubt many rela-
" tions, what Italy will not afford me;
" there ſome diſintereſted heart, pre-
" pared by the ties of blood to aſſume
" the ſacred bands of friendſhip, may
" open to receive a deſolate wandering
" kinſman; pity for the unfortunate rela-
" tion may expand into affection for the
" man; and I may have again the un-
" ſpeakable felicity of being beloved by
" *one* perſon upon the earth.

" But in this expectation I was alſo
" diſappointed. It was not difficult, on
" my arrival in England, to diſcover my
" relations; but ſome rich ones, who had
" fattened on the ſpoils of my parents for-
" tunes, and fearing, perhaps, that I ſhould
" inſiſt on a reſtitution, treated me as an

" impoſtor; an idea the poorer ones rea-
" dily availed themſelves of: the cry
" was againſt me, for my own ſimple
" aſſertion was all the proof I could
" bring of my identity; and I ſhould
" have ſunk under the load of calumny,
" had not the ducheſs of Suffolk taken
" compaſſion on me. She found I was
" diſtreſſed, though ſhe probably did not
" believe my ſorrowful tale; and one
" of her ſuperintending prieſts being
" at that juncture dead, ſhe placed me
" in my preſent ſituation—a fortunate
" aſylum from the miſeries of indi-
" gence, the ſhafts of malevolence; and
" here, occupied in the pious offices of
" my ſtation, I endeavour to forget I was
" once happy!—Alas, the effort is not
" always ſucceſsful!—But ſee, from yon-
" der tuft of oaks aſcend the proud tur-
" rets of ſir Owen Fitzwalter!"

Our penſive travellers were, after ſome previous ceremonious delay, calculated to impreſs them with an idea of his dig-

nity,

nity, admitted into the preſence of the knight. Father Gregory informed him of the occaſion of their journey; and being empowered to offer liberally for the manumiſſion of ſo poor a cottage, and ſo ſmall a parcel of ground, was pleaſed to find he had not formed wrong conjectures on the ſucceſs of his embaſſy. Sir Owen's eyes, he perceived, ſparkled with pleaſure at the ſight of the gold, though his tongue held a contrary language, and proudly refuſed the leaſt diminution of his domain.

Overcome at length, as it were, by the *reaſonings* of the father, and his offer of holding the eſtate in fief, ſir Owen, after much diſcuſſion, agreed that Robert, by paying the offered ſum, ſhould enjoy the cottage and land free from all the ſervices of *pure* villanage, which are in their nature indeterminate, and arbitrary as to time and quantity; but was ſtill to remain in *privileged* villanage, whoſe ſervice is

determinate and certain: and which ſervice was at laſt reduced to, once in the year, preſenting to the lord of the barony a pot of honey weighing ſix pounds.

Robert was impowered to build, or make any alteration on the premiſes, without leſſening what was already there; but he was with-held from ſelling or alienating any part of the eſtate without the conſent of the lord, who ſtill retained the dominion and *ultimate* property. But it was in ſuch caſe provided, that if he wiſhed to transfer it to any other perſon, even to his children, that he ſhould firſt ſurrender it back into the hands of the lord, as its legal proprietor, and diſpoſer, who gave the word of a baron of England, and a true knight, that he would then inveſt that perſon with it, whom Robert, his vaſſal, ſhould point out, and who ſhould enjoy the grant of it in the ſame villanage.

The buſineſs thus adjuſted, Robert was

ſent

ſent for to ratify in perſon the agreement made by his agents. The vaſſals of ſir Owen were aſſembled in the great hall upon the occaſion, as witneſſes of the tranſaction. For at that time, as the art of writing was by no means general, the evidence of property was chiefly repoſed in the memory of the neighbourhood, who, in caſe of any diſputes, were by that means enabled to decide the difference.

In their preſence, ſir Owen declared upon what conditions he enfranchiſed the cottage and land from the menial ſervices and ſubjections of pure villanage. Robert was inveſted with much ceremony with the freedom and property of it, under the before-mentioned reſervations. A feaſt, more magnificent than plentiful, concluded the whole. And the next morning our party returned, well ſatisfied, to their reſpective habitations.

CHAP. XIX.

BUT few days had elapſed ſince the preceding tranſaction, when one morning, after receiving ſome letters by a courier, the ducheſs informed her ſon that the counteſs of Richmond wiſhed to make her a viſit: "I ſhould," added ſhe," receive with infinite pleaſure "this amiable relation, did I not dread "the jealous eyes of York, who watches "every movement of her family with "malignant attention."

"You mean ſoon, madam," replied the duke, "to remove for a few months "to Donnington caſtle; receive her "there: it will give me an opportunity of "declining an interview, and by ſo doing "evade every dangerous conſtruction.

"You,

" You," added he, addreſſing himſelf to our heroine, " will be particularly " pleaſed with the caſtle, for it was the " ſeat of my great grandfather Chaucer, " and you will have the ſatisfaction of " ſitting under the ſhade of that favou- " rite oak, where he compoſed many " of his poetical pieces."

Alice approved her ſon's propoſition; and ſoon after leaving the room, Eleanor rallied the duke on the wonderful ſolicitude he expreſſed to ſhun a young and lovely woman, which ſhe underſtood the counteſs to be, and at the great care he took to preſerve his heart from her attractions.

" My great care," replied the duke, ſmiling at her pleaſantry, " is not ſo " much to preſerve my *heart* as my *head* " ſafe in its place, in theſe tickliſh times " when heads are worn ſo looſely. I " am perfectly aſſured of your pru- " dence, and will give you my reaſons for " the coldneſs of my conduct; but that

" you may underſtand it fully, I muſt en-
" ter into a dull genealogical diſcuſſion.
" My mother has informed you of the
" frailty of her great aunt, lady Swyn-
" ford, who, ſeduced by John of Gaunt,
" duke of Lancaſter, had by him three
" ſons and a daughter; which, on his
" marriage with her, he legitimated by
" act of parliament, and called by the
" name of Beaufort.

" The eldeſt of theſe, the *earl* of
" Somerſet, died young, leaving two
" ſons, John and Edmund, and a daugh-
" ter Jane; which Jane was the queen
" of Scotland, whoſe melancholy ſtory I
" have heard you recite. John, created
" *duke* of Somerſet, died young alſo, and
" without heirs male, ſo that his title de-
" volved on his brother Edmund; but he
" left a daughter Margaret, the lady who
" is now to honour my mother with a
" viſit, and who is the undoubted heireſs
" of the elder branch of the Beauforts.

" The

" The Duke of Lancaſter, by his firſt
" wife Blanch, had only one ſon, who, as
" you well know, aſcended the throne
" by the title of Henry the fourth; and
" our preſent Henry is the only ſurvivor
" of that *legitimate* offspring of Lancaſter.
" If then he dies without iſſue, the ho-
" nours of the family may, with much
" juſtice, be claimed by the remaining
" branch of that illuſtrious houſe, the
" Beauforts; who, though originally ſpu-
" rious, have, by the king and parliament,
" been declared legitimate; and can con-
" ſequently, by every known law, inherit.

" This was ſo well underſtood, that
" the preſent Henry, not having any
" child for ſome time after his mar-
" riage, Margaret of Somerſet was by
" many looked upon as heireſs of the
" crown: and the power and ſplendor
" of my father having unhappily in-
" curred univerſal envy and malevo-
" lence, it was made matter of ſolemn
" charge againſt him, that he intend-

" ed

" ed to unite me to her, though then
" ſhe was a child of but nine years old,
" and by the marriage acquire for me
" a title to the crown. He made it in-
" deed plainly appear, that nothing could
" be more falſe and groundleſs than this
" accuſation, for he had at that time
" affianced me to the co-heireſs of the
" late Beauchamp earl of Warwick; but
" now that Margaret is a widow, and I
" remain ſtill a bachelor, were we to
" meet, it would, by the enemies to
" both our houſes, be wreſted into a
" ſuppoſed reſumption of my father's
" original intention; and would probably,
" with a prince ſo jealous and vindictive
" as Edward, endanger the lives of both."

" As Henry has now a ſon to bar this
" lady's claim, would Edward perceive
" any reaſon of fear?"

" Seated on a throne ſo unſteady and
" tottering, every trifle gives him occa-
" ſion of apprehenſion. Did he not hang a

" poor

" poor mechanic for a fooliſh jeſt? And
" does he not every day evince a deter-
" mination of ſnatching at the moſt
" feeble pretences to extirpate every
" adherent of the houſe of Lancaſter?"

" I can no longer blame your cold
" neglect of this lady, my lord; but
" your condeſcenſion in giving the rea-
" ſons for your conduct, has awakened
" in me farther curioſity: will you
" pardon me?—but why, after being
" affianced to the co-heireſs of War-
" wick, do I ſee you ſtill a bachelor?"

" The death of that lady prevented
" the marriage; an event which I will
" confeſs afflicted my father much more
" than myſelf, for ſhe was ſome years
" my ſenior, and by no means to my
" taſte. The houſe of Nevil was not
" inconſolable for it, for her immenſe
" fortune was added to her ſiſter's, who
" was married to a ſon of Saliſbury, and
" enriched him not only with her wealth,

" but

" but alſo with the honours of her fa-
" ther, for he became by his wife earl of
" Warwick. Margaret of Somerſet mar-
" ried, at fifteen, Edmund Tudor, earl
" of Richmond, half-brother to the
" king; for his mother, Catherine of
" France, with a precipitancy unworthy
" the widow of ſo illuſtrous a monarch,
" ſoon after his death wedded ſir Owen
" Tudor, a knight of Wales, by whom
" ſhe had the huſband of Margaret and
" another ſon, the earl of Pembroke."

Soon after this converſation, the duch-eſs removed to Donnington-caſtle in Berkſhire, taking our minſtrel with her, not only as an entertainment to herſelf and her expected gueſt, but alſo in a con-deſcending compliance with the wiſhes of Eleanor, who longed to viſit a ſpot conſecrated by the reſidence of the father of Engliſh poetry.

The caſtle was built in a much more light and airy ſtyle than is generally adopted in that kind of ſtructure; and taſte

taſte and elegance appeared more conſulted by its architect, than ſtrength and defence. Its ſituation was peculiarly charming; for it was placed in the midſt of a park, on a boldly ſwelling hill, which gave the eye an extenſive range over a beautifully varied landſcape of hill and dale, woodland and lawn, interſected by the glittering wave of the Lamborn, a river, whoſe ſingular property it is, to fill its channel to the brim, in the fervid heats of ſummer, and decreaſe in its ſtream, as winter approaches.

With enthuſiaſtic rapture Eleanor traced the footſteps of Chaucer in this ſweet retirement, where, after a long attendance on courts, and experiencing all the viciſſitudes of fortune conſequent on the ſmiles and frowns of the great, he ended in peaceful and philoſophic ſolitude his days: ſhe delighted in the umbrage of that oak which had ſhaded with its foliage the venerable bard; and contemplated

templated with ecſtaſy his picture, which, drawn in the flower of his age, evinced him to have been one of the handſomeſt and moſt graceful men of his time; and which the limner had pourtrayed in ſo maſterly a manner, that in its eyes might be diſcerned that fire of genius which animated his works.

The ducheſs had been but a ſhort time at Donnington-caſtle ere the blooming widow arrived, with her beautiful ſon, the infant earl of Richmond, then about four years old. Alice received her with the cordiality of a kinſwoman, blended with reſpect due to her birth and rank. Our heroine was introduced, and by her lively converſation, added to her profeſſional excellence, had the happineſs of highly pleaſing the counteſs, as well as by her good humor and playful diſpoſition, winning the heart of the little Henry.

A few

A few days after her arrival, the countefs of Richmond took an opportunity of their being alone together, to difclofe to the duchefs the peculiar reafons which had induced her to feek the interview.

" It was not, my dear madam," faid Margaret, " becaufe you were my *kinf-* " *woman*, that I was induced to in- " trude myfelf into your prefence, but " I was ftimulated by a more impor- " tant motive, for it was becaufe you " had ever diftinguifhed yourfelf as my " *friend*, and are enabled by a fupe- " rior underftanding, and judgment " unwarped by the narrow prejudices " of any party, to counfel me wifely, " and direct fafely my feeble unaffured " fteps, in my dangerous walk through " life. I am going to repofe in your " bofom the deareft fecrets of my foul, " in full confidence they are there as " fafe as in my own; and I conjure you " to give me, unreftervedly, your full and " free thoughts concerning them."

The

The ducheſs made a proper anſwer to this ſpeech, and the counteſs proceeded.

" When ſir Owen Tudor was put to " death with ſo many circumſtances " of wanton cruelty by young Edward, " then duke of York, an indiſcreet " friend acquainted my huſband, who " was then in a very languiſhing ſtate " of health, with every inhuman parti- " cular; which ſo ſhocked his feeble " frame, that he ſurvived the dreadful " intelligence but three days, and his " laſt hours were embittered by the " moſt direful apprehenſions for the fate " of me and my child. Alas, my dear " Margaret! he would exclaim, my fa- " ther inhumanly murdered, for no other " crime than his connexions with the " houſe of Lancaſter; what ill have I " not to fear for thee, and for our Hen- " ry, ſo cloſely, ſo nearly allied? for our " child particularly, united by a dou- " ble tie to that unfortunate family?—

" Fly

" Fly with him, my dear Margaret—
" ſave thyſelf and him—fly from this
" inhoſpitable, this barbarous clime—
" ſeek refuge in the court of France:—
" its monarch will ſurely ſhield from ruin
" the helpleſs grandſon of his ſiſter.—

" Thus theſe dreadful preſages of fu-
" ture ills gave new horrors to death,
" additional agonies to the pangs of ſe-
" paration. He expired—deſpair ſeized
" my heart—the world to my affrighted
" imagination became a horrid deſart,
" and I, every hope cruſhed, every
" friend cut off, was, methought, with
" my dear infant, ſurrounded with
" glaring ſerpents, hiſſing to deſtroy us:
" —happily ſucceſſive faintings reſcued
" my ſinking reaſon, and preſerved me
" from inſtant diſtraction.

" After many hours, reviving but to
" faint again, my ſwoonings left me, but
" ſo languid, that my maids laid me,
" more dead than alive, on my bed, and
" my faithful Maud ſat weeping by me.

" A deep

" A deep and death-like ſleep ſtole in-
" ſenſibly over my exhauſted frame; but
" ſtill thoſe dreadful images, which had
" occupied my waking thoughts, pur-
" ſued me, and formed the baſis of a
" very ſingular dream.

" Methought, I was kneeling by the
" bedſide of my dead Richmond, and
" bathing his clay-cold hand with my
" tears, whilſt my little Henry ſtood
" beſide me, and by his infantine ca-
" reſſes endeavoured to aſſuage my
" ſorrows, when ſuddenly the door of
" the apartment was burſt open, two
" men with infernal viſages ruſhed in,
" ſeized my child, and ſaid they were
" deputed by Edward to deſtroy him.
" But, like a lioneſs, I flew on the wretch
" who held him, unclenched his graſp-
" ing hand from the throat of my
" darling, ſnatched the babe to my arms,
" half ſtrangled, its face black, its little
" eyes rolling in agony: I darted, like an
" arrow from the bow of a ſtrong archer,

" down the ſtairs, and out of the houſe.
" I ſtopt not, though I heard the in-
" human inſtruments of tyranny ſhout-
" ing after me, till I reached the co-
" vert of a thick wood, and in its deep-
" eſt receſſes ſaw the mouth of a cave,
" into which, as a place of refuge, I
" eagerly ran, threw myſelf on the
" ground, my ſtrength exhauſted with
" my flight, and indulged in the higheſt
" tranſports of joy, in having reſcued
" my child from death. When, me-
" thought, ſuddenly the dark cave was
" illumined with a ſudden blaze of
" light, and an aged hermit, of a moſt
" venerable and benign aſpect, ſtood
" before me. He regarded me ſome
" moments with an eye of melting com-
" paſſion, whilſt I attempted to implore
" his protection; but, methought, extreme
" ſurprize bound my tongue, and I was
" unable to utter a word: at laſt, in an
" accent of aſtoniſhment, he broke the
" ſolemn ſilence."

" Margaret of Beaufort here!" he

cried, " the deſcendant, and the *mother* " of kings!—the favoured of Heaven, " whoſe happy eye ſhall behold thy ſon's " ſon ſeated in the peaceful throne of " his father!—what ſeekeſt thou in my " lonely cave?"

" I opened my mouth to ſpeak; but " articulation was ſtill denied me, and " I could only point with ſignificant " geſtures to my ſon."

" Art thou anxious, Margaret,' methought he ſaid, " for the fate of that " infant?—ſtill the perturbations of thy " ſoul, and ſee in his perſon an em- " blem of his future fortune: for as in " his azure veins flow in one united " ſtream the diſcordant royal blood of " France and England, *ſo* ſhall he " happily in peace combine all the jar- " ring intereſts of his bleeding coun- " try—For ſee!—behold from afar, the " feeble vine of ſinking York, twining " its virgin tendrils round the ſtem of " Lancaſter, and wreathed with the pale

" and vermeil roſe, aſcending together
" the clouds, crowned to remoteſt poſ-
" terity!—with Woden the race began,
" and ends not but with the world."

" He ceaſed; but his words, which
" my ears had eagerly abſorbed, infuſed,
" like a rich cordial, ſuch cheering, ſuch
" renovating hope into my inmoſt ſoul,
" that I awoke with ſpirits and ſtrength
" invigorated, and a heart diſburthened
" of half its woes.——Fain would I, my
" dear couſin, think the charming viſion
" prophetic, and that it was diſcloſed to
" me by the Father of mercies, in that
" moment of wretchedneſs, to reſcue me
" from deſpair and diſtraction.

" But, alas! there are moments when
" its ſalutary influence is ſuſpended;
" when all my Richmond's death-bed
" preſages riſe with Egyptian gloom
" around me, and envelop me in miſery:
" then, overwhelmed with the moſt hor-
" rid apprehenſions, I judge my dream
" but the caſual effect of a diſturbed

" imagination, ſtart at the idea of being
" led by ſuperſtitious regard to it, into a
" falſe and ruinous ſecurity, and reſolve
" to obey my dying huſband's admoni-
" tions, and ſeek refuge in another land.

" Long has my heart thus fluctuated
" between theſe conflicting opinions,
" without my judgment being able to de-
" termine which ought to direct my
" conduct. At length, I have flown to
" you to decide for me; you, my dear
" couſin, who are the only friend left
" me, in whoſe boſom I can ſafely thus
" unreſervedly repoſe the important ſe-
" cret of my hopes and my fears, to you
" have I flown for counſel; your wiſ-
" dom ſhall direct my bewildered ſteps."

" Alas, my dear couſin!" replied the noble Alice, " that I was but worthy
" your partial opinion of me! that the
" wiſdom which you ſo highly over-rate,
" could be found adequate to the taſk
" you aſſign it! As your faithful friend,

" I truſt

" I truſt you will ever find your high-
" eſt ideas realized; but, ah! how
" ſhort muſt the prudent counſellor fall
" of what is expected from her! yet, ſuch
" as they are, the beſt of my abilities
" ſhall be devoted to your ſervice. No
" human judgment can decide, whether
" your dream was or was not prophetic;
" but in either caſe my advice would
" be the ſame. Grant it prophetic—
" and I confeſs I am ſo inclined to re-
" gard it, for it does not appear to me like
" the wild incoherent viſions which are
" the caſual offspring of a diſturbed ima-
" gination—yet as the ſhort glimpſe, the
" faint ſketch of futurity, which was af-
" forded you, appears to be penciled by
" the hand of mercy, to ſnatch you from
" the horrors of deſpair, but not in any
" manner to dictate to your conduct, fruſ-
" rate not, I beſeech you, the benevo-
" lent intention; diſcard from your mind
" carking care, and anxious ſolicitude,

" assured that you may rest securely in
" the protection of the Highest, fully
" trusting, that unerring wisdom will se-
" lect the best time and means of accom-
" plishing its own decrees; and that om-
" nipotence can never be foiled in its pur-
" pose, though every human power join
" hand in hand to oppose it. Wait with
" cheerful patience the event; content
" to act only as the revolutions of hu-
" man affairs seem, in prudence, and
" in conformity to the express and
" known laws of God, to demand; and
" which, as at this time they point out no
" immediate danger to yourself, or your
" son, seem to imply, that you should rest
" quiet in the peaceful station in which
" your noble Richmond left you, and not
" awaken suspicion by unnecessary pre-
" caution. For indeed, my dear cou-
" sin, your apprehensive and hurried
" mind, has conjured up hideous
" spectres of dangers, which at *this*
" time, can have no existence. The
" jealousy of York, however wakeful,

" will

" will never point its baleful eyes to-
" wards you, whilſt two perſons yet re-
" main of the legitimate houſe of Lan-
" caſter, Henry and his ſon. Should in
" ſome future time any accident befal
" them, *then* it will indeed behove you
" to act with caution, and guard yourſelf
" from its machinations, as the heir of
" the ingrafted branch; which, legiti-
" mated by the higheſt authority, will
" then inherit without diſpute all the
" claims of that noble family. Thus
" you ſee, my dear kinſwoman, whether
" your dream is prophetic or not, the
" ſame line of conduct ſeems drawn for
" you—you may at preſent reſt ſecurely
" in your native iſland, and ought not,
" by flying from imaginary dangers, to
" hazard the falling into real ones."

More at eaſe ſince ſhe had unbur-thened her heart, the counteſs, after this converſation, entered with cheerfulneſs into the parties which the ducheſs was

daily forming for her amuſement. Many of the nobility viſited at Donnington, among whom was the family of the duke of Buckingham, now high in the favour of York: and the ſecond ſon of that nobleman, a young and gallant knight, ſir Henry Stafford, became deeply enamoured of the fair relict of Richmond. Finding her cold and averſe to his attentions, he applied himſelf to gain the intereſt of the ducheſs in his favour; and Alice ſeeing for her kinſwoman great advantages in the alliance and protection of ſo powerful a family, exerted her influence over the mind of the counteſs with ſo much ſucceſs, that Margaret, yielding more to the reaſons urged with ſo much energy by the ducheſs, than the importunities of her lover, was induced at length to give a reluctant conſent; the hands of the amiable pair were united in the chapel of the caſtle, the marriage

riage was celebrated with great feſtivity; ſir Henry carried his bride a few days after to a fine ſeat of his father's; and the ducheſs, and our heroine, ſoon after returned to Ewelme.

CHAP. XX.

ELEANOR's firſt viſit, after her return to Ewelme, was to father Gregory. The pleaſure of their meeting was evidently reciprocal, and they walked together to the cottage of Robert, where ſhe found the father had been a frequent and a welcome gueſt. She was received there by the whole family with undiſſembled joy. She found the cottage had undergone all the intended repairs, and that her friends were very commodiouſly and comfortably ſituated in it, though with the plaineſt exterior, and without the leaſt oſtentation of wealth.

Yet, though every appearance of affluence was ſtudiouſly avoided in the houſehold of Robert, yet the very different

ferent circumſtances of the family were perceptible to thoſe who lived neareſt to it, and who had remarked its extreme poverty, without one humane effort to alleviate it. They obſerved that the cottage was enlarged as well as repaired: that there was a *chimney* was evident to the whole neighbourhood; and the utmoſt indignation was excited at this arrogant imitation of their betters. It was reported, that all the rooms were either paved with ſtone, or floored with wood; that *pewter* ſpoons, inſtead of wooden ones, were uſed in the family; and a woman, who had occaſionally aſſiſted in ſome menial office, aſſerted that the beds and bolſters were all of *feathers*, and all of them had *ſheets*. The beauty of Yolante had not been unobſerved amidſt the ſqualidneſs of penury, by ſome women, inhabitants of the village where ſhe frequently went to procure proviſions; though, in her tattered habiliments, they

regarded her more as an object of contempt than envy; but now that she was seen, though simply dressed, yet attired with superior neatness, her heightened charms awoke that most malignant of passions; which, aiding the resentment every one felt, on perceiving a family, so low and wretched, aspiring in their house and furniture, not only to the conveniences, but the *luxuries* of their superiors, now edged their curiosity, and roused their utmost solicitude to trace the origin of this wonderful change.

To effect this ardently desired discovery, there were not wanting among the neighbours of Robert some who watched the doors of his cottage, and observed all comers; and it was not long ere they had occasion to remark that the duchess of Suffolk's minstrel was its most constant visitant.—This was sufficient—he was young and handsome—Yolante was the fame—nothing they declared,

declared, could be more plain. The ſlanderous tale was buzzed, from cottage to cottage, with a thouſand added circumſtances, invented by ingenious malice to corroborate and heighten the ſuppoſed guilt, till at laſt it reached the family of the ducheſs.

The bronze which had been originally given as a diſguiſe to the complexion of Eleanor, ſhe had for ſome time neglected to replace as it wore off, though ſhe had ſtudiouſly preſerved the black tinge of her eye-brows and hair, knowing it was principally *their* change of colour which made the alteration of her countenance; her ſkin had therefore recovered its natural brilliancy; and ſhe was ſo very beautiful a figure, that Catharine, a favourite attendant of the ducheſs, became enamoured of her charms.

This damſel, who was neither young nor handſome, had by no means been ſparing in hints to our heroine of the

violence of her paſſion; and they were indeed ſo perfectly explicit, that the coy minſtrel, deſirous of being on terms of friendſhip with her, knowing the influence ſhe had over the mind of her noble miſtreſs, took care to keep at a moſt reſpectful diſtance to avoid an *eclairciſſement*.

This apparent blindneſs to her advances, and inſenſibility to her attractions, was matter of equal ſurprize and mortification to Catharine. She ſuſpected a prior attachment, and had every ſtep of our heroine watched. Her emiſſaries traced Eleanor ſeveral ſucceſſive mornings to Robert's cottage. This diſcovery perfectly coinciding with the reports which were now ſpread abroad, convinced her of their truth, and filled her boſom with rage and jealouſy.

Few days indeed paſſed, in which at one hour or other, if the weather was tolerable,

tolerable, Eleanor did not viſit the cottage. Her benevolent mind, which always delighted in the felicity of others, contemplated with peculiar pleaſure the happineſs of Robert's family, for ſhe exulted in it as her own work. Amidſt a thouſand painful reflexions, it brought balm to her wounded ſoul. "My life," ſhe would ſay, when ſighing at thoſe melancholy retroſpections which too frequently would intrude, "my life, "though eccentric, has been innocent; "and I have not exiſted in vain, "ſince the Almighty hath graciouſly "enabled me to render ſix human be-"ings happy."

But this dawn of pleaſure began to cloud. In her viſits to the cottage was comprized all Eleanor's real enjoyment: for though high in favour with the duke and ducheſs, ſhe was ſtill with them under a kind of reſerve, was obliged ſtudiouſly to adhere to thoſe diſtant

diſtant manners obſerved by an inferior to ſuperiors; which, though they were far from appearing to exact, ſhe knew could not be departed from without giving diſguſt. But in the houſe and family of Robert ſhe was perfectly at eaſe: a ſmile of ſatisfaction decked every countenance as ſhe approached, and ſhe largely partook the felicity which ſhe gave. Father Gregory too was often of theſe parties, for whom ſhe felt a tenderneſs, reſulting from eſteem and compaſſion, almoſt filial.

In her viſits ſhe had always diſtinguiſhed, with peculiar attention, the beautiful Yolante. Delighted with her converſation, ſimple, innocent, and ſenſible, ſhe took pleaſure in cultivating ſo amiable a mind—ſhe lent her books, and taught her muſic. But, unconſcious of the attractions of her own form, ſhe did not ſufficiently reflect on the ſeeming difference of ſex, or form an idea, that whilſt

whilſt ſhe indulged the ſentiments of a pure and blameleſs friendſhip, the gentle and unſuſpicious heart of Yolante might imbibe the poiſon of a leſs placid paſſion.

But to the more experienced obſervation of Philippa, a thouſand ſymptoms developed the ſtate of her daughter's mind; and ſhe beheld it not only without anxiety, but with the completeſt ſatisfaction; for as ſhe aſſured herſelf ſhe had diſcerned a reciprocal affection in the minſtrel, ſhe delighted herſelf with the idea of repaying, by this eſſential promotion of his happineſs, ſome of her mighty debt of gratitude. Nor did a conſcious ſuperiority to the humble and dependant ſtation of the minſtrel, nor the pride of high birth, which ſhe eminently poſſeſſed, incline her to diſdain the alliance: but, fully ſenſible of all their importance, ſhe wiſhed the diſparity ſtill greater, that her ſacrificing

them might evince her ſenſe of the obli-gation ſhe had received.

Robert ſaw nothing of this; for though by no means deficient in underſtanding, yet was he deſtitute of that penetration of diſcernment, which developes, at one keen glance, the ſecret movements of another's ſoul; and his wife did not think it neceſſary to point his obſervation, deeming it better to be abſolutely ſilent both to him and Yolante, nor check, by a premature diſcovery, the ripenings of a paſſion, which ſhe promiſed herſelf would be productive of general felicity.

For ſome time ſhe had waited with a degree of impatience for the declaration of that paſſion, of the exiſtence of which ſhe entertained not the ſhadow of a doubt; and imputed the minſtrel's ſilence to the timidity of love, ever modeſt and apprehenſive where it is real; ingenious in tormenting itſelf, and

and fearfully raiſing imaginary obſtacles to its wiſhes, where real ones are not likely to exiſt. She was pondering on the beſt method of drawing him to a confeſſion, when ſhe was informed by ſome officious neighbour, of the malignant miſconſtruction which had been put upon his viſits. This determined her no longer to heſitate, leſt the calumny ſhould reach her huſband's ear; whoſe jealous honour might forget, in its wounded feelings, their obligation to the occaſion of it; but of whoſe concurrence in the union meditated ſhe was certain, as ſhe well knew his gratitude was as enthuſiaſtic as her own; and the next day, at the uſual time of the minſtrel's viſiting the cottage, ſhe took care to be alone.

Philippa received Eleanor with her accuſtomed cordiality, and took the opportunity, which ſome enquiries after Yolante

Yolante afforded, of repeating their neighbours' malevolent miſconſtruction.

Surprize and indignation ſeized the ſoul of Eleanor; ſhe expreſſed her feelings with energy; and pathetically lamented the neceſſity to which this calumny reduced her of foregoing the only enjoyment her life afforded.

" But why," ſaid Philippa, in an affectionate accent, " why, if our ſociety " afford you that pleaſure which you " flatter us it does, ſhould you deprive " yourſelf of it, and us of the felicity " of ſeeing you?" Eleanor looked at her. " Ah!" ſaid Philippa, " that I " could penetrate the ſentiments of your " heart!—then my impertinent queſtion " would be unneceſſary – but tell me, I " beſeech you, and pardon my bluntneſs, " for the occaſion calls for the moſt un- " equivocal ingenuouſneſs, with ſincerity " tell me, do you love my daughter?"

" Love

" Love her!" exclaimed Eleanor, not reflecting on the inference—" It is im-
" poſſible to do otherwiſe—ſhe is the
" moſt amiable, the moſt charming of
" human beings."

Joy flaſhed in the eyes of Philippa: " Bleſſed moment of felicity," ſhe cried, " when it is given me to contribute to " the happineſs of my benefactor! Yes, " my dear friend," ſaid ſhe, ſeizing Eleanor's hand, and gazing eagerly in her face, to mark the riſing tranſport, " I have the rapture to inform you, that " Yolante loves—fondly loves you in " return——"

Poor Philippa! what a diſappointment! Inſtead of the glow of delight which ſhe expected would overſpread the expreſſive countenance of the minſtrel, ſhe ſaw confuſion ſpeaking in her eyes, and embarraſſment poſſeſſing every feature.

The timid eye of Eleanor, conſcious of all the perplexities of her ſituation, ſunk

ſunk under the indignant gaze of Philippa. "My God!" at laſt exclaimed the angry matron, "how have I been "deceived!" Eleanor endeavoured to articulate ſomething, though ſhe knew not well what to ſay; but the other impatiently interrupted her—"I want "no *words*, ſir, to explain your ſen- "timents, your *countenance* has done it "ſufficiently—Heavens and earth!— "yet perhaps I ought to be calm— "but my poor child, my loſt Yolante "—inſidious deceiver!—why, by every "attention, by a thouſand traiterous arts "did you ſeek to gain a ſimple and "unſuſpecting heart, and now caſt it, as "of no value, from you?—We owe "much to you, ſir, but I will dare "to tell you, that the mighty debt "is cancelled; you have reſcued us "from one miſery to involve us in a "much greater—Oh, my Yolante, my "wretched girl!"—a flood of tears

ſtopt

ſtopt her utterance, and gave Eleanor an opportunity of ſaying ſome ſoothing things.——" I would tell you," ſaid ſhe, " madam, all my ſtory, which will " exculpate me from your blame; but " I ſee one who will interrupt us: " give me then your promiſe, that " not a ſyllable of what has paſſed " at this interview ſhall tranſpire till " I ſee you again, which will be very " ſhortly."——She gained a reluctant promiſe, and took a haſty leave, as a man who came upon buſineſs entered. " Thus periſh," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe turned her ſteps towards Ewelme, " one by one, " all my earthly enjoyments!—when " will my haraſſed mind find its only " refuge—the tomb?"

In the warmth of her wiſhes to retain the eſteem of Philippa, Eleanor had haſtily determined to diſcloſe herſelf unreſervedly to her; but the interruption gave her leiſure to reflect; and the

treachery

treachery which had been uſed at the convent darted acroſs her mind—perplexed, uncertain, ſhe knew not what it was beſt for her to do. "Oh! that I had "a friend of wiſdom, experience, and "honour," ſhe cried, "to whom I "might without fear unboſom myſelf, "and who would direct my devious "ſteps to the moſt prudent and ſafeſt "paths of life!—and is not father Gre-"gory ſuch an one?—If he is alone, I "will this moment inform him of all "my difficulties, and be guided by his "counſels."

Eleanor was near the hoſpital when ſhe formed this reſolution, and ſhe entered it. Father Gregory was at home, but he was not alone, for his colleague was with him, a man of as much loquacity as curioſity, and untaught by any refinement of mind or manners to repreſs either.

Eleanor

Eleanor, the moment ſhe entered, threw herſelf into a chair, for her haraſſed mind had extended its effects to her frame, and ſhe felt fatigued. Father Gregory ſaw ſomething greatly affected her: he gueſſed where ſhe had been, and what was the occaſion of her uneaſineſs, for he was no ſtranger to the reports of the neighbourhood; but as he was aſſured of her innocence, fancied he ſaw a reciprocal affection in the young couple, and that a marriage would end the ſcandal, he would not wound her ſenſible mind by the information.

Father Martyn had none of theſe delicacies; but found as much pleaſure in repeating the ſcandal, as in piouſly exhorting her not to give occaſion for it. Both parts of his converſation were equally diſguſting to our heroine: ſhe roſe with additional vexation on her countenance, and hurried out of the houſe.

She

She walked home as quick as poſſible, no other ſatisfaction occurring to her than ſhutting herſelf up in her own apartment, and contemplating, without interruption, the embarraſſments of her ſituation; but ſhe had indulged herſelf only a few moments in this ſeclüſion, ere her chamber door ſoftly opened, and Catharine with light ſteps entered, ſhutting it as ſoftly after her.

This damſel, whoſe paſſion was not of that delicate ſelf-devouring kind which oppreſſes more gentle boſoms, wearied with giving hints which were never underſtood, determined to endure her painful ſuſpenſe no longer; ſhe knew the duke and ducheſs were engaged at cheſs below ſtairs, and that all the ſervants were variouſly occupied: ſhe had heard our heroine enter her apartment, and ſhe ſeized the golden opportunity of knowing at once her fate.—With very little ceremony, therefore, ſhe drew a chair cloſe

to

to that in which Eleanor was ſeated, and who was too much ſurprized and alarmed to move; and, without any delicate circumlocution, or timid ſcruples, came directly to the point, confeſſed in unqualified terms her love, made a tender of her hand and fortune in ſo many words, and left Eleanor no other reſource, than, after abundance of grateful acknowledgments for her partial opinion, to lament, in ſtrains of deep regret, that it was not in her power to avail herſelf of the offer of a happineſs ſo ſupreme and unlooked for, being moſt unfortunately precluded from doing ſo by a pre-engagement.

Catharine did not hear theſe excuſes unmoved; but it was not to tender lamentations, tears, or ſwoonings, that ſhe gave way: ſhe raved and ſcolded at this diſappointment of her hopes—"ſhe knew," ſhe ſaid, "for whom ſhe, a "*woman of conſequence*, was ſlighted,—for a

" naſty deſpicable beggar girl; but
" ſhe would rout her from her filthy
" neſt, and make an example of ſuch
" wanton drabs, whoſe helliſh buſineſs
" it was to inveigle young men into ſin
" and wickedneſs."

Her rage having this free vent, ſoon exhauſted itſelf, and the fond fit of our *innamorata* returned. She ſolicited the love of the minſtrel on leſs ſcrupulous terms, and in a ſtyle which ſhocked thoſe ears ſhe wiſhed to charm; finding herſelf repelled, ſhe became ſo vociferous in her mingled ſolicitations and reproaches, that the ducheſs, who was that moment paſſing the gallery with her ſon, into a room ſet apart for chymical experiments, heard the ſtrange uproar, and both entered.

The ſcene which preſented itſelf the duke thought diverting enough. The attire of Catharine was much diſcompoſed; her ſhriveled ſkin, the colour of old

old parchment, diſcloſed itſelf without reſerve; her artificial treſſes, of which ſhe had great abundance, had unfortunately fallen from her head, and diſcovered a bald and ſhining pate; and her features, never famous for ſymmetry, now diſtorted to tenfold uglineſs by paſſion, altogether formed a picture too diſguſting even for ridicule, had not this ſpectre repreſented itſelf as the object of amorous violence.

For the moment the ducheſs appeared, ſhe ran up to her, and in a ſcreaming voice accuſed the minſtrel in the moſt virulent terms. She added alſo, ſo many ridiculous circumſtances of the fury with which he had aſſailed her immaculate chaſtity, that the duke, ſtruck by ſome ludicrous ideas, could not reſiſt a violent propenſity to laughter.

Very different were the ſenſations of the ducheſs; her indignation was excited to an extreme degree.—In vain the

minſtrel proteſted her innocence—in vain called upon her to contemplate the object before them, and determine, by her ſuperior judgment, which part a young man was moſt likely to play, a Tarquin or a Joſeph. Her anger was not to be appeaſed; and Eleanor was commanded that moment to leave the houſe, and never more to enter it again.

This order was like a ſentence of death to our poor heroine.—At the feet of the ducheſs ſhe endeavoured to deprecate her reſentment, whilſt Catharine, by every art, ſought to heighten it, loaded her with obloquy, and mentioned in the moſt inflammatory manner her *ſcandalous amour* with the cottager's daughter, as a farther proof of a depraved diſpoſition.

This had all the effect her malice could wiſh; the ducheſs, deaf to all the proteſtations and petitions of Eleanor, reiterated in a louder tone her orders of inſtant

inſtant diſmiſſion; and our heroine ſaw no other poſſible method of preſerving an aſylum ſo deſirable, but inſtantly diſcovering herſelf. She roſe from her knees, "I will obey you," ſaid ſhe, "madam, in "all things, even in this moſt cruel of all "commands; but ſuffer me, I beſeech "you, before I depart, to have the honour "of ten minutes' audience in private—I "have a ſecret of the laſt importance "to communicate."

This requeſt the noble Alice with the utmoſt ſcorn rejected. Eleanor looked at the duke——"I dare hardly," ſaid ſhe, "my lord, requeſt your grace's ab-"ſence—yet, would you extend your "wonted kindneſs to me, how great "would be my gratitude!" The good-natured nobleman was leaving the apartment, but was ſtopt by an authority he never diſputed—"Son, I command your "preſence."

Obliged to make the declaration before him, Eleanor hesitated; a deep blush overspread her countenance: he contemplated with wonder her confusion, and expected, with a degree of anxiety, the result. After several times opening her lips to speak, and as often closing them again in silence, our heroine at last, in a low and timid voice, acquired just resolution sufficient to say:

" How highly I prize your grace's
" esteem, I am going to evince, by the
" importance of the sacrifice I make to
" regain it, and invalidate this woman's
" infamous charges; the sacrifice of a
" secret which I never meant to divulge
" ——a discovery of who I really am.
" Know then, madam, that I am no
" minstrel—nor am I a man. But I am
" the distrest daughter of a brave and
" noble baron; constrained, on the un-
" timely death of my father, to fly the

" abode

" abode of my anceſtors, and hide my-
" ſelf under this diſguiſe, to elude the
" perſecution of thoſe who ſeek my life
" and my honour."

Catharine's broad and ſtaring eyes ſunk with confuſion on the floor.—" You " may retire," ſaid the ducheſs to her; a permiſſion of which ſhe immediately took advantage. The duke approached with curioſity on his countenance—" If " ſhe is a woman," ſaid he to himſelf, " ſhe muſt be the moſt charming, the " moſt accompliſhed of her ſex."

" Pray madam, be ſeated," ſaid the ducheſs. " I ſhould have been more " agreeably flattered had this diſcovery " been made to a confidence in my " honour, rather than to neceſſity—and " you would then have been treated in a " manner more befitting your ſex and " rank."

" You, madam," anſwered Eleanor, " have been ever generous and kind, and

" if you and the duke will have the " goodneſs to hear my ſtory, you will " in it find my apology for not diſcloſ- " ing myſelf." They both expreſſed an eager curioſity, and ſhe recited to them every circumſtance of her event- ful life, except what related to her par- tiality, which ſhe deemed ſo criminal, for her father's murderer.

Her noble auditors liſtened with the deepeſt attention to the intereſting tale; and when it was ended, expreſſed the warmeſt approbation of her conduct, as well as pity for her misfortunes. They both aſſured her of their protection, and of the moſt inviolable ſecrecy; and the ducheſs propoſed her reſuming the habit of her ſex under a feigned name.

To this propoſal Eleanor acceded with joy; for intirely ſecluded from ſo- ciety, as was the family at Ewelme, ſhe ran little hazard of diſcovery, and even ſhould ſhe be diſappointed, ſhe deemed herſelf

herſelf ſecure in the promiſed protection. Some rich dreſſes, by the command of Alice, were immediately prepared for her. She in two days preſented herſelf in all her feminine lovelineſs to her noble patrons, and was announced to the family under the name of Elizabeth Dacre: Catharine who, after much difficulty, and not till Eleanor had interceded for her, was reſtored to her miſtreſs's favour, was introduced, and ſincerely forgiven by her, and the utmoſt harmony appeared to reign in every breaſt.

But alas! deceitful was the appearance:—the love which Catharine had profeſſed for the handſome minſtrel, was changed into the moſt rancorous hatred for his beautiful ſubſtitute, whom ſhe could never pardon the diſgrace ſhe had incurred; and ſhe burnt with a deſire of revenge, which unhappily

it was too much in her power to gratify.

On the day of Catharine's extreme mortification, when ſhe had been commanded by the ducheſs to leave the room, and had ſo readily obeyed; actuated by an inſatiable curioſity, inſtead of retiring to her own apartment, ſhe paſſed into one which was adjoining to that of Eleanor, and divided from it by ſo thin a partition, that every word ſpoken in the one, might, ſhe well knew, by an attentive liſtener, be heard in the other. By this means ſhe was as perfectly acquainted with Eleanor's ſtory as thoſe to whom it was recounted; and was not long in determining, by a letter to St. Julian, to acquaint him where he might find the fair fugitive, and point out to him a certain method of ſecretly ſecuring her perſon.

Whilſt ſhe meditated this treachery, Eleanor, unconſcious of danger from her,

her, rejoicing in an event which had reſtored her once more to ſociety in her proper form, and placed her under the protection of people of honour, regarded her with a degree of gratitude, and loaded her with undeſerved civilities. Our heroine eſteemed herſelf peculiarly happy in her ſituation; the ducheſs was infinitely kind and gracious; the attentive duke ſomething *more* than polite: ſhe was attended by the ſervants with obſequious care, and ſhe congratulated herſelf on the agreeable change which a miſtaken affection had, though unwittingly, effected.

Nor was Robert's family forgotten: —knowing that Philippa impatiently expected her, the day after ſhe had diſcarded her male attire, the daughter of de Longueville, in her own lovely ſhape, tapped at the cottage door. It was opened by Yolante, who deeply curteſied to the ſtranger; and Eleanor paſſed for-

ward into the room where the family were ſitting.

All roſe at her entrance, and made the cuſtomary obeiſance, ſomewhat more obſequious than common; for it was eaſy to perceive, by the dignity of her air, as well as by the richneſs of her dreſs, that their viſitant was of a ſuperior order. She returned their civilities in ſilence, and ſat down—Yolante, who had followed her into the room, ſtanding at a reſpectful diſtance on one ſide. At length Eleanor caught her hand, and drawing her cloſe to her, "My deareſt "girl," ſhe cried, "do you not know "me?"

"Saint Maria!" exclaimed Yolante, "ſurely it is—no, it cannot be our "benefactor in the dreſs of a woman."

"It is, my Yolante, and in her *proper* "dreſs—and now, my deareſt girl, permit "me to claim that tender friendſhip "which can no longer diſgrace you—

"ſuffer

" ſuffer me to embrace, as I have often
" longed to do, the ſiſter of my heart."

Yolante unaffectedly ſhrunk from her arms; her eyes ſunk on the floor, a deep bluſh ſuffuſed her cheek, her heart palpitated, and her whole ſoul was loſt in a whirl of inexplicably confuſed ideas.

Philippa ſtepped forward with contracted brow,—" You cannot ſurely, ſir," ſhe cried, " condeſcend to ſport with our
" feelings?"

" Believe me, my dear Philippa," ſaid Eleanor, " incapable of doing ſo: I am
" really what I *now* ſeem; you have
" hitherto ſeen me in a diſguiſe I was
" conſtrained to aſſume, to elude the
" perſecution of a bitter and inveterate
" enemy—and pardon, I beſeech you, any
" vexation it may have occaſioned you.
" And this dear lovely girl," added ſhe, taking Yolante's hand, and drawing her into a chair which ſtood near her own,

own, " will, I hope, pardon me alſo, nor " deny me the tender affection of a " ſiſter." Yolante reclined her head on the ſhoulder of Eleanor, and burſt into a paſſion of tears.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

A FEW days after the preceding interview, as Eleanor was taking an afternoon-walk in the park by herſelf, four men ſuddenly ſtarted from a cluſter of trees, rudely ſeized her, and inſtantly ſtopping her mouth to prevent her cries, bore her ſwiftly towards the road, where ſome horſes were waiting, lifted her upon one of them, on which ſat a man; and all rode off upon a full gallop. Theſe various movements were but the work of a moment, and our affrighted heroine was ſome miles from Ewelme before ſhe had recovered her firſt ſurprize.

The rough preſſure of thoſe ſtrong arms that encircled her, gave her a full aſſurance, that by no ſtruggle or effort could

could ſhe diſengage herſelf; prudently acquieſcing, therefore, in what it was impoſſible to prevent, ſhe offered a mental petition to that benign Power which had hitherto, in every danger, protected her; and with calmneſs and patience reſigned herſelf to its decrees.

The year was declining faſt into autumn; there was no moon, and they had not rode many miles before the day had cloſed upon them, and a night of pitchy darkneſs ſucceeded. Their pace, after the firſt few miles, had been gradually ſlackened, and now it became neceſſary to ride ſlowly and cautiouſly in roads by no means good. They conſulted together; all coincided in one opinion, that it was moſt expedient to ſtop till morning; a caſtle was mentioned to be near at hand, and the horſes' heads were turned towards it.

Pleaſed to find that for this night ſhe ſhould not be given into the power of St.

St Julian (for to him ſhe had no doubt ſhe was going, though by whom betrayed ſhe puzzled herſelf in vain to diſcover), a dawn of hope cheered the mind of our dejected heroine with its promiſe that ſhe might find ſome opportunity of effecting her eſcape.

At length her conductors ſtopt, ſhe was taken off the horſe, and carried into a houſe, a light was ſtruck, with ſome implements for that purpoſe which the men had with them; two or three tapers were lighted, and Eleanor looking round, with aſtoniſhment perceived herſelf in the caſtle which had belonged to the father of Philippa.

She bleſſed the reaſons, whatever they were, which had inclined her eſcort to ſtop at this place, from whence ſhe had no doubt of eſcaping, could ſhe but be ſuffered to chuſe the room in which ſhe was to repoſe for the night.

and a general eſteem for the nuns, ſhe continued to charm her hideous guardian by her blandiſhments; and after the refreſhments were brought, ſhe cheerfully took ſome, and then eaſily perſuaded him to let her chuſe her own apartment. She walked up ſtairs for that purpoſe, led him, as if by accident, into ſir Philip's bed-chamber, declared *that* pleaſed her, and ſaid ſhe would look no farther.

Vere, that was the name of her guardian, looked round, and ſaw no other door than that by which they entered, and the one into the cloſet, which he alſo inſpected. He ſet a taper down, took his leave, ſaying he ſhould call her early in the morning; and faſtened her door on the outſide with a ſcrew.

Eleanor now exulted in her ſucceſs, intending, as ſoon as ſhe ſuppoſed the men aſleep below ſtairs, to aſcend into the treaſury, where ſhe deemed herſelf

ſelf ſecure from their minuteſt ſcrutiny; and where ſhe could ſafely remain, till, wearied of a fruitleſs ſearch, they ſhould leave the caſtle; unconſcious that the means ſhe had taken to ſave herſelf threatened her deſtruction, and that her endeavours to charm, had prepared for her a more terrible misfortune than any thoſe endeavours were meant to elude.

It is poſſible to pleaſe too much. She had rendered Vere ſo ſenſible of her attractions, that when he returned to his companions, her lovely image, in all its winning ſoftneſs, ſwam before him. Strong liquors were not omitted in the articles imported from the village. Vere drank freely. The idea of his beauteous ward mingled itſelf in every cup, and was oil to the kindling flame. He reflected on her enchanting tenderneſs of manner, on her great civility and attention to himſelf, and conſtrued them into a partiality in his favour.—The thought

fired

fired him: he inſtantly determined to profit of his good fortune. He plied his companions ſo briſkly with liquor, that they ſoon fell to the floor in ſenſeleſs ebriety; he ſnatched a taper, and in a moment was in the apartment of our heroine.

Inconceivable was the aſtoniſhment and horror of Eleanor, when, without any ceremony, he declared the intention of his viſit to be to ſolicit her love. Again ſhe had recourſe to addreſs, and attempted, by aſſurances of future favour, to make him deſiſt; but his impetuous paſſions would not be reſtrained, and ſhe would have been deſtitute of all reſource, if in that dreadful moment, when every human ſuccour ſeemed far off, the phantom of St. Maur, which had before terrified her, had not again made its appearance.

This phantom, however, now evinced itſelf a material form, for it ſuddenly ſnatched

ſnatched the ſword from the ſide of Vere, and buried it deep in his body.

Breathleſs, exhauſted, overwhelmed with a confuſion of ideas, the terrified and agitated Eleanor ſat on the floor, pale, ſilent, panting.

St. Maur approached to offer his aſſiſtance—he diſcerned her features—what raptures illuminated his countenance!—he threw himſelf on the floor beſide her, claſped her to his boſom, and, in accents of ecſtacy, cried, "am I "ſo bleſt as to reſcue *thee*, my Eleanor, "from the attacks of a monſter?"

She yielded herſelf to the fond embrace; her head ſunk on his ſhoulder, and a ſhower of tears relieved her ſwoln heart.

Bliſsful moment! too ecſtatic to be laſting! Reflexions baneful to it darted croſs her mind, and ſhe dropped from his arms.—He aſſiſted her to riſe. He guided her tottering ſteps to a chair, and kneeling

kneeling before her, detained both her hands, which he alternately kiſſed, and preſſed to his throbbing heart, whilſt ſhe continued weeping, and made ſome gentle efforts to draw them from him.

" We are not ſafe here, St. Maur," at length ſhe cried, " there are three " other men in the houſe beſides this " wretch."

" If you will truſt yourſelf with me, " Eleanor, I will conduct you to a place " of ſafety."

She roſe. He jumpt upon his feet, gave the taper into her hand, drew her other hand under his left arm, and brandiſhing the bloody ſword of Vere in his right, they ſallied from the chamber, walked ſoftly down a back ſtair-caſe, acroſs a narrow paſſage, into a remote parlour, in which was a cloſet, which they entered. St. Maur lifted up a trap door, very artfully concealed in the flooring, and aſſiſted Eleanor to deſcend a ſteep

flight

flight of ſtairs, after having ſhut down the trap door, and faſtened it with a ſtrong bolt within ſide. He then led her along a dark, winding, ſubterranean way, which at length opened into a ſpacious cave. St. Maur now cloſed the entrance of the paſſage into this alſo, and ſeating the trembling Eleanor on a ſtone, which ſerved for a chair, aſſured her that here ſhe might reſt ſecure from the intruſion of any human being.

He brought her ſome fruit, which he ſolicited her to eat. She made the attempt, whilſt he hung over her with looks of the fondeſt love.—She turned her eyes towards him, and met his ardent gaze.—She grew pale, and he fearing ſhe would ſwoon, claſped his ſupporting arms around her.

But ſhe ſtruggled indignantly from him—"Pollute me not, St. Maur," ſhe cried, "by your touch—by thoſe hands,"

added ſhe, ſhivering with horror, "which "murdered my father!"

He regarded her with an eye of tender compaſſion.—"Your ſpirits, my dear "Eleanor," he cried, "are greatly diſ- "compoſed, a little ſleep will calm their "perturbations; ſuffer me to conduct "you to an inner cave, where you will, "I hope, enjoy the repoſe you ſo much "need, whilſt I, your faithful guard, "will watch here for your ſecurity."

More to prevent an accumulation of painfully conflicting ideas, than in hope of reſt, ſhe ſilently acquieſced. He conducted her into a ſmaller apartment in this ſubterraneous dwelling, and took his leave. She threw herſelf on the humble bed, to revolve the ſtrange incidents of this eventful day.

But her mind was in a ſtate of unutterable confuſion, her paſſions all at war with each other. St. Maur, whom ſhe ſaw

ſaw dead, ſhe found alive—the murderer of her parents, was her deliverer from diſhonour, and inexplicable to herſelf were her ſentiments towards him; ſhe owed him at once hatred and love; he claimed at the ſame time her revenge and gratitude.—In what light, ſhe aſked herſelf, was ſhe to regard him? or how conduct herſelf?

Loſt in an inextricable labyrinth, ſleep at length ſtole imperceptibly over the bewildered ſpirits of Eleanor; but the images it preſented were of as perturbing a nature as her waking thoughts. —Her bleeding father—her diſtracted mother—St. Julian menacing her *own* life—Philip revenging her wrongs on the guilty St. Maur. She ſees him wounded —falling—dying—and the agonies of her ſoul break the bands of ſleep.———

Pale was her complexion, and mournful the caſt of her eyes, when ſhe met St. Maur in the morning: he had prepared

for her a breakfaſt not inelegant, and ſhe was ſurprized to find a variety of the viands uſual in a morning repaſt, in ſuch a habitation.—" You are all won-
" der," ſaid ſhe, " St. Maur," with a ſmile, half formed by her natural feelings, half repelled by cruel remembrance, " I ſaw you dead, I now ſee
" you alive, I behold you ſecluded from
" the world, with all the convenience
" and comforts of ſociety."

" A very ſhort tale," ſaid he, " my
" charmer, would elucidate every ſeem-
" ing myſtery; but let me have the
" felicity of ſeeing you partake what
" you have the goodneſs to commend." She complied with his requeſt, and whilſt he beheld her with a lover's eye, he ſmiling, ſaid, " Your aſtoniſhment,
" Eleanor, at *my* ſituation, cannot be
" greater than mine, at perceiving the
" daughter of the noble de Longueville,
" ſeemingly unprotected, expoſed to the

" attacks of a ruffian.—I fear to enquire
" into circumſtances which may be pain-
" ful, but ſurely ſome great revolu-
" tion—"

She ſtarted up, fury flaſhing in her eyes—" Thou mayeſt *well* fear to inquire
" into circumſtances which thou know-
" eſt *muſt* be excruciating—into revolu-
" tions which thine *own* monſtrous
" wickedneſs and treachery have oc-
" caſioned."

" What mean you, madam?"

" Vile diſſembler! thy conſcience
" muſt render my meaning obvious—
" thou canſt not ſuppoſe me ignorant
" of thy guilt—a ſtranger to the *real* aſ-
" ſaſſin of my father?"

" My deareſt Eleanor," ſaid he in a ſoothing manner, taking her hand, " your ſpirits are yet diſturbed, your
" ideas unſettled, by the terrifying in-
" cidents of yeſterday; compoſe your-
" ſelf———"

" Doſt think me mad? Heavens and
" earth!—ſuch injuries are indeed ſuf-
" ficient to diſtract me—unhand me, vile
" aſſaſſin!"

" Aſſaſſin! of *whom*, madam?"

" Are thy crimes ſo *many* that I muſt
" point out thy *particular* guilt?—
" Of my father, wretch———"

" Of thy *father!* and *is* he aſſaſſinated?
" and am *I* accuſed of the crime? Oh,
" Eleanor! ſtill let me think it is an il-
" luſion of thy diſturbed imagination—
" that it exiſts no where but in thy diſ-
" ordered ideas."

" Oh, would to the powers of Heaven
" that it did not! but thou knoweſt
" otherwiſe—art conſcious that by the
" dagger of an hired ruffian, his noble
" breaſt was pierced to death—my diſ-
" tracted mother ſoon followed to the
" grave—and I, wretched orphan! driven
" by cruelty and avarice into a hoſtile
" world, without ſhelter for my devo-

" ted

" ted head, or protection for my inno-
" cence."

" My God! and am *I* accuſed of
" heaping theſe evils on thee? Oh,
" Eleanor! inſtead of piercing thy no-
" ble father's breaſt, the aſſaſſin ſhould
" have made his way through mine—I
" would have died in his defence.—Com-
" poſe thyſelf, and tell me how came
" theſe calamities loaded on my head?
" —In juſtice to me unfold, I conjure
" thee, if it is not too grievous for thy
" ſpirits, the horrid tale."

Thus called upon, the hope that he poſſibly might be innocent, gave her reſolution to recite the melancholy ſtory, and Eleanor began with his firſt miſtaken attempt; but here he ſtopt her ſhort, and an explanation enſuing, it came out, that St. Maur, eagerly deſirous of having an interview with Eleanor before he was called into the army, had written a

billet to her with an earneſt requeſt for that purpoſe; that he received a favourable anſwer from her, appointing to meet him in a little grove behind the garden, whither, at the appointed hour, he had flown on the wings of love; but that, inſtead of meeting the fair daughter of de Longueville, three men with ſwords drawn ruſhed upon him, one of whom he wounded, and made the others fly.—Fortunately, as a corroboration of his veracity in *this* part of his ſtory, he had preſerved the anſwer which he ſuppoſed he had received from Eleanor, and which ſhe no ſooner ſaw, than ſhe recognized the hand of St. Julian.

So clearly exculpated from this firſt charge, ſhe was better prepared to receive his aſſeverations of innocence in the next; for of his being entirely guiltleſs it was impoſſible to bring any proof. —"I own," ſaid ſhe, "St. Maur, I

"am

" am inclined to believe you; but the " charge is founded on probability—had " every *appearance* of truth."——

" ——And is my character *nothing*," ſaid he, indignantly, " when weigh- " ed againſt ſuch an one as St. " Julian? Oh, Eleanor! you know me " not, if you think me capable of an " action of ſuch dark villany, and your " injuſtice wounds my ſoul. How " ſhall I," added he, throwing himſelf upon his knees before her, " how ſhall " I make you believe that I am *not* the " moſt deteſtable, the vileſt, the black- " eſt of mankind? But, by the eternal, " uncreated Father; by his glorious Son, " the Saviour of the world; by the pure " ſpirit of the Holy Ghoſt; by Heaven, " and all the heavenly hoſt, I ſwear, " that I never in thought, in word, or " deed, injured your father."

" You conſtrain me to believe you—

" St. Julian then muſt have been the
" baſe perpetrator."

" It admits no doubt.—And am I
" reſtored to your good opinion?"

" You are."

" And may I hope?—Oh, Eleanor!
" tell me, may I preſume to hope for a
" place in your heart?

She deeply ſighed. " Alas, St. Maur!
" you now ſee me, not the daughter and
" heireſs of a wealthy baron, but a
" wretched outcaſt; deſpoiled of every
" paternal poſſeſſion, an unhappy de-
" pendant on caſual bounty—nothing re-
" mains."

" Yes, my Eleanor, all that is truly
" valuable remains—the inеſtimable
" treaſures of your perſon and mind—
" *with* them, oh, what a heavenly
" abode were this humble cell! *without*
" them, the pomp and ſplendour of
" royalty were wretchedneſs."

" This

" This is not a time to talk of love, " St. Maur." St. Maur would not acquieſce in the juſtice of the aſſertion—he contended that a more proper one could never be found, and he not only perſiſted in the ſubject, but at length, by dint of importunity, drew from her a promiſe, that in ſome future time, when fortune ſhould look upon them with a more favourable aſpect, ſhe would be his.

For in informing Eleanor of the tranſactions of his life, it was diſcovered that the ſituation of St. Maur was in many reſpects as ineligible as her own. " The " intrigues and cabals of faction, and " the blind fury of battles," ſaid he, on her urging him to give her an account of his life—" are unpleaſant things for a " lady's ear, and it was my fortune to be " engaged in both. The firſt duty of a " ſubaltern is obedience to his ſuperiors " in command; I obeyed my patrons

" to the utmoſt ſtretch of my abilities, and
" was ſo ſucceſsful in ſome private em-
" baſſies to the oppoſite party, that I in-
" curred from St. Julian, who happened
" to diſcover me, a double portion of
" his rancour; and he, by ſome artful
" miſrepreſentations ſo irritated the mind
" of the duke of York againſt me, that a
" large reward was, by proclamation, of-
" fered any one who would carry him
" my head. This happened juſt before the
" battle of Wakefield, in which I met
" Philip. Mutual hatred ſtimulated the
" furious combat: I fell, but not before
" I had thrown my antagoniſt, as I had
" hoped, dead to the ground—yet he, I
" hear, is ſtill living, and ſome good
" angel drew me from the bloody field,
" and ſent my ſuppoſed dead body to be
" buried at Grafton. A letter which
" my conductor had in charge to give
" my aunt, he unfortunately loſt, or by
" that, probably, I might have diſcovered

" my

" my benefactor's name, my ignorance
" of which has given me a lasting re-
" gret."

" You may have that satisfaction still
" St. Maur," said Eleanor, with a smile:
—" but go on, I am impatient to have
" you rescued from the dead." He looked at her a moment, and then proceeded:

" The rough movement of the vehicle
" in which I was placed, gave renewed
" motion, perhaps, to the impeded and
" relaxed springs of life; for we had
" not gone many miles from the place
" from whence we set out, ere the man
" perceived in me some symptoms of
" existence. He stopt at a little inn, had
" me laid upon a bed, procured for me
" the assistance of a skilful leech, and
" nursed me with the most unremitting
" assiduity for several weeks, during
" which I continued in a state so weak,
" that my recovery was doubtful. At
" length

" length I acquired ſufficient ſtrength to
" be carried to Grafton, where I found
" my good aunt deſpairing of ever ſeeing
" me again; and with no other reaſon
" for ſuppoſing me living, than reiterated
" proclamations of reward for my head;
" for my inveterate enemy, St. Julian,
" had irritated Edward as much againſt
" me, as he had formerly his father.

" My return to Grafton was therefore
" concealed with the moſt ſolicitous
" care; but as ſome of the ſervants, on
" my firſt arrival, were neceſſarily ac-
" quainted with it, I narrowly eſcaped,
" by their informations, from being de-
" livered up; for the political blood-
" hounds were keen on a ſcent, to which
" they were ſtimulated by avarice and
" inhumanity. I eſcaped by the fidelity
" of an old ſervant who loved me.—You
" know honeſt Lewis, he was originally
" of Weſtmoreland; he procured me the
" dreſs of an hermit, and conducted

" me

" me to a moſt ſecluded ſpot among the
" mountains of that romantic province,
" frequently viſited me, and brought me
" neceſſaries, and I lived long there in
" perfect ſolitude; though ſometimes,
" ſecure in a habit which is held by every
" order of mankind ſacred from affront,
" I rambled into the adjacent country.
" But in one of theſe rambles chance
" gave me a very agreeable companion
" in an aged hermit, whom ſome
" misfortune had driven from a cell he
" had long occupied; and my hours
" were much enlivened by his ſociety.
" But, alas! all the placidity which time
" had brought to my heart was in one
" moment diſſipated, and a new tempeſt
" of paſſions burſt over me, by the
" appearance of a minſtrel ſo like
" *you*, my Eleanor, that in my diſ-
" traction I could have fancied it your-
" ſelf———"

" Bleſſed

" great difficulty I opened it, purſued,
" though not without ſome apprehen-
" ſion, the long ſubterranean way;
" opened, with great difficulty alſo, the
" door which cloſed it at its farther end,
" and found myſelf in an uninhabited
" caſtle. Charmed with this diſcovery,
" as the dim light of my cave was very
" unpleaſant to me, I ſpent here many
" of my hours in bad weather, where I
" could enjoy the cheering face of day,
" and frequently ſlept there——"

" And there," ſaid Eleanor, " in one
" of *my* rambles, I believed I ſaw your
" ghoſt."

" And was it *you*, my angel, whom
" one night I ſaw ſleeping in the bed I
" generally occupied? Alas, my Eleanor,
" what muſt have been your ſufferings!
" —what the dire neceſſity that could
" drive the child of fond indulgence into
" ſuch lodgings, at ſuch a ſeaſon! I
" am burning to hear your ſtory."

Eleanor

Eleanor gratified his curioſity; and the countenance of her lover, like the face of the heavens in a ſpring morning, where alternately cloud and ſunſhine chaſe each other in rapid ſucceſſion, varied in ſympathetic harmony with her different ſituations. He now learned the name of the beneficent minſtrel, Fronſac, and his gratitude was unbounded.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

SCRUPULOUSLY nice, Eleanor could not ſupport the idea of living in this ſolitary cell with her lover; and the delicate affection of St. Maur, that ſought no gratification at the expence of propriety, pointed out Grafton as a proper aſylum for her, and where he was confident ſhe would meet with a cordial reception.

The propoſition was highly pleaſing to our heroine, and, wrapt up in ſome homely weeds, which in his hermit's habit St. Maur had borrowed at a cottage, and, ſupported by her lover, ſhe took her way to that place; and they arrived under the garden wall of ſir Richard Wodeville, near the cloſe of the ſecond day.

For

For his more commodious and private entrance, whenever St. Maur thought it expedient to viſit Grafton, he was furniſhed with the key of a gate, which led from the garden into the fields; and by its aſſiſtance, he was enabled to introduce Eleanor into a ſummer-houſe, where he left her, whilſt he went to reconnoitre, and privately find out his friend Lewis.

Whilſt he was thus employed, Mary entered the garden, and came into the ſummer-houſe, to look at ſome tender plants, which ſhe had ſheltered there from the chilling blaſts of autumn. Our heroine was penſively ſitting at a ſmall table, her head reclining on her ſnowy hand. She gently raiſed her eyes to ſee who was entering—ſhe ſtarted up, and ſprang forward to embrace her friend, who, ſcreaming, thinking ſhe had ſeen a ghoſt, fell half fainting into her arms. Mutual congratulations ſucceeded the firſt rapturous flutters of their interview.

St.

St. Maur and Lewis ſoon joined them, and Mary ran off to inform the ducheſs of the arrival of ſo intereſting and unexpected a gueſt.

The mind of Jaqueline had been humbled and ſoftened by misfortunes.—The active part which ſir Richard and his ſons had taken on the ſide of the unfortunate Henry, had rendered them obnoxious to the family on the throne. Their actions were watched with a jealous and malignant eye; they were thwarted in all their views; and the huſband of Elizabeth having fallen at the laſt battle of St. Alban's, his eſtates were confiſcated, and ſhe had returned, diſconſolate, and impoveriſhed, with three ſmall children, to her father's houſe.

All her towering hopes, her high raiſed expectations, blaſted by the fatal termination of the war in favour of York, the ducheſs of Bedford became capable of that real ſympathy for the diſtreſſes of

others,

others, of which before she had only occasionally put on the soft and blandishing semblance. Eleanor was received by her with real tenderness.—Sir Richard was ever complaisant to the wishes of his wife. The young ladies were in raptures at embracing the companion of their childhood. She found them all lovely and graceful women. Elizabeth, if possible, more beautiful and attractive, than when as bride-maid, four years before, she had attended her to the altar with sir John Grey, of Groby; and the three sons handsome in person, polished in manner, and with highly cultivated understandings.

In a general council it was agreed, that a change of name was all that was requisite for the concealment of Eleanor from St. Julian, near as they resided to him; the families not having any connexion whatever, the Grafton family living in the utmost seclusion, and every

servant

ſervant but Lewis being changed, on the meditated treachery againſt St. Maur.

That faithful lover, happy in having placed the daughter of De Longueville in ſecurity, tired of his inglorious way of life, determined to repair to the queen in France, who was there ſoliciting aid to enable her to make one more effort to regain the throne; and it was generally imagined, that early in the ſpring, ſhe would be enabled to land in England, which if ſhe could do, her whole depreſſed party flattered themſelves that great multitudes would fly to her ſtandard, diſguſted with the ſanguinary principles of the preſent government. But at any rate, St. Maur thought, that let *her* fortune be what it would, *his* could not be rendered worſe. He took a tender leave, and reached Margaret in ſafety.

Eleanor paſſed the winter in as agreeable a manner as was poſſible in her preſent

preſent circumſtances; ſhe was treated by the ducheſs and ſir Richard with paternal tenderneſs, and by their children with fraternal affection.

Early in the ſpring, Margaret once more entered England, but it was to experience the utter annihilation of her hopes. After ſome ſkirmiſhes, in which her troops were unſucceſsful, ſhe was finally cruſhed at the fatal battle of Hexham; for her army was totally broken and routed, and all the nobles who had ſtill adhered to her intereſt, either loſt their lives in the field, or leſs glorioufly on the ſcaffold: and ſhe, deſerted of all the world, flying with her young and amiable ſon into the ſhades of a foreſt, was ſurrounded by a gang of banditti, and deſpoiled of all her gold and jewels. But the robbers, quarrelling in the diviſion of their booty, fortunately gave her an opportunity of eſcaping from greater evils. Whilſt ſhe, wandering in the dark, bewildered in

the mazes of the foreſt, hungry, penny-leſs, fatigued, and wretched, paſſed the diſmal night; and at the dawn of day perceived one of the banditti coming towards her with a ſword drawn in his hand.

The unhappy queen ſaw no means of eſcape. Her knowledge of the human heart was great, and her preſence of mind admirable; ſhe took the hand of the prince, and boldly led him towards the robber: "Here, my friend," ſhe cried, "I place under your protection "the ſon of your king."

Struck with pity for royalty in ſuch diſtreſs—charmed with the confidence repoſed in him, this man, in whoſe heart nature had implanted the moſt noble principles, which a vicious courſe of life had obſcured, but not eradicated, felt them revive to new life at this addreſs.

With

With a bent knee he accepted the ſacred truſt, conducted the queen and prince to a cave, known only to himſelf, and brought them refreſhments after their extreme fatigue. Here they lived ſome time, their faithful guardian ſupplying them daily with proviſions, and watching nightly the ſecurity of their repoſe. By him they were at laſt conducted to the ſea ſide, where he had procured a ſmall veſſel to be ſtationed to receive them, which landed them in Flanders, from whence Margaret paſſed to her father's court, where ſhe many years reſided, a memento of the mutability of earthly grandeur.

Henry was not ſo fortunate; conveyed by ſome of his friends into Lancaſhire, he there remained concealed about a year; but being at length diſcovered, he was delivered up to Edward, and impriſoned in the Tower. It was to the extreme contempt in which they held his

talents, that Henry was indebted for his life, not to the clemency of the king or his council; for the moſt ſanguinary meaſures in every other inſtance were invariably adhered to; and the unhappy Lancaſtrians having, by this laſt unſucceſsful inſurrection, incurred afreſh the diſpleaſure of Edward, were made to feel the full weight of his wrath: confiſcations, impriſonments, executions cruſhed them to the earth. It was ſeldom that any form of law was obſerved in their deſtiny; but even when reſorted to, it was made ſubſervient to the pleaſure of the monarch; convenience took place of equity, and revenge of juſtice.

St. Maur was in the train of Margaret when ſhe viſited England: in the battle of Hexham he had again encountered his old adverſary Philip; they were parted however by a concourſe of combatants when each had received a trifling wound; and after the battle, when he found the

queen

queen was ſo completely defeated, that it was impoſſible again to aſſemble her ſcattered troops, he eſcaped into Weſtmoreland, and once more aſſuming his hermit's attire, rejoined his ancient companion in the ſecluded valley, not daring to return to Grafton, leſt he ſhould involve the family there in his own misfortunes, though he found means to acquaint them with his fate, and in a ſhort time Lewis was ſent to viſit him—but the kindneſs was fatal to St. Maur; for his reſtleſs and indefatigable enemy, whoſe emiſſaries continually watched every moment at Grafton, followed Lewis, at a guarded diſtance, through all the length of country from Northamptonſhire to Weſtmoreland, and not only diſcovered his retreat, but alſo that he had a companion.

St. Julian received the intelligence with diabolical joy, diſpatched a truſty band to bring him and his companion to

Longueville caſtle, taking for granted, that if that companion was the friend of St. Maur, he muſt be an enemy to himſelf: forgetting that unfortunate youth had upon no occaſion evinced himſelf *his* enemy, that the irreconcileable hatred ſubſiſted but in his *own* breaſt, and originated in the conſcious guilt of having done him the moſt eſſential injuries.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

WHILST our heroine, with her hoſpitable friends, were exulting at the pleaſing accounts which Lewis had brought them of St. Maur, St. Julian, who was exulting alſo, though from a far different ſentiment, in the proſpect of glutting his malicious ſoul by the deſtruction of the gallant youth, had his pleaſure heightened by the intelligence, that Edward was approaching with a hunting train, and intended him the honour of making Longueville caſtle his reſidence; and few were the hours which St. Julian had to prepare for his reception, ere his royal gueſt arrived, attended by Philip, and the earl of Kent, eldeſt ſon of that lord Grey, of Ruthin,

whoſe deſertion loſt Margaret the victory at the battle of Northampton; and ſome other noblemen. The plan for their diverſion was ſoon adjuſted, and the next morning the hills around the caſtle echoed the enlivening notes of the horn, the cries of the dogs, and the ſhouts of the ſportſmen.

Tranſported with the honour conferred by this royal viſit, rejoicing in his own proſperous fortune, and that of a ſon whom he adored, aſſuring himſelf of ſtill more exquiſite delight from the deſtruction of one whom his ſoul hated, St. Julian proudly rode forth, and looking round on the youthful and joyous train, in his heart challenged the world to produce a happier being than himſelf.

Alas, how frail is the tenure of earthly felicity! Philip, eager, daring, imprudent, forced his horſe over an enormous fence, which the creature was not able to clear: he tumbled on his impetuous rider,

rider, who was cruſhed in ſo dreadful a manner, as to leave little hopes of his life.

Thus vaniſhed the ſunſhine in St. Julian's breaſt; yet he inſiſted upon Edward's continuing his diverſion, whilſt himſelf followed his inſenſible and bleeding ſon, a ſad mourner, to his chamber. The moſt ſkilful leeches in the neighbourhood were ſent for; and at the ſame time a meſſenger on the fleeteſt horſe was diſpatched, by Edward's deſire, to London, for his own ſurgeon.

Whilſt the heart of St. Julian was alternately elevated with hope, or depreſt by the moſt direful apprehenſions for the fluctuating ſtate of his ſon, he notwithſtanding, by his importunities, conſtrained the king, whoſe regard for Philip was great, and his concern for the ſad accident extreme, to continue the amuſement of the chace; and more to oblige the diſtreſt father, whom he com-

paſſionated, than to pleaſe himſelf, Edward every morning followed his hounds.

It happened, a very few mornings after, that the object of their purſuit took its way through the grounds belonging to ſir Richard Wodeville; but Edward's horſe falling ſuddenly lame, he, with Kent, who was his particular friend and confident, were left far behind, juſt as they came in ſight of the houſe. Kent had been there with his father, who was a relation of the bridegroom, at the marriage of Elizabeth, and ſtill retained in his heart the image of her ſiſter Anne.

"That is a good looking houſe," ſaid Edward, "who lives there?"

"There," anſwered Kent, "lives "Jaqueline, of Luxemburg, widow of "the regent duke of Bedford, but now "married to ſir Richard Wodeville, by "whom ſhe has a family of the moſt "beautiful daughters I ever ſaw. I was,

"a few

" a few years ago at the wedding of the
" eldeſt——"

" And have not yet forgotten the at-
" tractions of the reſt!—ha, Kent! Is it
" your wiſh to take another view of the
" charmers?—ſhall we call?"

" I confeſs it would give me infinite
" ſatisfaction."

" We will do it then. I will pay my
" reſpects to the ducheſs—her rank,
" perhaps, requires it of me."

They rang at the gate—the porter came. Kent announced the king, with his intention of viſiting the ducheſs. The whole houſe was in commotion at the aſtoniſhing intelligence. The king was uſhered in by the gaping ſervants, and the noble Jaqueline immediately appeared, to charm Edward with the grace of her deportment, and the ſpirit of her converſation.

Kent reminded the ducheſs of his former viſit; and this led the converſation

to the preſent diſtreſsful ſituation of the *then* happy bride, with which, in a few words, ſhe acquainted her royal gueſt; then ſuddenly riſing, ſhe went out, and immediately returned, leading in Elizabeth, who, falling at her ſovereign's feet, implored, with tears ſtreaming down her lovely cheeks, his compaſſion for her helpleſs and impoveriſhed children.

The voluptuous Edward could not behold ſo many charms unmoved: he raiſed her from her humble poſture, aſſured her of the free reſtitution of her huſband's wealth, and ſeating her beſide him, requeſted to be informed, in what elſe he could gratify her.

Tranſported with this unexpected happy turn in her affairs, the beautiful widow dried up her tears, joy flushed her cheek with a richer carmine, lighted up her eyes with additional brilliancy,

and animated her converſation with a ſpirit it had long been a ſtranger to. The youthful monarch gazed and liſtened delighted; and his ſenſual and inconſtant heart, which had often dignified the groſſeſt of all paſſions with the name of love, now, for the firſt time, became ſenſible of that pure and permanent affection.

As he rode ſlowly towards Longueville caſtle, Edward entertained his companion with the perfections of lady Grey, though he found him ſomewhat diſappointed at not being permitted a ſight of his admired Anne. The king promiſed to repeat his viſit, as much to gratify his friend's wiſhes as his own: but well knowing how rancorous was the hatred ſubſiſting between the chiefs of the oppoſite factions, he ſtrictly interdicted any one, particularly St. Julian, being made acquainted with them.

On

On their arrival, they found their hoſt in much higher ſpirits than they had left him in: his ſon he fancied much better, and St. Maur had, ſince their departure, been brought priſoner to the caſtle. His aſſociate had fallen ſick upon the road, and had been left under a ſufficient guard, with orders to bring him to the ſame place as ſoon as he was in a capacity for travelling.

As Edward, who had never ſeen St. Maur, had no other animoſity to him, than aroſe from the repreſentations of St. Julian, he was not in ſuch violent haſte for his trial and execution as was that rancorous chief, but occupied by his new paſſion, could not be prevailed upon to attend that day to any buſineſs; and St. Julian was obliged, though very reluctantly, to poſtpone the gratification of his baneful deſires till the king was more actively diſpoſed. Grief had not

ſoftened

ſoftened the ferocity of his nature; but, on the contrary, his ſpirit, ſtill more embittered by it, fought to wreak its impious indignation againſt Heaven, which had interpoſed ſo diſaſtrous a diſappointment to the fondeſt and deareſt of his hopes.

The next morning the king, with his favourite Kent, ſet out again with the hounds; but quickly were they ſuffered to run off, followed by the reſt of the train, while the two *inamorati* lagged behind, and then turned their horſes' heads towards Grafton.

The extreme attention of Edward to her daughter, was not unremarked by Jaqueline; her ambition preſented ſome pleaſing viſions. She had foreſeen a repetition of the viſit, and, with all the appearance of a negligent and unornamented dreſs, Elizabeth, by her advice and direction, appeared in a deſhabille, ſo calculated to ſet her off to advantage, that

that Edward, connoiſſeur as he was in female beauty, thought he had never before beheld a form and face ſo lovely; never before ſuch elegance and refinement of manners. He became more deeply enamoured, and the adamantine fetters of permanent love were unreſiſtingly riveted on his ſoul.

Sir Richard Wodeville and his ſons were now introduced, and found it no difficult matter to gain the pardon of their clement ſovereign for appearing ſo often in arms againſt him: the daughters next, by Edward's particular deſire, to gratify his friend, appeared. Kent, with the raptures of a long abſent lover, approached the lovely Anne; and the king was aſtoniſhed at the ſingular beauty which pervaded the whole family.

The little cherubs of lady Grey were alſo brought in, to liſp their thanks to the king, for his peculiar grace to them. Edward careſſed them with the utmoſt tender-

tenderneſs, and imprinted on their roſy lips, thoſe kiſſes which he ſighed to transfer to their beauteous mother.

Eleanor did not appear, for ſhe was much indiſpoſed by a cold; and by ſome ſtrange fatality, St. Maur was utterly forgotten. This was recollected at the moment of the king's departure; but as all thought him ſecure in his northern vale, this want of memory was not regretted, as from the king's evident partiality, there was no doubt of having many opportunities of remedying the omiſſion.

How different would have been their feelings could they have known the imminent danger which hung over the head of that youth! For the moment the king had dined, St. Julian brought to him a written order for his execution, which, ſpreading on the table before Edward, and preſenting him with a pen dipt in ink, he requeſted him to ſign.

It was ſeldom that monarch heſitated on ſuch occaſions, but whether the vicinity of the ducheſs of Bedford's family might make him think the ſanguinary action might reach it, and prejudice the fair widow againſt him; or whether his ferocious, and hitherto ruthleſs heart, was ſoftened by the paſſion it had ſo recently imbibed; whatever it was that dictated his conduct in this inſtance, the whole company opened their eyes to the broad ſtare of wonder, when he declared himſelf wearied of proſcriptions and executions; and ſaid, that he could not be ſo unjuſt as to ſign a ſentence of death againſt any man who had not firſt been condemned by the law.

St. Julian repreſented that he had been, in fact, condemned, both by his father and himſelf, when a price was ſet upon his head for his treaſonable practices againſt them both. At laſt, ſaid the king, not pleaſed at his importunity, "It is but "juſtice

" juſtice before we condemn him, to hear
" what he has to ſay in his own defence.
" —I will examine him myſelf, and if I
" find he deſerves his death, he ſhall then
" meet it.—An hour hence let him be
" prepared to ſee me in another apart-
" ment."

With infinite reluctance St. Julian obeyed an order which he did not dare to diſpute. At the time appointed, the king went into the room, into which St. Maur was led as a priſoner; and aſtoniſhed at his handſome face, his graceful figure, and dignified deportment, he felt himſelf inclined to hear, with unwonted complacency, what he could plead in his own juſtification.

Aſſuming, however, the awful brow of an angry monarch: " What had I
" done," ſaid he, " young man, to ren-
" der thee ſo bitterly mine enemy, that
" thou ſhouldſt draw thy ſword and ex-

" ert

" ert thy talents with ſuch peculiar in-
" veteracy againſt me?"

" Perſonal animoſity, my liege, I
" could not have; but I drew my ſword
" in that cauſe in which my deareſt
" friends were embarked; and I deemed
" it my indiſpenſible duty to exert my
" utmoſt abilities in its defence."

" Of what family are you?"

" I am nephew to the ducheſs of Bed-
" ford, my liege, a ſon of her ſiſter,
" whoſe huſband, in France, attaching
" himſelf to the arms of England, died
" fighting its battles, under your noble
" father the duke of York, when he was
" regent there. Left an infant orphan,
" the ducheſs, with unexampled kindneſs,
" received me, and educated me as her
" ſon. Bred thus in her houſe with true
" maternal care, her prejudices, her af-
" fections were mine—too young to
" weigh the juſtice of either cauſe,

" equally

" equally a ſtranger to the perſon of " Henry and the duke of York, I had " neither partiality nor diſlike to the " one or the other—the choice of my " friends directed me to my ſtandard, " and the royal Edward, the braveſt, the " moſt gallant of mankind, would him- " ſelf have been the firſt to condemn an " inactive conduct there."

" You plead your cauſe well, young " man—I will ſee the ducheſs of Bed- " ford—till then, you muſt remain in " cuſtody."

St. Maur withdrew with a graceful air, and left Edward equally charmed with his perſon and his ſpirit; who congratulated himſelf that he had not, by a precipitate condemnation of this young man, incurred the hatred of the Wodevilles.

The next morning, under pretence of hunting, Edward, accompanied by his confidant, renewed his viſit at Grafton, and,

and, to his infinite joy, found lady Grey by herſelf. A look from the king diſcloſed his wiſhes to Kent, who was ſeized with a ſudden deſire of ſpeaking to the ducheſs, and left the room avowedly for that purpoſe.

Edward now declared his paſſion, and pleaded it with that ſoft ſeductive eloquence, which had hitherto never been unſucceſsful. But in vain were now his tender blandiſhments, his alluring promiſes, his ardent vows of everlaſting fidelity; the virtue of Elizabeth was inflexible—"I will hear no more, my liege," at laſt ſhe indignantly cried, "your love is "wounding to my honour—know, I am "too proud to be your miſtreſs, and I "have too much underſtanding to expect "to be your wife; this interview, there-"fore, ſhall be our laſt, my liege. If "your bounty to my children originated "in the expectation of diſhonouring their "mother, I inſiſt on your reſuming

" the grant; I can live in poverty, but " I will not ſurvive diſgrace."

The king attempted to renew his ſeducing arts, but ſhe would not liſten to him on the ſubject, and a gloomy ſilence enſued.—At length St. Maur came acroſs the thought of the diſcontented and diſappointed monarch. " A nephew of " the ducheſs," ſaid he, " is priſoner " at St. Julian's, and I wiſhed to have " ſpoken to her upon the ſubject."

This was the firſt intelligence which had reached Grafton of his capture. " Is " it St. Maur?" ſaid ſhe, with a countenance of extreme alarm.

Edward remarked the emotion, and ſtill farther to try her: " It is he," he anſwered, " and he is condemned to " death."

" Heavens!—to death?" exclaimed Elizabeth, pale and gaſping for reſpiration, for ſhe loved Eleanor, knew her mother's

mother's fondneſs for him, and regarded him herſelf as a brother.

" Yes, madam," ſaid he, with a piercing look—" he dies within an hour."

" Oh, my gracious ſovereign," ſaid ſhe, falling on her knees before him, " for the ſake of my mother, to whom " he is infinitely dear; and as you value " humanity and virtue, ſpare the wor- " thieſt, the moſt amiable of youths."

" You know, madam, how to oblige " me to grant *every* requeſt of yours—"

She roſe with dignity——" then he " muſt die, my lord; though I ſhall " deeply mourn his fate, I will no more " plead for his life; not even my dear " mother's would I purchaſe with diſ- " honour."

Edward roſe haſtily, ruſhed paſt her, ran to his horſe, vaulted into the ſaddle, and galloped off full ſpeed, leaving Kent to follow him; and the moment he reached

reached Longueville caſtle, ordered St. Maur into his preſence.

The fine perſon, and graceful manner of that young man, which had before charmed him, were now poiſon to his eyes, for he ſaw in them the perfections of a ſucceſsful rival. "I have ſeen," ſaid he, ſternly, "not the ducheſs of Bed-"ford, but one, perhaps, to whom you "are ſtill dearer——"

"Oh, my lord!" ſaid St. Maur, his fine eyes lighting up, "have you ſeen "the beloved of my ſoul?—and has ſhe "condeſcended to ſpeak for me?"

"Oh, yes," anſwered the king, with an inflamed countenance, "you have "great dependance on her love, I per-"ceive."

"After our mutual vows, it would "diſhonour her to doubt it—no, I was "well aſſured all her ſoft, her heavenly "eloquence would be exerted in my fa-"vour."

" You are a happy man, ſir," ſaid Edward, half choaked, " and a king " may envy you—go—you are at liberty " —but it is only on this condition, that " you ſee her no more."

St. Maur was thunderſtruck—" And " is this the condition annexed to life?" he cried, lifting up his eyes to heaven—a death of torture is more deſirable—" take back your cruel gift, my lord, I " accept it not—I had better fall by " your executioner, than my own deſ- " pair."

" Thou haſt thy wiſh then.—St. Julian, " take him hence, ſee he is inſtantly ex- " ecuted—I will ſend his head a preſent " to Grafton."

In that moment Kent, who had been aſtoniſhed at the king's abrupt departure from Graſton, and followed immediately, entered; and St Julian, whoſe heart had been torn with anguiſh at the increaſing danger

danger of his ſon, grinned horrible delight at being enabled to render one human being as wretched as himſelf, and led off St. Maur in triumph.

But determined that he ſhould no more elude his malice, though he could have wiſhed to have prolonged his life for torture, and ſeen him expire by ſlow degrees in excruciating agonies; yet, for fear the king ſhould countermand orders, which ſeemed to be given in paſſion, he reſolved upon the moſt ſummary method of execution. St. Maur was, therefore, led into a yard belonging to the kitchen, his head laid upon a large block of wood, and an axe, ſuch as was uſed for cutting wood for firing, put into the hands of a ſtrong menial ſervant, who was commanded to perform the office of decapitation.

The ſervant, averſe to obeying the cruel command, though fearful of diſ-

pleaſing his lord, lifted up the ponderous axe, and his heart failing him, let it fall heavy, and harmleſs, to the earth. St. Julian ſtormed—again the man lifted it up in air, with both his hands; but, as it waved there, fearful, irreſolute, a voice ſcreamed from without—"Stop, ſtop your bloody purpoſe!" and the earl of Kent ran in, breathleſs, with haſte and apprehenſion, leſt he came too late. Kent entered, as has been ſaid, when St. Maur was led off. The king inſtantly informed him of what had paſſed at Grafton, and what he had ordered ſince his return in conſequence of it. And Kent, who had ſome knowledge of St. Maur, and was particularly intereſted in every one who was related to the lovely Anne, repreſented, with ſo much eloquence, the impolicy of mortally offending Elizabeth by the death of her lover, whom it would be very poſſible, in

ſome

ſome future opportunity, to ſupplant, that the king yielded to his reaſons and importunities; and Kent hurried out on the merciful commiſſion: but, ſuch was the expeditious malice of St. Julian, that, had not the executioner been tardy in his office, the mandate would have arrived too late.

Enraged at the interruption, and determined, if it was poſſible, not to relinquiſh his prey, St. Julian followed Kent, and the reſerved St. Maur, to the preſence of the king, where he accuſed that young man of the aſſaſſination of the earl de Longueville.

Edward, though he was inclined to remit the *political* crimes of his ſuppoſed rival, heard him with pleaſure accuſed of one which he imagined muſt render him hateful in the eyes of Elizabeth: and he took the immediate reſolution of making her a witneſs, both of the guilt of

her lover, and his own juſtice; he had officers enough about him to form a military court, and he determined to try him by martial law at Grafton.

Impetuous in all his paſſions, he would hear of no objections to the trying a crime againſt *civil* ſociety, in a court *military*; every order and rule of decency, every law, both civil and military, had been overturned or neglected in theſe times of anarchy; and St. Julian, who delighted in neither the place, nor the mode of trial, yet as he was able to produce the poſitive oaths of two undaunted witneſſes, as he could alſo produce the piece of the letter ſigned by St. Maur himſelf, which he had taken care to preſerve; and as he was moreover ſatisfied with his influence over the mind of the king, by whoſe pleaſure he knew this mock court would be directed, with the more

more cheerfulneſs acquieſced in Edward's deſires, and ſent immediate orders to Grafton to have every thing prepared for the trial the next morning.

CHAP. XXIV.

EARLY on the important morning, deſtined for the trial of St. Maur, the families of Longueville caſtle and Grafton, were in commotion. The officers, who conſtituted the court, were nominated the preceding night; and one, a mere creature of the king's, was appointed preſident. All proceeded to Grafton, St. Maur being carried in chains before them; when, juſt as they were ſetting out, the aged hermit, his companion in the vale, who had recovered from his indiſpoſition, and was brought, as St. Julian had ordered, to the caſtle, was, by the command of the king, carried to Grafton alſo, as it

was

was probable, he ſaid, he might elucidate ſome parts of the criminal's conduct.

They were received, in melancholy and ſolemn ſtate, by ſir Richard Wodeville's family, conducted into the great hall, where a canopied chair, on the high raiſed deis, was provided for the king, proper ſeats for the officers who compoſed the court, and places for the family, and principal ſpectators, who were ranged on each ſide. At the ſteps of the deis ſtood the criminal, and at ſome little diſtance, as a ſpectator of the ſcene, the ancient hermit of the vale; for as nothing criminal had been alleged againſt him, though forcibly torn from his peaceful habitation, his limbs were unfettered, and he found himſelf in the hall of ſir Richard Wodeville, ſo looſely guarded, owing to the deep attention in which every one was wrapt at the trial, particularly on the depoſition

of the two witneſſes, whoſe evidence was long and circumſtantial, of St. Maur's hiring them to perpetrate the murder of the venerable earl, that father Anthony found no impediment to leaving the room; which he did, unperceived by his guard (and, indeed, unmiſſed by them afterwards) at the cloſe of the depoſition of the ſecond.

When the king was firſt ſeated in his chair of ſtate, he looked round, and was diſappointed at not perceiving lady Grey preſent. "I could have wiſhed, madam," ſaid he, to the ducheſs, "that all your "family would have witneſſed my juſ-"tice."

"Elizabeth is coming, my lord," ſhe replied. The eyes of the priſoner had made the ſame ſcrutiny, and he ſighed at perceiving the abſence of Eleanor.—In a moment both were gratified, for Elizabeth appeared, with a countenance of deep affliction, leading a lady, whoſe ſorrows were

were ſhrouded under a thick veil, and whom the heart of St. Maur recogniſed as the daughter of him of whoſe murder he was accuſed.

The king, enraged at lady Grey's evident partiality for the priſoner, called, in a tone of angry authority, to St. Julian to open the trial.

This enemy of St. Maur then ſtood forth, and, after an artful ſpeech, calculated to inflame the minds of the audience, accuſed him of the aſſaſſination of the noble earl de Longueville by the hands of hired ruffians; corroborated this accuſation by producing the letter found in the pocket of the dead aſſailant; and proved it incontrovertibly by the oaths of two men, who ſwore poſitively that they received money of St. Maur to perpetrate the murder; that they *did* perpetrate it, and threw the body into a deep pit.

There was no reſiſting this weight of evidence. It is true, the witneſſes were unknown to all in the court but St. Julian; but, as nothing good from that circumſtance could be ſaid of them, ſo alſo, from the ſame circumſtance could no other evil be alleged than the vile action of which they had accuſed themſelves—it was *compunction* urged the accuſation; ſo *they* aſſerted, ſo *St. Julian* believed; and St. Julian "*was an honour-*" "*able man.*"

In the mournful murmur which ran through the court, Eleanor read the deſtiny of her lover, and her heart was torn with peculiar diſtreſſes. She believed him innocent, yet adjudged by the world guilty. Her tears for the ſuppoſed aſſaſſin, muſt mark with diſgrace the eyes of de Longueville's daughter; yet, in vain ſhe endeavoured to repreſs them, they ſtreamed beneath her veil, and ſhe ſunk,

ſunk, half fainting, upon the ſhoulder of Elizabeth; who, unable to whiſper any words of ſoft conſolation, could only teſtify, by her ſympathizing tears, the part ſhe took in her grief; and by them, farther irritated the mind of the angry king.

St. Maur was now called upon to make his defence—but, alas! no other defence was he able to make, than the ſolemn aſſeveration of a knight and a gentleman, that he was not guilty of a crime incompatible with the character of either. The mere aſſertion of a man's *own* innocence, though that man is the greateſt on earth, cannot, ought not to preponderate againſt the teſtimony upon oath of two witneſſes, though thoſe witneſſes are from the dregs of human nature. Small time was neceſſary to collect the votes of the court by their preſident; their opinions were

were unanimous, and he ſtood forth to pronounce the ſentence.

He began with great ſolemnity to addreſs the priſoner, when a noiſe at the lower end of the hall interrupted him, and an officer of the court commanded ſilence; but the command was unheeded, the noiſe increaſed; all eyes were turned towards the place from whence it proceeded, and they beheld a man, venerable and majeſtic, breaking through the croud (who all knew him, and were hailing him with joyful acclamations) and approaching the court——

——"My *father!* Oh, my *father!*" cried Eleanor, as ſhe tore off her veil, and flew into his arms; where, through exceſs of joy, ſhe fainted.

"Is it poſſible," cried ſir Richard, "do I ſee my brother de Longueville?"

"You ſee him," he anſwered, "and "you ſee him happy, in being enabled,

"at

" at this juncture, to reſcue this virtuous " young man from the oppreſſion of his " enemy. I, my liege," continued he, addreſſing the king, " am the perſon of " whoſe murder this youth is accuſed. " My appearance invalidates the teſti- " mony of the *actual* guilt, I exculpate " him from the *intentional*, and I beſeech " your highneſs to order off thoſe irons " which diſhonour him."

They were inſtantly taken off, he ran to embrace his deliverer; and Eleanor, being ſtill in her ſwoon, his behaviour evinced to the king, who with the eye of jealouſy purſued his every motion, that he had erred when he deemed St. Maur his rival. Eaſed of his tormenting ſuſpicions, Edward could now partake, and, by his participation, heighten the general joy; for, where his intereſt or his paſſions did not interfere, he was neither unjuſt nor ungenerous.

Whilſt

Whilſt the greateſt part of this aſſembly delivered themſelves up to the moſt delicious tranſports, St. Julian, as ſoon as he recovered the firſt thunderſtroke, ſlunk off, unperceived, to that caſtle he had ſo lately deemed his own; where, to fill up the meaſure of his wretchedneſs, he was informed that his ſon had that moment expired.

Oppreſſed at once with ſhame and grief, deſpair ſeized his ſoul; he flew into his ſon's apartment, kiſſed and embraced the lifeleſs body, and then plunged a dagger into his own heart.

Let us return to a more happy ſcene—to de Longueville, ſeated in the hall at Grafton, his daughter beſide him, juſt recovered her fainting fit, leaning her head on his ſhoulder, the precious tears of pleaſure glittering on the returning roſes of her cheek. St. Maur ſitting on the floor at her feet, lifting up his black ſparkling

ſparkling eyes to her's, expreſſive of the fondeſt love, and meeting the timid glance of ſoft and delicate affection in return, the family all liſtening with attention to his intereſting ſtory. The youthful monarch, not the leaſt delighted of his auditory, angling, by his ſeducing glances, for the fair widow's heart.

" I was taking my uſual morning's " walk," ſaid the earl, " in a grove con- " tiguous to my garden, when I found " myſelf ſuddenly ſurrounded by four " men. I drew my ſword, and wounded, " mortally, as it proved, one of them; " but, diſarmed by the reſt, I was re- " peatedly ſtabbed, till they deemed me " dead; and they were dragging me to- " wards a deep pit, when, alarmed by " ſome noiſe—guilt is full of alarm— " two of them fled; thoſe very villains, " I am perfectly aſſured, who witneſſed " againſt St. Maur; the third, by much " the leaſt hardened, as he ſtood over

" my

" my bleeding body, was ſtruck with
" remorſe, his heart ſmote him with in-
" gratitude, for I had ſeveral times
" greatly befriended him: he fancied
" he ſaw ſigns of life, and he formed the
" immediate reſolution of repairing the
" injury. He bore me on his ſhoulders
" to a place of ſecurity; he had ſome
" ſkill in wounds; he examined mine,
" found them not mortal, dreſſed them,
" and on my revival from my long and
" deep ſwoon, aſſured me of his faithful
" care. He told me he had ſaved my
" life at the hazard of his own; but my
" merely breathing exiſtence for many
" months, was ſcarcely worthy the name
" of life—ſo feeble, ſo debilitated was I;
" and when my ſtrength returned, I
" found I had nothing left to render life
" deſirable—my wife was dead; no one
" knew what was become of my daugh-
" ter; my wealth was in the hands of St.
" Julian, who had fortified himſelf

" with

" with royal authority; and was I known
" to exiſt, my faithful companion aſſured
" me, every art would be eſſayed to render
" the ſecond blow more certainly fatal.
" By his advice, therefore, I ſome time
" concealed myſelf in a hermit's dreſs,
" and he conducted me to a cave near the
" ſea in Northumberland; but this place
" being dreadful in winter, and having
" loſt my friend, who was drowned, I
" forſook it, and wandering into Weſt-
" moreland, I lighted on St. Maur, as
" I have ſince diſcovered him to be, in
" the ſame dreſs. A congeniality of ſoul
" cemented the caſual meeting into
" friendſhip, though unknown to each
" other. He conducted me to his re-
" tirement, and there I have reſided,
" till I was ſeized by the order of St.
" Julian.

" Nothing could exceed my ſurprize
" this morning, on being brought into

" this

" this place, to find St. Julian had the
" addreſs to ſhift his own guilt upon the
" head of another: with aſtoniſhment I
" heard the calm and deliberate perjury
" of the ruffians who witneſſed againſt
" St. Maur. I was ready indignantly to
" ruſh forward to diſprove their evi-
" dence; but I reflected, that in my vile
" and ſqualid weeds, changed likewiſe
" in perſon by ſickneſs and ſorrow, no
" one would recognize me, and that I
" ſhould probably draw puniſhment on
" myſelf as an impoſtor, inſtead of
" procuring the acquittal of my friend.
" I perceived that I was not attended to
" by my guards, whoſe every faculty
" was engroſſed by the ſcene before
" them; I walked out, and no one im-
" peded my progreſs to your chamber;
" my good brother Wodeville, for every
" ſervant in the family had ſtationed
" themſelves in the hall. Here I found

" every

" every article neceſſary to complete a
" dreſs proper for me to wear in my own
" character; which, without craving
" leave, I took the liberty of borrowing
" —you will, I know, pardon me; and
" on my return, announcing myſelf to
" ſome neareſt the door, I was inſtantly
" known by the reſt, whoſe obſtrepe-
" rous expreſſions of pleaſure ſoon awak-
" ened the notice of the court."

Mutual congratulations ſucceeded the earl's recital. A feaſt was prepared, of which the youthful and gallant monarch, with all the urbanity of his character, partook. Intoxicated with love, though not with wine, at the hoſpitable board, and feeling that royalty would loſe its charms without lady Grey, he, as he found he could not poſſeſs her upon leſs honourable terms, offered her, before he ſlept, his hand and crown; and forgot, in the delicious moment of her ſoft con-

ſent,

ſent, that the earl of Warwick was then in France, negotiating for him a marriage with the French king's ſiſter, the lady Bona.

But all fears of incurring the reſentment of ſo potent a ſubject, whoſe influence and abilities united, could crown and uncrown monarchs, all apprehenſions of drawing upon himſelf a war with France, in the preſent unſettled ſtate of his affairs, faded in the heart of Edward before his all-ſubduing paſſion for Elizabeth, as the features of a waxen image are loſt in the blaze of a meridian ſun; and he was privately wedded to her, on the ſame day St. Maur was made happy with Eleanor.

Declining, with grateful acknowledgements, both for himſelf and his children, the liberal offers of the king and queen; preferring the placid joys of private life to the buſtle and *eclat* of a court,

the

the earl de Longueville took poſſeſſion once more of his caſtle, aſſured that the inclinations of his charming daughter, and her amiable huſband, coincided with his own; where his firſt act was largely to reward the enraptured Fronſac, for his faithful ſervices to Eleanor.

Nor was the beauteous bride of St. Maur unmindful of former friendſhips. The duke and ducheſs of Suffolk received the thanks due to their beneficence. By the aſſiſtance of the queen, ſhe procured the eſtate of ſir Philip du Camp to be granted to his daughter; and had the ſatisfaction of renewing her friendſhip with Yolante, in the ſame caſtle which had been ſo productive of ſingular events; and, with the approbation of the earl and her huſband, Eleanor invited father Gregory to reſide in Longueville caſtle: where, in the

the happineſs that ſurrounded his lovely patroneſs, that good man appeared to forget that he had ever been miſerable.

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